# Saturday Review

November 2, 1968 35¢

tharine Hepburn
d Peter O'Toole in
e Lion in Winter"
ee Movies)

THE END OF THE TWO PARTY SYSTEM by Harvey Wheeler

CAUTION ON THE PILL by Louis Lasa

430 R75755088h AMBA9752Z5EP69
AMBASSADOR COLL LIBR
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX 75755

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Break the ice with Teacher's Scotch

Teacher's Highland-mellowed flavour warms things up without being obvious. No rough edges. That's because it's made from the cream of Highland whiskies. Try it tonight.

You'll see no Scotch improves the flavour of water—fresh or frozen—like Teacher's

**Mellow flavour that warms things up**

*Prices may vary according to state and local taxes. Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE, EAST COAST P.O.E. ($1,827 WEST COAST P.O.E.) LOCAL TAXES AND OTHER DEALER DELIVERY CHARGES, IF ANY, ADDITIONAL.

# The best kept secret in Washington, D.C.

What's the most popular car among ɔlomats in Washington, D.C.?
Put that question to a diplomat and you t a very diplomatic answer.
In other words, they don't tell.
So we did some snooping around on r own and contrary to public opinion, e car most diplomats buy is neither very g nor very fancy nor very impressive.

Hint: It can be bought and serviced in 140 countries throughout the world.

Hint: It costs $1749* in the U.S.A.

Hint: It has tremendous resale value.

Final hint: It gets around 27 miles to the gallon and uses no antifreeze whatsoever.

At last count, there were over 1200 diplomats and embassy staff members driving this little car throughout Washington.

So that story about big important people driving only big, important-looking cars may not be altogether true.

On the other hand, if big important people would rather have you believe they drive only big, important-looking cars, that's all right with us.

We won't let the bug out of the bag.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Advertisement*)

The term Black Humor has seldom been as surprisingly and literally applicable to a novel as it is to *Black Alice*, by Tom Demijohn. The story concerns a white girl gone black; it is gay on the surface and dark underneath.

A man named Raleigh "first set out to drive his daughter insane shortly after that young lady's fifth birthday." He studies the problem carefully and comes to understand that the first step in leading any child toward psychosis is to make certain that she does not feel loved. He is admirably equipped for this task.

Next, he arranges for young Alice to be kidnapped, and with the aid of certain pills, a sunlamp, and a haircurler, transformed from a winsome blonde adorable into a cartoon child of the sort once called pickaninny.

This does have its effect upon Alice, even though she is a young lady of considerable intelligence, courage, and fortitude. She is taken to a funeral parlor-turned-brothel. There, under the tender tutelage of the mannish Clara and the childlike Faye, she tries to escape, and does—into a climax that begins on July 4th with a KKK parade down the streets of Norfolk.

The light, almost Victorian tone with which this Alice in Malice-land is written belies a deep respect for the resources of the spirit which shines through every line. The author, "Demijohn," is really two men —Thomas Disch, one of the most accomplished of the young science fiction writers, and John Sladek, also a Minnesotan, who lives in London and is literary critic for *New Worlds*.

L. L. Day
**EDITOR-AT-LARGE**

*Black Alice* ($4.95), by Thom Demijohn, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 633 Canal Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130.


# Saturday Review

*November 2, 1968*

Cover photo courtesy Avco Embassy Pictures



**SR: Ideas**

**19 The End of the Two Party System, by Harvey Wheeler**
*"A new system of campaign communications has replaced the old, and there is a new electoral coalition to go along with it."*

**23 Student Power: The Rhetoric and the Possibilities, by Charles Frankel**
*"No reforms can be discussed intelligently unless we take the phrases . . . and ask seriously what they mean, and what assumptions are behind them."*

**26 The Public and the Police: An Editorial**

**SR: Science**

**64 Caution on the Pill, by Louis Lasagna, M.D.**
*"Is it really defensible to assure women—as many doctors do—that the pill has been proved as safe and harmless as water?"*

**SR: Books**

**29 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks**

**29 Index of Books Reviewed**

**31 European Literary Scene, by Robert J. Clements**

**32 One Thing and Another, by John K. Hutchens**

**SR: Departments**

**4 First of the Month: Cleveland Amory**

**10 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace**

**12 State of Affairs: Henry Brandon**
*Leningrad's "Enfant Terrible"—"He was not an avant-garde artist, but an avant-garde human being."*

**14 Wit Twister No. 84**

**16 Trade Winds: Herbert R. Mayes**

**27 Letters to the Editor**

**28 Classics Revisited—LXXIII: Kenneth Rexroth**
*"Bhagavad Gita": It is "above all else a manual of personal devotion to a personal deity."*

**30 Literary Crypt**

**33 Literary I.Q.**

**48 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin**
*A Treigle-Sills "Faust"; Talvela as Recitalist.*

**50 World of Dance: Walter Terry**
*Shankar—the one called Uday—bridges East and West; "Fanfarita": a "splendid vehicle for the dynamic, exuberant, glowering Luis Fuente."*

**52 *SR* Recommends**

**53 The Theater: Henry Hewes**
*"We Bombed in New Haven"; "The Misanthrope"; "The Cocktail Party" that wasn't worth attending.*

**54 The Fine Arts: Katharine Kuh**
*Appreciative Notes on the Fresco Show: "It recalls a world so contrary to our own as to become a revelation."*

**56 Booked for Travel: Mary Wallace**
*Roanoke Island: history and mystery. "Dull must be the man who is not moved."*

**59 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight**
*"The Lion in Winter": everything to roar about.*

**60 TV-Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon**
*"The People Next Door" recalls the plight of Job.*

**78 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1804**



Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Stephen E. Silver; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LI, No. 44, November 2, 1968. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."


© 1968 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.


**Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.**
BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Chicago, Richard K. Sullivan, 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611; Detroit, Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; West Coast Offices: San Francisco, Fletcher S. Udall & L. H. Sanford Heckinger, 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104; Los Angeles, Fred Beck, 3850 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 90005; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., 3783 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, Florida 33140.
**Printed by the McCall Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.**





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# IF YOU PREFER BOOKS ABOUT REAL PEOPLE AND REAL EVENTS

**345. THE MONEY GAME.** "Adam Smith." Publisher's ed. $6.95

**152. THE RIGHT PEOPLE.** Stephen Birmingham. Publisher's ed. $10.00

**122. THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE.** John Kenneth Galbraith. Publisher's ed. $6.95

**17. THE COLUMBIA-VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA.** Publisher's edition $9.95

**292. THE BEATLES.** Hunter Davies. Publisher's ed. $6.95

**239. TOLSTOY.** Henri Troyot. Pub. ed. $7.95

**158. BETWEEN PARENT & CHILD.** Dr. Haim Ginott. Pub. ed. $4.95

**88. THE CASE AGAINST CONGRESS.** Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson. Publisher's ed. $5.95

**184. THE COMMITTEE.** Walter Goodman. Publisher's ed. $10.00

**203. THE ENGLISH.** David Frost and Antony Jay. Publisher's edition $5.95

**163. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL, 1914-1944.** Vol. II. Pub. ed. $8.95

**284. THE SEXUAL WILDNERNESS.** Vance Packard. Publisher's edition $6.95

**314. THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1960** and **THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1964.** Theodore H. White. Combined price in pub. editions $13.90

**93. THE ESPIONAGE ESTABLISHMENT.** David Wise and Thomas B. Ross. Pub. ed. $5.95

**359. HELL IN A VERY SMALL PLACE.** Bernard B. Fall. Pub. ed. $8.95

**84. OUR CROWD.** Stephen Birmingham. Publisher's ed. $8.95

**265. MANAGEMENT AND MACHIAVELLI.** Antony Jay. Publisher's edition $4.95

**85. WHILE SIX MILLION DIED.** Arthur D. Morse. Publisher's ed. $6.95

**204. THE SECOND CIVIL WAR.** Garry Wills. Publisher's edition $4.95

**161. THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST.** Tom Wolfe. Publisher's edition $5.95

**157. THE DAY OF ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE.** John G. Fuller. Publisher's ed. $5.95

**2. HAMMOND'S CONTEMPORARY WORLD ATLAS.** Publisher's ed. $7.95

**112. THE ARMIES OF THE NIGHT.** Norman Mailer. Publisher's ed. $5.95

**214. THE ALGIERS MOTEL INCIDENT.** John Hersey. Publisher's ed. $5.95

**243. EDUCATION AND ECSTASY.** George B. Leonard. Publisher's edition $5.95

**71. BRIEF AGAINST DEATH.** Edgar Smith. Publisher's ed. $5.95

**195. THE PASSIONATE PEOPLE.** Roger Kahn. Pub. edition $6.95

**185. THE LAST LANDSCAPE.** William H. Whyte. Pub. ed. $6.95

**140. THE PUMP HOUSE GANG.** Tom Wolfe. Publisher's ed. $5.95

**153. THE STORY OF PAINTING.** H. W. Janson and Dora Jane Janson. Publisher's ed. $15.00

**165. NO DEADLY DRUG.** John A. MacDonald. Publisher's ed. $7.95

**6. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL, 1872-1913.** Vol. I. Pub. ed. $7.95

# Choose any 4

## of 32 current books

# for only $1

as your introduction to

**MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB**

Take only four more selections in the next two years—and save at least 40% on each

AN UNUSUAL INTRODUCTORY offer from an unusual book club! What makes MAINSTREAM unique is that every selection and alternate is important nonfiction – chosen from the best current books of biography, national affairs, world history in the making. They are books you want to read and keep. They contribute significantly to your personal library.

MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB lets you know about books like these *before* they are published. It delivers them while they are just beginning to stir talk. And saves you at least *40%* on those you want.

The important books on this page are typical of the selections the Club's editors sift out from the flood of lesser books. As a new member, you may take any 4 for only $1, plus shipping and handling.

Then every month you receive, free, the Club bulletin reviewing the forthcoming selection and several alternates. If you want the selection, it is rushed to you as soon as published. Or you may request an alternate – or no book at all – on the form always provided.

You need purchase only four books within the next *two* years out of dozens to be offered. For each book you buy, you will be billed the Club's special low price – at least 40% off the publisher's original edition. Every fourth purchase entitles you to choose a free *bonus* book.

You needn't send the dollar now for your four introductory books – just mail the coupon below: Mainstream Book Club, Garden City, N. Y. 11530.

*MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB*
*Dept. 8N-SRX, Garden City, N. Y. 11530*

Please enter my membership and send me the four books whose numbers I have printed in the boxes below:

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

Bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling for all four books. However, if not delighted with them, I may return them in 10 days and my membership will be canceled.

If I decide to continue, I agree to purchase on my Club charge account as few as four more selections or alternates during the next TWO years at the member's special price, guaranteed to be at least 40% less than the publisher's editions (a modest charge is added for shipping and handling).

Each month you will send me the free Club bulletin describing the forthcoming selection and other vital, provocative books, together with a convenient form for requesting an alternate or no book at all if I do not wish to receive the selection. Every fourth purchase of a selection or alternate will entitle me to choose a free bonus book.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City & State _____ Zip _____

If under 18 parent must sign here: _____

Offer good in Continental U.S.A. only 3-MS16

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# First of the Month

*Cleveland Amory*

**October was the month** of Mexican students and New York teachers, of Detroit Tigers and Paris negotiators, of Apollo 7 and Olympic '68, of Ary and Jackie and *Romeo and Juliet,* of Curtis LeMay and *The Great White Hope.* Then, too, it was the month of the big bust on Wall Street. Though the girl left town, the reaction to her was, we felt, basically bullish.

**October was also** the month of the vice—because it soon appeared that, whether or not you thought Nixon was the one, what mattered to a lot of people was who was No. 2. And, on this score, the story of the campaign, so far, was the emergence of the Man from Maine. Indeed, more than one Democrat wished that the son of a Polish immigrant named Stephen Marciszewski, and a man whose own middle name is Sixtus, was not second on the ticket but firstus.

Meanwhile, meeting Spiro Agnew on *The Dick Cavett Show,* we decided that he was a cross between Ed McMahon and Mr. Magoo—and not the least of the troubles was that, at least before the show, he *was* cross. We also decided, however, that he had a right to be. A prominent columnist had just declared that he had heard of politicians *voting* the headstones in graveyards, but this was the first time he had ever heard of running one.

There was one thing certain about Wallace's choice of General LeMay—it bombed. Elsewhere on the political front, the letter of the month was written to a newspaper by a man who signed himself "J. Blink" and gave his address as "Dolton." The letter was brief:

> So Walter Lippmann endorses Richard Nixon! This middle-ager will never again trust a man over seventy.

On the McCarthy front, the Senator came out for Muskie only—much to the fury of such elderly columnists as William S. White and Joseph Kraft. The latter was particularly incensed. McCarthy had, he said, "shown contempt for Middle America," and he and his followers were "set apart from normal participation in the American result." Which was not only a mouthful, but, we presume even Mr. Kraft would admit, hard cheese.

**In the aftermath** of the World Series, we particularly liked Roger Maris's farewell interview. What, he was asked by a bumptious mikeman, would he miss most? Replied Maris quietly, "Fellers like you."

**It was quite a month** also for English news. In Cambridge, the Marquis of Bristol complained that he was listed in the telephone book as a pub. In Uxbridge, a man named Herbert Binding, seeing a sign in an ice cream shop reading PLEASE HELP YOURSELF, asked a clerk if the sign meant what it said, was told that it did, walked out with a large helping. Later he was charged with stealing, but the judge dismissed the case. Finally, in, of all places, Cleobury Mortimer, a lady named Liz Redfern asked permission to keep her seventeenth-century old Lion Inn open until 2 a.m.—so the clientele could see telecasts of the Mexican Olympics. Police objected. "It's not even a local event," they declared. "Neither," replied the judge, giving Liz her license, "is Christmas."

**Our trip of the month** took us all the way to the Great North Woods of Wisconsin where, on behalf of The Fund for Animals, we attended the second annual meeting of the Wisconsin Society for Animal Welfare Legislation. Here we found the Society's moving spirits, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt, of Pewaukee, Wisconsin, fresh from attempts to stop, in Kewaskum, Wisconsin, a live turkey shoot. In this event, put on by the local Kiwanis Club, 10,000 people, including gun-toting nine-year-olds, turned out to take three potshots (three for $1) at turkeys which were tied down by the legs behind boarded stands, but had their heads and necks exposed. We left with high respect for the anti-Hunts, but for the Kewaskum Kiwanians, nothing but kontempt.

We also spent a memorable weekend at Northernaire, the famed hotel resort at Three Lakes, Wisconsin, which humanitarian Carl Marty runs as a one-man oasis-preserve in the midst of hunting country. Here he has raised countless hunting orphans—foxes, fawns, raccoons, otters, bears, and wolves—and has then released them to their natural habitat at the exact moment—seven weeks, he says, for foxes—before they feel imprisoned.

Although all of his thousands of acres are thoroughly posted with NO HUNTING signs, the weekend we were there, a three-month-old fawn—one Mr. Marty had raised—was wounded by a bow-


Five of the world's seven great Sherries carry the name Duff Gordon.

*Cream Sherry:* After-dinner perfection. The ideal complement to a fine meal.

*Club Dry Amontillado:* A truly noble aperitif. Superb at cocktails or with the soup.

*Nina:* A fuller-bodied luncheon Sherry, still dry and fresh as a Spring day.

*Pinta Cocktail Sherry:* Unbelievably dry. The taste, like the color, is of sunshine.

*No. 28:* A golden rich, full-bodied, moderately sweet Sherry to be enjoyed any time.

1968: Duff Gordon's 200th Anniversary!

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A.: MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N.Y.




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Be extravagant for $1.15 a day

## Enjoy great vacations every year for three years See Europe, Mexico and the Caribbean* with...

# Club Internationale

**Put aside $1.15 a day for the next three years** and enjoy three great vacations in Europe, Mexico and the Caribbean.

**Look at the wide selection of 8-10-day vacations!** For your first and second year, you may travel to the sun-baked sands of Acapulco, Jamaica or Curacao. Thrill to tne casinos of Nassau or San Juan. Join the *aficionados* at a bullfight in Mexico City. If it's real rest you want, relax on a carefree Caribbean cruise. Select each year from a wide variety of trips offered every month, leaving from an international gateway near your home or one of our cruise ports.

**Now, for your third year: a 20-day grand European Holiday.** London, Paris, Rome and Madrid. Select the itinerary that fits your dreams.

**Club Internationale vacations are expense paid.** Jet airfare. First class accommodations. Meals twice a day to complement your gourmet tastes. Private home visits, festive cocktail parties, leisurely sightseeing tours, and other special activities. They're all part of Club Internationale vacations.

**How we're doing this is truly revolutionary.** It's only possible because of the world-wide facilities and purchasing power of Diners Club and Diners/Fugazy Travel, and through our unique vacation savings plan.

**Club Internationale is America's first and oldest nationwide vacation savings program.** Over 25,000 members have enrolled in local chapters from coast to coast.

**Each chapter of Club Internationale is your private club.** Members meet regularly and plan interesting parties, weekend excursions, bridge tournaments, bowling parties, dances and picnics. It's all part of the year 'round fun that you get for your $1.15 a day and $30 annual dues when you're a member of Club Internationale. When you jet away for your vacations, you're among friends.

**Send the coupon today for complete information.** It's the first step to joining the fun on memorable vacations that you'll be talking about for years to come.

**In the Western States our great vacations include Europe, Hawaii and Mexico for only $1.27 a day.*

**Club Internationale National Headquarters**
1707 L Street, N.W. SR-66
Washington, D.C. 20036

Please rush me more information about Club Internationale without obligation.

(circle one)
Mr. Mrs. Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Phone _____

Under the exclusive management of Diners Club.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Someone still makes wines in the tradition of yesteryear*

*The taste of our fine dinner wines starts the day our cellarmaster, Brother Timothy, selects the grapes. His trained palate follows a delicate Napa Valley Chenin Blanc to maturity... recognizes when the Pinot Chardonnay is ready to go from the oaken casks to the bottle... gives a final nod to his luscious California Sauternes. For he knows each wine has its own character. And he brings it to life slowly. Patiently. In the old-world manner. There's a memory of things past in the taste of every dinner wine we make. Savor it.*

Sole Distributors:
Fromm and Sichel, Inc.,
San Francisco, Calif.

*Memorable dinner wines by*
*The Christian Brothers*
Wines of California since 1882


hunter and left to die. Mr. Marty himself had to shoot it. "The Wisconsin Conservation Department," he told us quietly, "with their budget of $33,000,000 a year, does not need the blood-soaked dollars from the bow-hunting season. For every deer they kill quickly, at least five or six die lingering, agonizing, gruesome deaths."

Mr. Marty also gave us a letter written by a former hunter who died last year—a man by the name of J. R. Marnich:

> Did you ever see a man who spends his time and money feeding deer, then stands on the highway crying 'He killed my deer,' while a big six-footer is dumping a dead fawn no larger than a dog into his truck? I have.
>
> Did you ever see a man and woman bow-hunter fire at several deer being fed in a yard, their arrows hitting the house and woodpile, barely missing humans? I did.
>
> Did you ever have rifle slugs whizzing past your ears, women and children doing the driving, a hunter crawling on his hands and knees out of the line of fire? I did.
>
> Did you ever see a hunter cutting off the hindquarters of a wounded doe while she watched him? I did.
>
> There are so many unanswered questions in regard to control and management. I've been told for twenty years 'You can't fight 'em.' This is wrong; we can and will fight them.
>
> Why can a twelve-year-old child obtain a hunting license to go into the woods with a lethal weapon, yet he cannot vote until he is twenty-one because of immaturity? Why no medical or physical tests and no age limits? Why the approximately ninety-day bow and arrow season? This season begins early when the leaves are on the ground making it impossible to track a wounded deer and give it a reasonably humane death.
>
> Why did the Indian discard the bow and arrow 100 years ago for the rifle, only to have the white man take up the bow and arrow? Would you say that the eighty bears killed by archers this year were all legal kills? A treed bear looking like a pin cushion, suffering excruciating pain with every arrow that entered his body—can you call this sport? Can the hunter be proud of such a cruel kill?
>
> Why a dollar license fee for teenage bow-hunters when many of them are not strong enough to pull a bow to make a clean kill? Why encourage our youth to participate in bow-hunting butchery? What is more nauseating than to see a full-grown man in a camouflage suit sneaking up to get a shot at a five-month-old fawn? The cruelty of bow-hunting is completely indefensible, and when the book of life is closed on those who sanction it, they may pray for more merciful judgment than they are giving our wildlife, who have no voice of their own to plead their cause.

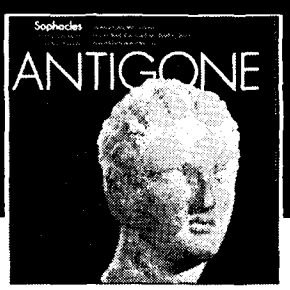


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Choose ANY ALBUM FREE

with your first selection as a member of the

## THEATRE RECORDING SOCIETY



## *The greatest actors of our time in the greatest plays of all time*

Imagine receiving, free, your choice of any one of the magnificent theatre albums shown here! At retail, they cost as much as $23.80 each. But now you may have any one as a gift, to welcome you as a trial member in the Theatre Recording Society.

**Magnificent performances — yours to enjoy whenever you wish**

As a member, you can enjoy in your own home, great works of the theatre through the most brilliant performances ever recorded. The range is wide and wonderful — from Aristophanes to Ionesco. The players are superb. A Broadway producer can rarely even hope to assemble on one stage the distinguished artists who perform for you, regularly and exclusively, through the Society.

For example, Paul Scofield, Cyril Cusack, and Patrick Magee in *Murder in the Cathedral* . . . Hermione Gingold and Stanley Holloway in *Lysistrata* . . . Glenda Jackson and Patrick Magee in *Marat/Sade* . . . Ralph Richardson and Anthony Quayle in *Julius Caesar* . . . Lynn Redgrave and Joan Greenwood in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. These are typical of the productions available to members. Each is full length . . . without cuts or modifications.

**Members save 33⅓%**

Though the Society's recordings sell for up to $23.80 per set at retail . . . as a member, you pay only the low price of just over $4.00 per record, plus a small shipping and handling charge. Your only obligation is to accept as few as four plays over the next year from the many offered. There is no extra charge for stereo.

**Claim your free album now**

Mail the coupon to receive, free, your choice of any one of the great theatre albums shown above . . . plus your first Society selection (which you also choose from the albums shown). If you're not completely delighted, you may return the shipment within 10 days and your trial membership will be cancelled without obligation. There's no risk. For thrilling hours of great theatre right in your home, mail the coupon today!

TRS 310 DEATH OF A SALESMAN—Lee J. Cobb, Mildred Dunnock, Dustin Hoffman, Michael Tolan, Gene Williams. 3—12" LP's $18.85

TRS 311 SAINT JOAN—Siobhan McKenna, Donald Pleasence, Felix Aylmer, Robert Stephens. 4—12" LP's $24.80

TRS 306 CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Ralph Richardson, Anna Massey, Michael Gwynn, Peter Wyngarde. 3—12" LP's $18.85

TRS 303 UNCLE VANYA—Laurence Olivier, Michael Redgrave, Joan Plowright, Sybil Thorndike. 2—12" LP's $12.90

SRS 228 ROMEO AND JULIET—Claire Bloom, Albert Finney, Edith Evans. 3—12" LP's $17.85

TRS 320 ANTIGONE—Dorothy Tutin, Max Adrian, Jeremy Brett, Eileen Atkins, Geoffrey Dunn. 2—12" LP's $12.90

TRS 301 THE GLASS MENAGERIE—Montgomery Clift, Jessica Tandy, Julie Harris, David Wayne. 2—12" LP's $12.90

SRS 232 HAMLET—Paul Scofield, Zena Walker, Diana Wynyard, Wilfrid Lawson, Roland Culver. 4—12" LP's $23.80

### PLUS a Special Bonus Gift

Act now and your prompt reply will bring you whichever of these two free gifts you prefer. Even if you decide to cancel your membership and return your albums after the 10-day free trial, the bonus gift is yours to keep.

SHAKESPEARE/SOUL OF AN AGE. The life of the bard, with readings from the histories, comedies and tragedies by MICHAEL REDGRAVE and RALPH RICHARDSON. A $6.95 retail value.

INGRID BERGMAN'S remarkable recording of Jean Cocteau's THE HUMAN VOICE, a stunning portrait of a tormented, desperate woman. This 12" LP is a $5.95 retail value.

**THEATRE RECORDING SOCIETY Dept. SR-74**
505 Eighth Avenue, New York, New York 10018

Please enroll me as a trial member. I have indicated below, by number, the album I wish to receive FREE; and the album I want as my first selection, for which you will bill me later. I have also checked the extra bonus gift I wish to receive free. In addition to my first selection, my only obligation is to accept as few as four plays over the next year at the Society's low price of just over $4.00 per record plus shipping and handling. Each month I will receive advance reviews describing forthcoming selections, plus a convenient form for requesting alternate selections or no album at all. If not completely delighted, I may return my introductory shipment (keeping my free bonus gift) within 10 days and my membership will be canceled without obligation.

Send me free: _____ Send as my first selection: _____

Send as my extra bonus, free (check one):

☐ Shakespeare/Soul of an Age ☐ The Human Voice

Send my records in (check one): ☐ Mono ☐ Stereo

Name _____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please note: Canadian and foreign prices slightly higher.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Top of My Head

*Goodman Ace*

### Rebel with Cause

WITH THE ELECTION a few days away, the tension at our house has grown perceptibly, and chaos cannot be far behind. For weeks now, she has sat before the TV set making copious notes on every appearance of the two-and-a-half candidates running for the Presidency and on the issues for which they campaigned.

After years of apathy, she is this time trying to sort out her choice for President. She has become so deeply involved that I find myself with a New Politics rebel on my hands. And aside from hitting her over the head with a nightstick, I don't know how to handle it.

Until this election her voting has been an uncomplicated happening—a trip to the beauty parlor and then to the polling booth. ("You have to look your nicest when you're voting for President. I don't want to go in there looking like the wrath of grapes.") And she always has managed to vote early. ("I want to get there before Huntley and Brinkley tell me how I voted.")

She picked last night as I was falling asleep to offer me the privilege, for the first time, to see the notes she had been taking.

"I can't sleep," she said. "I've been lying here tossing—first heads, then tails. I'm worried about this election. And it's your fault mostly. Didn't you promise me the No. 1 issue was going to be how to stop the war in Vietnam?"

"Well, I didn't exactly promise it."

"But the candidates didn't say how. Look at these notes. Put on your glasses."

"Don't you think it's too late for that now?"

"To put on your glasses? You know you can't see without them no matter what time it is. Look at these notes."

"What does this mean—f-a-n-t-o-m?"

"Oh, that was the other day—Nixon said he would send Israel phantom jets."

"That's P-h-a-n-t-o-m as in *Phantom of the Opera.*"

"Dear, this is no time for grammar. We're picking a President."

"Are you opposed to sending phantom jets?"

"Of course not. And while they're at it, why not send phantom soldiers and phantom bullets?"

"Uh—yes. Now, what does this mean—this can't be streetwalkers, can it?"

"Sure, that's what it is. That's George Wallace."

"What's George Wallace?"

"Didn't he say he wants to make the streets safe for streetwalkers?"

"You do mean, I hope, that he wants to make sure everyone can walk safely in the streets without being shot at?"

"That's it. That's because it's so easy to get guns nowadays."

"Yes, they're very popular. That's why we need new gun laws. There are too many guns being freely passed out into the hands of our young citizens."

"Yes, especially by our army."

"Can I quote you on that?"

"Of course you can believe it. No candidate wants to talk much about ending the war. That's what makes it so hard to decide whom to vote for. Do you have any idea how much the war costs every day?"

"About $100 million a day."

"Yes. And that's a lot of aughts. If we took that money and spent it on the poor people, we could build up the slums and the ghettos and those old testament houses."

"Holy Moses."

"Well, doesn't it to you?"

"Yes, I think it does. What does this mean in your notes here—'Sunny . . . HHH.'"

"Oh, that was the weather man. He said it was going to rain, and it turned out to be a beautiful, sunny day."

"What's Hubert Horatio Humphrey got to do with that?"

"Oh, that's not Humphrey—that's HHH, ha ha ha. I was laughing at the weather man."

"Of course, how stupid of me. Well, maybe that's a good omen. It could indicate that if you vote for Humphrey, everything will be sunny from here on out."

"How about that? Yes, maybe that's a good omen. He is very jolly. Of course. That's it. Thank you, dear."

"Oh, it was nothing. May I go to sleep now?"

"Of course, dear. Thanks for helping me. Everything got so complicated. Why can't they simplicate it like it always was. They don't make elections like they used to, do they, dear?"

"No, I guess they . . ."

"When you listen to all these candidates on television on all those panel shows, it's a regular baffle of wits who to vote for. But after talking it over with you I feel better about it. Thank you again, dear."

"You're more than welcome. Goodnight, Jane."

"Goodnight, Chet."


Fair and square: the Lady Seiko.

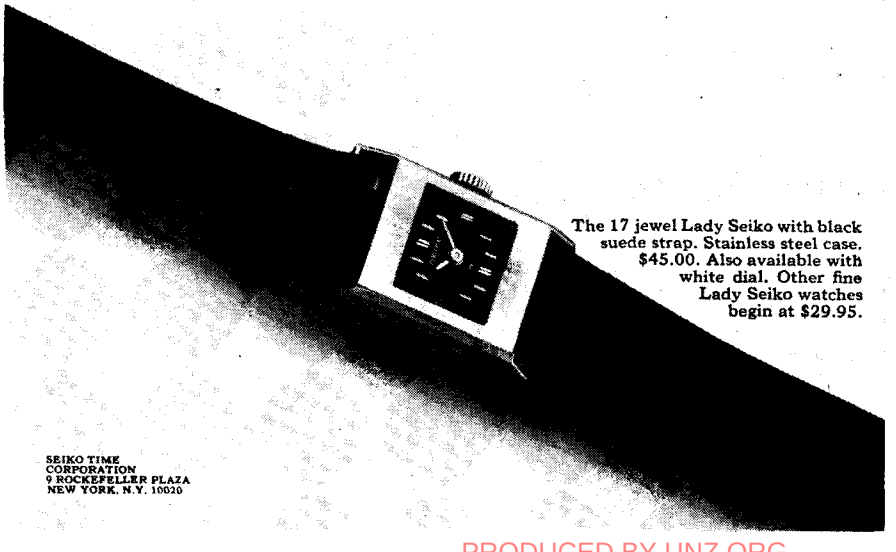
The watch that's as contemporary as next year's St. Laurent.

At a price that's just your style.

Because it's made by automation.

So you pay only for the timepiece, and not the time it took to make it.

The largest manufacturer of jeweled lever watches in the world: SEIKO



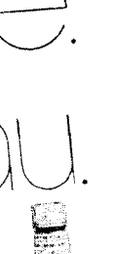
The 17 jewel Lady Seiko with black suede strap. Stainless steel case. $45.00. Also available with white dial. Other fine Lady Seiko watches begin at $29.95.

SEIKO TIME CORPORATION
9 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To live.
To laugh.
To forget time.
Cointreau.



COINTREAU SPÉCIALITÉ LIQUEUR 80 Proof. Produced and Bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Lawrenceville, New Jersey

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not since Michelangelo has there been such a close relationship between an artist and a pope

An Artist and the Pope

By Curtis Bill Pepper

*The moving, intimate story of the unusual friendship between Pope John XXIII and the communist artist Giacomo Manzu. A relationship that culminated in Manzu's famous doors for St. Peter's in Rome and a series of remarkable sculpted portraits of the Pope. In telling the story, Curtis Pepper, former Chief of Newsweek's Rome office, uses Manzu's own personal recollections, together with 36 pages of drawings and photographs of his sculpture. Some in full color, and many created especially for this book. The result is a biographical masterpiece with significance for all.*

$9.95

A GINIGER BOOK

GROSSET & DUNLAP, INC.
51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

# State of Affairs

*Henry Brandon*

## Leningrad's *Enfant Terrible*

FEW PEOPLE exude as much joy of life as did Nikolay Akimov, the director of the Small Comedy Theater in Leningrad, who died the other day at the age of sixty-seven. He was not an avant-garde artist, but an avant-garde human being. I saw him in his dingy backstage office a few years ago, but never wrote about our conversation because I feared that it might embarrass him or cause him harm. He spoke with extraordinary frankness; he was something of an *enfant terrible*, and he enjoyed this role. Although I came to see him in the company of a Russian acquaintance of mine, whom he did not know, he spoke as if nobody else was listening to our conversation. He did not seem to care what might happen if I quoted him, and he never indicated that anything he said was not for publication. On the contrary, his little blue eyes twinkled sheepishly whenever he said something he knew he should not have said to a foreigner because the authorities would disapprove of it.

Our conversation was in French and what he told me at the time is still true, maybe even more so. For maybe half an hour, we talked about the latest trends in the theater, and Akimov proved familiar with not only all the latest plays produced in the West, but also with most of the leading actors and producers. He felt that the theater's mission was not only to entertain but to fulfill a political role which went well beyond the kind of criticism of the bureaucracy, or the inefficiency of industry, or the laziness of the farmers permitted on the stage in the Soviet Union. And so, inevitably, our conversation led to censorship.

"It's not easy in the Soviet Union to know at any given time what is permissible and what is not," he said. "There is this invisible 'electric wire,' and you are never quite certain where it is drawn, where the limits are set. You have to try; sometimes you get a shock earlier, sometimes later. It all depends on how adventurous you are. But over the years you get used to it. It may seem to you a risky, even a repulsive game, and even though it has got me into a lot of trouble at times, I enjoy it in a way. . . . Of course, you can imagine that I would prefer life without censorship."

I mentioned to him that the last time I had been in Rumania—where internal censorship, at least at the time, was almost as strict as in the Soviet Union—I had seen an excellent performance of Ionesco's *Rhinoceros*, a play that had not yet been produced in the Soviet Union.

"I tried to put on *Rhinoceros* at my theater here, but I was told in advance to abandon the idea. You see, the Soviet censor is extremely sensitive to any play that satirizes and indirectly condemns dictatorship or the police state, even if the play explicitly refers to the Nazi period, as does *Rhinoceros*. Not long ago, for instance, I staged a play by Yevgeni Shvarts called *The Dragon*. It was forbidden during World War II because the dragon, who is killed in the second act, appeared to have some identification with Stalin; but by now, I thought, the censor might be more lenient. The trouble, however, was that the successor to the dragon, the mayor, had some surprising similarities in character and manner with Mr. Khrushchev who, on top of it, had once been mayor of Moscow. *The Dragon* opened though, but only for a few performances. Suddenly I was ordered to take it off the

program. It had run for a few evenings and that was progress, but, alas, not for very long. Franz Kafka's *Trial*, for instance, which has been staged by one or two of our eastern European socialist neighbors, is also a forbidden fruit here."

In anticipation of my meeting with Mr. Akimov, I had gone the night before to see a performance of the current production of a play called *The Judge* at the Small Comedy. It was a long and, to me, tedious play set in the nineteenth century. The staging was old-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The British Isles. What a splendid gift for Christmas!

You give so much more than paper nd ink with a gift subscription to British Iagazine-of-the-Month.

You give all of the British Isles.

The clatter of Soho and the quiet of cottish moors. The trooping of the colours n June, and the Derby in May. Old Vic and avile Row. Stonehenge and Bath. They are ll there—to be seen and savored—in the ages of Britain's greatest magazines.

**Every month, a different view of Britain.** Vo single magazine, of course, can capture all he richness of English life and culture, ts sports, society, and history. That's why the nulti-magazine plan of British Magazine-of-he-Month is already so popular with thousands of Americans—those who want to re-live the golden moments of their own visits to England, as well as those who still ook forward to seeing the wonders of Britain in person.

To all these people, a different magazine is mailed every nonth—direct from London—laden with a fascinating array of new experiences: the roses of Kent in springtime nd the dry wit of Parliament; the Mod excitement of Liverpool and the antiques of Portobello Road; he bustle of London's theatres and the quiet harm of England's gardens.

**A portrait of the Queen heralds your gift.** Because this is so unusual a gift, we have rranged an extraordinary way to mark your ngenuity. A beautiful gift card, bearing a full-colour portrait of H.M. Queen Elizabeth II, will announce your Christmas houghtfulness for each gift subscription. And, if you post your order straightaway, ve'll add the lavish Christmas umber of the *Illustrated London Vews*, which regularly retails for $1.25, as an extra, free bonus o arrive during the oliday season.

## CHRISTMAS GIFT BONUS

**The lavish 1968 Christmas edition of the world-famous *Illustrated London News* will portray the traditions of Christmas in luxurious color illustrations and fascinating stories.**

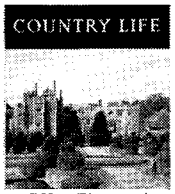
**This superb edition ordinarily retails for $1.25. But, it is given *free* with each new Club subscription.**

**Give a 12-month gift membership in the British Magazine-of-the-Month Club**

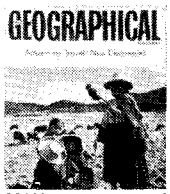
JANUARY—A trip to England's charming country estates for a look at the suburban set.

FEBRUARY—A fresh and fascinating perspective on political, social, economic trends.

MARCH — World affairs, literature and the arts from the pens of internationally famous writers.




APRIL—The castles, customs, culture and countryside of traditional Britain in striking photography.



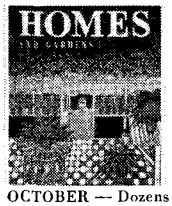

MAY — Travel and adventure, British style. Colourful pictures and prose from around the world.

JUNE — Britain's leading journal of antiques and art for both professional and amateur collectors.

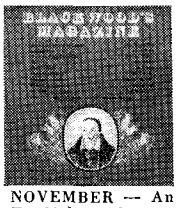
JULY — Rural Britain's quaint customs and colorful people are shown in a rich panorama.

AUGUST—England's most respected pictorial weekly covers world events and personalities.

SEPTEMBER — Sophisticated views of British society, fashions, sports, Royal events, and the arts.




OCTOBER — Dozens of distinctive home decorating ideas, all marked by impeccable British taste.




NOVEMBER — An English tradition: brilliant and entertaining stories, essays and commentary.

DECEMBER — Its brilliant humour, sophisticated commentary, superb cartoons are world acclaimed.

Only **$9.95** for all these gift features:

1. 12 issues of Britain's outstanding magazines—one each month.
2. Free bonus copy of the *Illustrated London News*' magnificent $1.25 Christmas issue.
3. Handsome gift announcement card, signed as you direct.
4. Special discount rates for Club members on all new subscriptions to any of the 12 Club magazines . . . any time during the year.

To: **BRITISH MAGAZINE-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB**
Dept. BS 11-2 30 East 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

☐Please send a one-year gift subscription with announcement card *to:*

Name _____
(Please Print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read *from:* _____
My Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FOR ADDITIONAL GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS ATTACH NAMES AND ADDRESSES ON SEPARATE SHEET

☐Check here if you wish to enter a subscription for yourself.

☐I ENCLOSE MY REMITTANCE OF $_____ FOR ____ SUBSCRIPTIONS

☐BILL ME LATER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fashioned, the acting a little stiff and stilted, and the plot almost too complicated for me to follow; nor did it seem to be particularly believable. The play revolves around some trumped-up charges of adultery and how the public officials, in cahoots with the police and the judges, were trying to extort money from a rich family in exchange for a promise that the charges would be quashed. As a greater number of public officials got involved in the conspiracy, and each became greedier, the price went up and up.

When Akimov inquired whether I had enjoyed the play, I expressed surprise that he should have wanted to stage such an obviously dated play with a plot that clearly looked ridiculous today, and seemed so far removed from reality. Akimov, instead of being offended, looked at me amused and not at all surprised. He said he understood and accepted my criticism, but that he was willing at the same time to forgive my naïveté. Then the smile on his face disappeared and he became very serious.

"You see," he said, "contemporary playwrights are permitted a certain amount of freedom to criticize the bureaucracy. But there are definite limits to it. If you want to be a little more daring you have to do it by indirection. This play is about the corruption of the judicial system, about the crude methods officials use if they want to persecute someone. It was written in the 1880s, but what you saw and heard last night sounded very familiar to the audience. That's why they come to see this play; that's why the theater is sold out every night. That's why I dug it out and why it's a success. It is a very contemporary play."

## WIT TWISTER #84

By ARTHUR SWAN

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.*

The sharp-horned moon
— — — — — troops of swollen clouds
That spill their rain-blood on the corpse-strewn plain.
Of — — — — — and brambles, witches weave great shrouds
For — — — — — by the mightier Giants slain.

(*Answer on page* 37)

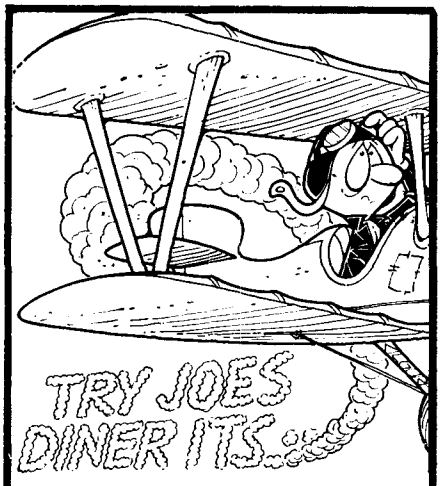

# Is there a life after death?

Months of front-page news stories and speculation have preceded Bishop Pike's new book. But now, for the first time, he tells the *full* story of his personal confrontation with the question of human immortality. Often startling, always immensely moving, THE OTHER SIDE is an extraordinary reading experience. For in it, a clergyman of world-wide reputation, long known as a skeptic, calmly and humbly offers tangible, documented evidence of life beyond the grave.

THE OTHER SIDE
AN ACCOUNT OF MY EXPERIENCES WITH PSYCHIC PHENOMENA
JAMES A. PIKE
WITH DIANE KENNEDY

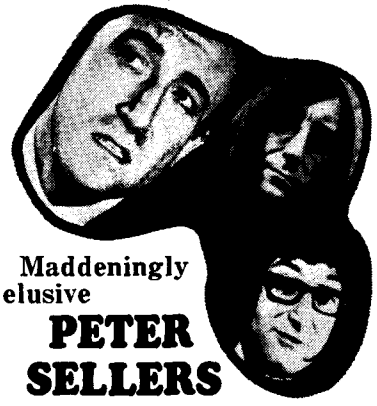
Frederick Sprague

$5.95 at all bookstores
DOUBLEDAY




*Don't let words fail you now!*

DON'T BE WITHOUT
The St. Martin's
EDITION OF
Roget's Thesaurus
At all bookstores • 1,488 pp.
$6.95 plain • $7.95 thumb-indexed
ST. MARTIN'S
175 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010



Maddeningly elusive
PETER SELLERS
The Mask Behind the Mask

*by Peter Evans.* The very private life of a fascinating actor, told by a friend of many years, with the help of Sellers' two wives, enemies, his late mother, and co-workers, who re-create the star's rise from vaudeville to international fame.

$6.95 at your bookstore or order from
PRENTICE-HALL
*Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Suggested for immature audiences.

Television. Kids love it. And learn a lot from it about the soon-to-be-their world.

Programs like *Heidi*, Jacques Cousteau's study of whales, a visit to Rachel Carson's world of nature will open young eyes and expand young minds this November. And we can suggest a rich assortment of regularly scheduled shows such as *Captain Kangaroo, Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color* and *Discovery*.

For the more mature youngster, and his parents too, it's a month that will provide comprehensive coverage and analysis of our elections. A program about the education and loneliness of *The Scientist*. And Truman Capote's *The Thanksgiving Visitor*.

To help teachers and students make the most of television's educational resources, "Teachers Guides to Television" (published semi-annually) can be subscribed to for one dollar per semester. Order from: Teachers Guides to Television, Inc., P.O. Box 564, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021. Send check for fewer than ten copies.

The listings below will help you be the television guide in your family.

**Captain Kangaroo.** A daily segment for pre-schoolers produced with the Bank Street College of Education is new: Monday-Friday (8-9 am).

**Lamp Unto My Feet.** 20th Anniversary: The Smoldering Flame; Visions of a Simple Man; Neighbor for Neighbor; Recap. Sundays, Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24 (10 am).

**Discovery.** The World Beneath The Sea (2 Parts); Discovery Goes to Finland (2 Parts); Sundays, Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24 (11:30 am-12 Noon).

**Election Night.** Television covers the nation as it elects the 37th President. Tuesday, Nov. 5 (7 pm to conclusion).

**Campaign '68:** What Happened Last Night? Walter Cronkite analyzes the 1968 results. Wednesday, Nov. 6 (10-11 pm).

**The Sense of Wonder.** Helen Hayes narrates documentary on the life and works of author Rachel Carson. Wednesday, Nov. 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

**Whales.** The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau: the expedition conducts experiments with whales. Friday, Nov. 15 (7:30-8:30 pm).

**Heidi.** Children's classic about a little girl's life in the Alps. Sunday, Nov. 17 (7-9 pm).

**A Punt, A Pass And A Prayer.** Hallmark Hall of Fame: original drama about a football pro, with Hugh O'Brian, Don DeFore, Betsy Palmer. Wednesday, Nov. 20 (7:30-9 pm).

**Mouse On The Mayflower.** Animated musical of the Pilgrim landing. Tennessee Ernie Ford narrates. Saturday, Nov. 23 (7:30-8:30 pm).

**The Cowsills.** The musical family presents its winning style. Saturday, Nov. 23 (8:30-9 pm).

**Peggy Fleming Special.** Olympic ice skating champion, guests Gene Kelly, Richard Harris, Bob Paul. Sunday, Nov. 24 (9-10 pm).

**Francis Albert Sinatra Does His Thing.** New musical special with Diahann Carroll and The Fifth Dimension. Monday, Nov. 25 (9-10 pm).

**Thanksgiving Day Parades.** Parades in New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and other cities. Thursday, Nov. 28 (9:30 am-12 Noon).

**Art Linkletter in Viet Nam and the Far East.** The entertainer's visit to the U.S. forces. Thursday, Nov. 28 (3-4 pm).

**The Thanksgiving Visitor.** Geraldine Page and Michael Kearney in Truman Capote's story of a young boy and his aging spinster cousin. Thursday, Nov. 28 (7:30-8:30 pm).

**The Scientist.** Portrait of two leading scientists; their motivations, challenges. Friday, Nov. 29 (10-11 pm).

**Regularly Scheduled Programs**

**Monday through Friday:** The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

**Tuesdays:** CBS News Hour ("60 Minutes"/CBS Reports/Who, What, When, Where, Why, With Harry Reasoner)

**Saturdays:** The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/ABC's Wide World of Sports/G-E College Bowl/Frank McGee Saturday Report

**Sundays:** Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Discovery/The Eternal Light/Issues and Answers/Animal World/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office
745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Trade Winds

*Herbert R. Mayes*

**Some early** recommendations for Christmas giving: *Man and Monkey* by Leonard Williams (Lippincott, $5.95), certain to be appreciated by anybody who enjoyed Lorenz's *On Aggression* and Ardrey's *The Territorial Imperative*. The *Life-Adjustment of Harry Blake* by Frances Shine (Meredith, $4.95), is a clean, sweet, funny-sad novel about one of the most endearing characters to turn up in a dirty-book age. It is good for boys, girls, parents, aunts, and uncles, and might even give Norman Mailer a new outlook on life. *Classics Revisited* by Kenneth Rexroth (Quadrangle, $6.50) is a collection of sixty superb short critiques that appeared originally in *SR*. The old classics reviewed range from *The Brothers Karamazov* and *The Iliad* to *Huckleberry Finn* and *War and Peace*, all delightfully delineated as to substance, characters, impact when issued, and present status. A rekindler of interest in books read before, a stimulant to those who seek a chart of what was and remains important, this volume earns a four-star recommendation.

Also, *Memoirs: Sixty Years on the Firing Line* by Arthur Krock (Funk & Wagnalls, $10.). Crotchety old gentleman now, Mr. Krock was closer to the American sources of power than any other reporter. He has been, himself, a power—more listened to by political bigwigs, probably, more feared than any other newspaper man in our history. This is, in effect, the story of his journalistic career embracing half a century. *Quite* a career. This is *quite* a book: frank, opinionated, grumpy, honest. Obviously a perfect bet for any *literate* newspaper reader. Published in 1948, there still may be copies around of *The St. Nicholas Anthology*, a gathering together of "stories, poems, pictures—from the magazine that for generations gladdened the hearts of children," edited by Henry Steele Commager (Random House). In this volume are contributions from Sidney Lanier, Jack London, Ben Ames Williams, Louisa May Alcott, Theodore Roosevelt, Alice Hegan Rice, among others; poems and drawings of The Brownies by Palmer Cox; enchanting illustrations by Arthur Rackham; original contributions to the old magazine by children whose names include Morris Bishop, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Eudora Welty, Cornelia Otis Skinner. When published originally, the book was priced at $5. Whatever it may cost now—and rummage through the stacks in second-hand book shops—this treasure house will be a godsend to any youngster.

**Also,** *Waterloo: Day of Battle* by David Howarth (Atheneum, $7.95). Wonderful reading—easily the most thrilling book on the subject, woven together from eyewitness accounts, utterly unlike any story heretofore told about the day that cost Napoleon his empires. An unadulterated thrill. *The Aristocrat* by Conrad Richter (Knopf, $4.50) is an agreeable novel about a cantankerous old lady, Miss Alexandria Morley, who belongs to a long-ago generation but isn't afraid to do battle with the current one. Really more than pleasant, and if not terribly exciting, its major character will find loyal supporters. *Notes from the Frontier* by Hugh Nissenson (Dial, $4.50) covers "an American's experiences on a border kibbutz." This is about the way many of the people live in Israel —a sort of firsthand documentary, a sympathetic approach to daily problems confronting men and women in a new and passionate land, their hopes and fears, their immersion in Jewish history.

Also, *Eisenhower; The President Nobody Knew* by Arthur Larson (Scribner, $5.95) may not make you a hero-worshiper if you weren't before, yet this generous appraisal of his chief by an intellectual who was close to him is a warm, sometimes revealing account of a man whose achievements as a soldier may be regarded in time as more distinguished than his role in the White House. Whatever negative opinions one may have about Eisenhower's position as leader of the country, this book dispels some of them. If not often, at least there were occasions when he was his own man, not always a bland condoner of Dulles policies, not always without convictions of his own about the state of the nation and the functions of Congress but, on the contrary, forthright and firm, though perhaps too often only in private conversation. The Presidency is never dull. No book about it can be dull. This one is not. It is worth reading, worth giving. *Advice to a Young Wife from an Old Mistress*, as told to Michael Drury (Doubleday, $3.95). This stunningly written short book is a charmer for mistresses and wives and husbands, and for those who are none of these but may become so: "All that glitters is not sex," says the Old Mistress.

> It can be ego, loneliness, tyranny; and it can be sheer animal joy or sexual friendship, which is not love but has its own validity. Indeed a woman


# Short cut to better pictures

Simply because the Nikkormat FTN helps you through the preliminaries faster. So you can give all your attention to the picture.

Correct exposure, focus, shutter speed—all are clearly shown in the viewfinder. You're set and ready to shoot while the picture idea is still fresh and alive.

And you have a lot working for you with the FTN: Nikon precision, Nikon system versatility, Nikon optics and the new Nikon "center-weighted" meter system.

Price starts at under $270. See your Nikon dealer for details, or write:

Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., P.Q.)

**Nikkormat FTN by Nikon**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is fortunate who has had a man treat her as a sexual friend, for it teaches her to know the difference, to realize that sex is not all one tone. I have heard wives say proudly that they do not use sex as a weapon: "I have never closed my door to my husband," and I have wondered in my heart, Why not? Do they not know that monotony is a weapon too? Can they imagine that it satisfies to be physically available? A mistress shuts her door if the situation calls for it, or opens it because her heart is open.

None can be offended by this volume. None can fail to find in it some extraordinary, distilled wisdom.

Also, *The Literary Life A Scrapbook Almanac of the Anglo-American Literary Scene from 1900 to 1950,* edited by Robert Phelps and Peter Deane (Farrar, Straus, $12.95). Year by year, the photographs of the interesting and the great in the literary vineyards, neatly packed with information about their lives, their creations, tidbits of gossip. You pick up this large-size volume, you turn to any page, you become tickled with the notes and observations, you turn to another page, and another, you cannot put the confounded thing down. *NBC News Picture Book of the Year,* edited by Ben Grauer (Crown, $10.00). Covering the calendar year 1967 and the highlights of early 1968, this is an encyclopedia, really, that includes 500 photographs with excellent captions, special articles, capsulated reports of vital news events, etc.

**With a great** deal of sadness, I must note that this is my last column. Suddenly and unexpectedly I have been obliged to take on some other assignments, and my normal ten-hour day, even if stretched to twelve, demands that I make some sacrifices. For me, giving up TRADE WINDS is a sacrifice. Sharing TRADE WINDS with Jerome Beatty, Jr., has been a privilege. I will remain grateful always to Norman Cousins, who gave me the opportunity to be part of his staff. Nobody else may miss my occasional column. But *I* will.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1803)

(PETER) DE VRIES:
*THE TENTS OF WICKEDNESS*

(My hat) is off to Johann Bach
For whom my sentiment is "Ach!"
Not once, but twice, a model spouse,
With twenty children in the house.
Some fathers would have walked away
In what they call a fugue today.
But he left no one in the lurch,
And played the stuff he wrote in
church.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The shamefully luxurious stereo.

*There are certain things in this world that are* just not for ordinary people. Shamefully luxurious things. Uncommonly pleasant things. Like the Ampex 985A Music Center.

For people who want the luxury of fine cabinetry and know that true high fidelity stereo can be achieved only in a component system.

Stereo FM, FM/AM receiver and built-in stereo tape recorder so you can record your favorite music right off the air. Or listen to your music, on tape, with the magnificence and clarity of sound you'd expect only at the concert hall.

Designed and precision manufactured in the U.S.A. by Ampex Corporation, the name found in virtually every professional recording studio.

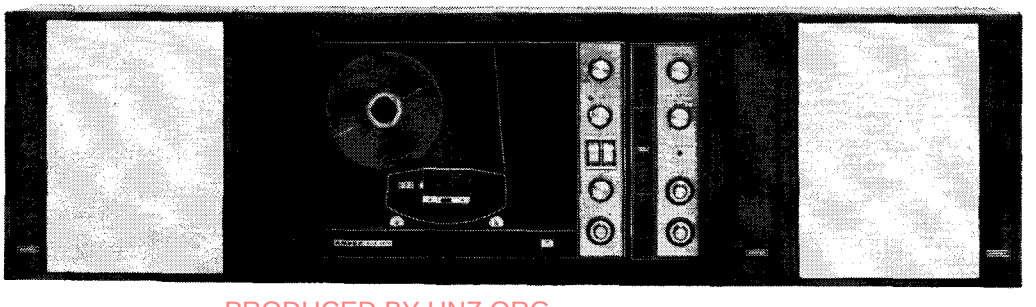
*Extraordinary features* include automatic, instant tape threading; automatic tape reverse; sensitive pause control; unique fine tuning scale; two omnidirectional dynamic microphones; exquisite oiled walnut cabinet with sliding, hidden tambour doors; acoustically matched oiled walnut speakers.

*All for a mere six hundred dollars.* *

Shamefully luxurious? Others may think so, but you'll know better.

For particulars, write Ampex Corp., Dept. 540, 205 W. Touhy Ave., Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

**AMPEX**



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Manufacturer's suggested list price.

*Saturday Review*
November 2, 1968

*Harvey Wheeler*

# The End of the Two Party System

Mass media are making the existing party structure obsolete and giving rise to a political system based on personality, "flying cadres of media experts," and, among other things, an electoral coalition representing new constituencies in American society.

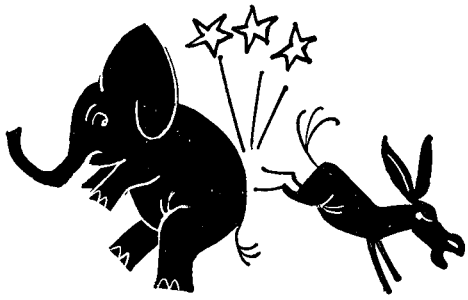
EVERY mass medium revolution in history has been accompanied by a political revolution. Television, which has already had profound effects on American politics, is not only making the two-party system irrelevant, it is also producing a new political coalition and new systems of campaign communications.

In major respects, the electoral process is a communications system, a medium permitting the organization and transmission of messages to masses of people. The political party as a mass medium was brought to its maturation during the Civil War through the growing influence of the newspaper as a newly significant mass medium. This was the time of the first press lords. Recall William Lloyd Garrison and the effect that he and other abolitionists were able to mobilize. It is hardly too much to say that the Republican party—itself a major political innovation—was the offspring of the modern mass circulation newspaper, to which it has remained tied throughout its history.

The innovation of the Republican party made possible the modern two-party system. Like many other communication networks, this vast system can be analyzed in terms of information theory, for it makes yes-no options result in a decision.

The radio epoch of Franklin Delano Roosevelt was the next communication revolution. The FDR coalition reigned supreme in American politics until the Eisenhower campaigns. It was composed of the traditional Democratic South, inland farmers, labor, certain (then) inarticulate ethnic minorities, and the urban Catholics, especially the Irish, who had gotten control of the boss machine systems of the cities. The boss machine system was itself an important innovation. It was a new form of the party as a "container": an organizational counterpart of the ancient Coliseum. Never before FDR had the party system been welded into a national machine. The foundation for this was only made possible by radio; for recall that American newspapers always remained as local and particularistic as Tammany Hall and similar machines had been. We still marvel at the way in which FDR was able to go over the heads of an obstructionist Congress and a hostile press and invade the living room of the average voter through his famous Fireside Chats.

The Roosevelt campaign communication system was based upon state and local machines which needed a professional "boss" such as Jim Farley, just as today a national TV campaign communications system needs professional "Madison Avenue" support. It was directly related to the federal system. In fact, the new national party organizations *were* federal organizations. The classic definition of the political party is "a loose confederation of state and local bosses." Roosevelt's so-called nationalization of the party system was really its "federalization," and its federal structure remained a distinctive feature of the post-Roosevelt two-party system.



THE major voting groups comprising the FDR coalition were in a state of relative economic and social depression. They were relatively immobile, socially and geographically. They harkened back to the traditional nineteenth-century themes and impulses of grass roots, participational democracy. Not one of these features holds true for the politics of the present day.

The Republicans were the first to exploit the political potentials of television campaign communications. Dewey's gubernatorial campaign in New York, which featured a direct question-and-answer format, is widely hailed as the first successful exploitation of this novel mass medium. On the national level, of course, the Eisenhower election of 1952 was the first true TV campaign, and it possessed in embryo nearly all the features we have since come to regard as

Harvey Wheeler is a Fellow at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, California. He is co-author, with Eugene L. Burdick, of *Fail-Safe*.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

characteristic of contemporary mass medium politics.

Eisenhower was himself a newcomer to party politics; something inconceivable before TV. He was heavily financed. He employed expensive and sophisticated mass media experts. "Madison Avenue" techniques were devised to project a predesigned "image." A new kind of electoral coalition was formed, composed largely of urban, white-collar people dissociated from the grass roots traditions of the agrarian past. His campaign cut across traditional party lines to orient itself about the personality of the candidate rather than the machine or the party. The new coalition of voter groups was socially and geographically mobile. The new politics required image manipulators rather than ballot box stuffers. The new organizations were ad hoc affairs created overnight by national cadres of advance men. The Presidential primary overshadowed the party convention. This was to be the wave of the future. Television truly nationalized campaign communications and undermined the federal structure of the old machines. Party politics gave way to personality politics.

Then came the Kennedys. John burst onto the political scene using vast sums of money, clever exploitation of television, cadres of advance men, personality-projection techniques, and the launching pad of Presidential primaries. When Kennedy was in West Virginia, it was like a "High Noon" showdown between new and old. Later, the Kennedy-Nixon debates revealed the passage of an important milestone in American political history.

The politics of personality requires distinguishing oneself as a dynamic person—which in turn means polarizing the TV audience into those violently pro and con. Ronald Reagan, Eugene McCarthy, and the two Kennedys were only politically possible by virtue of this "new" politics. The Kennedys may have died at the hand of their own creation.

What of the others—the remaining old-timers? Curiously enough, they are the ones left in control today: Johnson, Humphrey, and Nixon. Johnson is the first decisive victim of the obsolescence of the old party system. Yet we are left with Nixon and Humphrey, who are both television force-outs. Politics is often regarded as the choosing of the lesser of two evils. If that is the case today, the choice of our voters (this month) will almost certainly be made on the basis of which one of these candidates is *less* repugnant on television.

There is another anachronistic aspect to this year's election: Both candidates are archaic party phenomena; both have acquired their nominations through the exploitation of party machinery that has lost its relevance to our political problems and our vital social forces. That is, the traditional two-party system is no longer an effective medium of mass communications. Yet, through a series of tragedies and accidents, it is the medium that has presented us with our Presidential choices. This is an ominous prospect, for one of the historic lessons of politics is that communication between the political regime and the people must be effective and mutual.

What are the specific signs that the party system is no longer serving this function well? First, consider again the FDR coalition and its chief components: the South, farmers, labor, the Irish Catholic-led urban machines. They are no longer disadvantaged. Small farmers are disappearing rapidly in the face of an enclosure movement that is converting farms into agricultural factories. Labor has joined the middle class, become conservative, moved to suburbia, and, in addition, has experienced a relative decline in numbers, compared to the other elements of the population. Catholics no longer see themselves as a disadvantaged minority group; they have become proper middle-class suburbanites, and as they have done so, they have divided themselves between the two parties.

IT is said that a majority of priests voted against the election of John Kennedy. This is important because the old federalized party machinery, controlled by its predominantly Irish Catholic leadership, was a key element in weaving the various components of the FDR coalition into an effective communications medium. The traditional machine bosses have now ceased to perform this function with effectiveness. This was revealed in different ways by the 1968 primaries in Indiana and New York, two states that represented typical bastions of traditional party control.

The Indiana primary sounded the death knell of the traditional party system as a communications medium and cast grave doubts on the validity of anything that would later come out of the national conventions. In Indiana, if anywhere, the old way remained vital—reliably erosion-proof against the new politics of personalized candidates. Organization of the Indiana party system followed the classical textbook pattern. It was a model of "democratic centralism" with the network of officials following clear lines of authority, from the State Central Committee through the districts and then to the county level, resting finally on the foundation of the whole thing, the precinct chairmen—who in turn competed among themselves in the ingenuity and intensity with which they carried formal principles of organization right down to the level of neighborhood and block. This meant that a constant and furiously contested struggle was perpetually under way for the machine allegiance of the voter. Any machine official whose interest or industry waned was subject to displacement by organization upstarts who coveted his office.

This structure is important for two reasons: First, Indiana was one of the few places in which the ideal party organization actually existed. (In California, for example, political newcomers who try to "find" the party organization are often astounded by the fruitlessness of their quest. A party system doesn't exist in California in the textbook—or

—*Drawing by Mort Gerberg.*

**In the new coalition the young and the intellectuals "are especially significant. From a bare statistical point of view, young adults make up a newly significant segment of the population."**

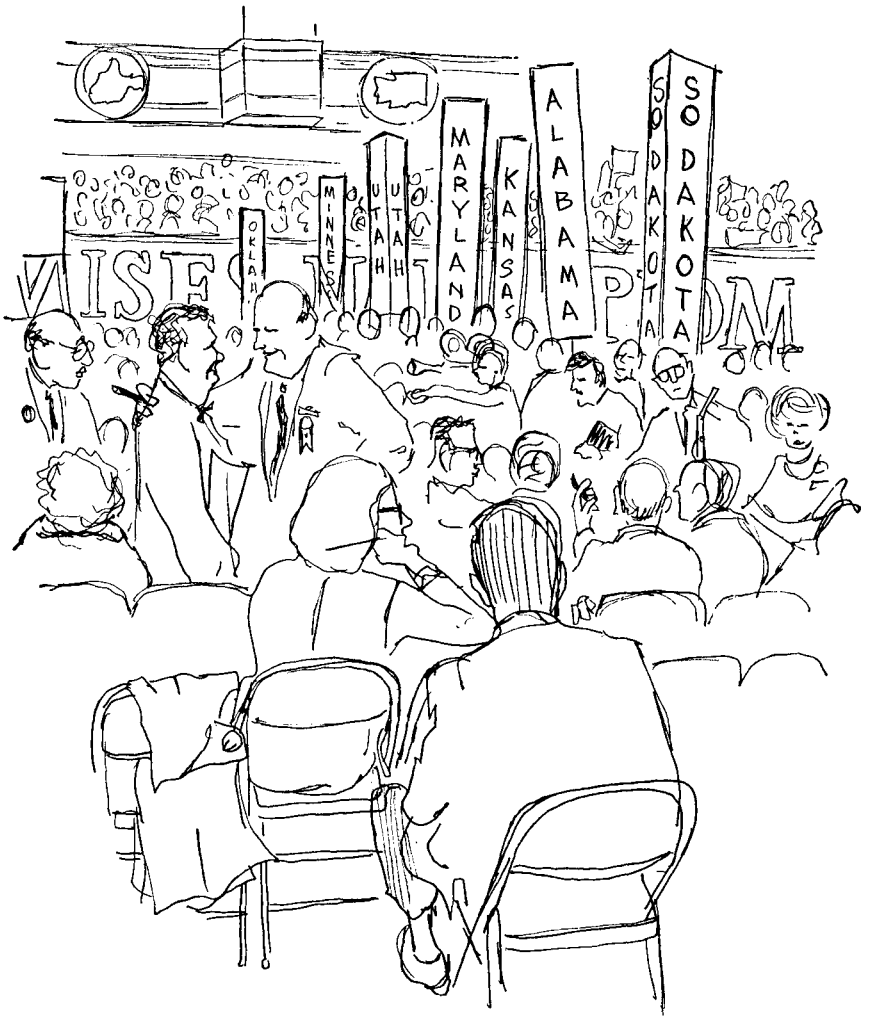


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indiana—sense.) Second, Indiana reveals the extent to which the classic party was, at its height, a true mass medium of communications. Both factors highlight the significance of the Indiana primary. The traditional textbook party, which still imagined itself to have the vitality and monopoly of the political process it had enjoyed in the past, was soundly defeated by the new politics. It actually came in a poor third against makeshift cadres of "aliens" who worked the precincts and inundated the voters with television appeals based on the personalities of their circuit-riding stars from Washington.

Indiana's Democratic governor, Roger Branigin, staked his campaign on one issue: the defense of Indiana's traditional machine system against the new politics. How could he possibly have lost? Not only was he playing the game according to the time-tested rules of politics, he also had the newspapers solidly behind him. All this made the primary a direct test of the new politics against the old. The old, in solid control of its characteristic communications system of party and papers, fell victim to the new.

The next case is New York. There, Robert Kennedy had previously invaded the traditional party bastions as an obvious outlander to run for the Senate. He was explicitly and validly tagged as a carpetbagger by the old-timers. Moreover, he had the gall to joke publicly about the charge. He then overwhelmed the traditional party organization. Following his victory he was criticized—and the charge was repeated to the day of his death—for failing to reorganize the state party machinery along traditional lines.




—*Drawing by Mort Gerberg.*

**"The national conventions are politically irrelevant; they were displayed on TV as relics of the past. . . ."**

BUT it is possible that Senator Kennedy was wiser than the old-timers. Upon election as Senator he paid little or no attention to traditional New York State machine politics. Whether or not this was calculated wisdom or lassitude will have to await the memoirs. But we do know now that Kennedy was "right" in the sense that the old politics was already dead and not worth his cultivating. This was confirmed in New York by the primary that occurred after his death. A pro-McCarthy challenger, albeit a relative of an old-line O'Dwyer, overwhelmingly defeated the "machine." New York politics, like Indiana politics, had fallen prey to new forces.

What do we make of these two instances? Bastions of traditional machine politics defeated in direct confrontation with the new? For one thing, our earlier conclusion is underscored: The national conventions are politically irrelevant; they were displayed on TV as relics of the past like the machines on view at a rally of Model "T" owners. The traditional parties no longer serve as mass media of communications. Yet these political relics have determined the choices to be presented to the voters in November. The result cannot be valid. Nor would it have changed things if the conventions had "pragmatically" rejected the two front-runners to opt for those who had earlier demonstrated the superior vitality of the new over the old politics. For even if the traditional machines, in convention assembled, had done the "right thing," they would have done it for the wrong reason—from canny estimates of electability rather than from the results of their own organic foundations and deliberative processes.

Finally, there has occurred an erosion of the distinction between the "inside" and the "outside" of politics. This is what we are witnessing in America today in relation to the war issue, as well as in Russia vis-à-vis Czechoslovakia. It has brought about another type of "new" politics. This refers not to the new politics of the mass media, nor to that of the streets, but to a new politics that is forming itself around the reversal of the traditional relationships between external warfare and domestic tranquility. It can be put in the hackneyed terms of Clausewitz's dictum about war as the continuation of politics by other means. What has happened in our time is that internal politics has come to be strongly influenced, and in some cases determined, by the shape of external politics. This means that the boundary line between the two has become eroded. Politics, in the internal sense, has almost become the continuation of external warfare by other means. One result is that the internal political systems of the leading nations of the world have become militarized.

This means that we must reinterpret the so-called pacifism of the Eisenhower Administration. It is true that President Eisenhower was a man of peace. But even more important was that his pacifism was primarily the result of his attempt to return to the conditions of a past when domestic affairs could be somewhat insulated from international relations, and foreign policy could be made as a result of domestic forces—rather than the other way around. Eisenhower valiantly—and in general, successfully—attempted to manage foreign



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

affairs and defense policy so that the traditional economics, traditional politics, and traditional ways of American life could play themselves out as before. But his Administration was the watershed, and immediately after it was over, each succeeding President foundered in each major political crisis on his inability to insulate internal domestic politics from foreign affairs in the old way. Kennedy and Johnson became victims of the revolution that cemented external warfare and external politics into determinants of internal politics. This aspect of the new politics is also demonstrating the obsolescence of the national convention system. The conventions of the established parties, by their nature, reflect only local domestic forces. In short, we are confronted with the fact that the traditional party system is as obsolete as the magneto. It cannot abandon its parochial foundations and it cannot forsake its inner logic, which is to nominate those candidates best calculated to preserve the power of the party apparatus, rather than respond to the three-fold lessons of the new politics.

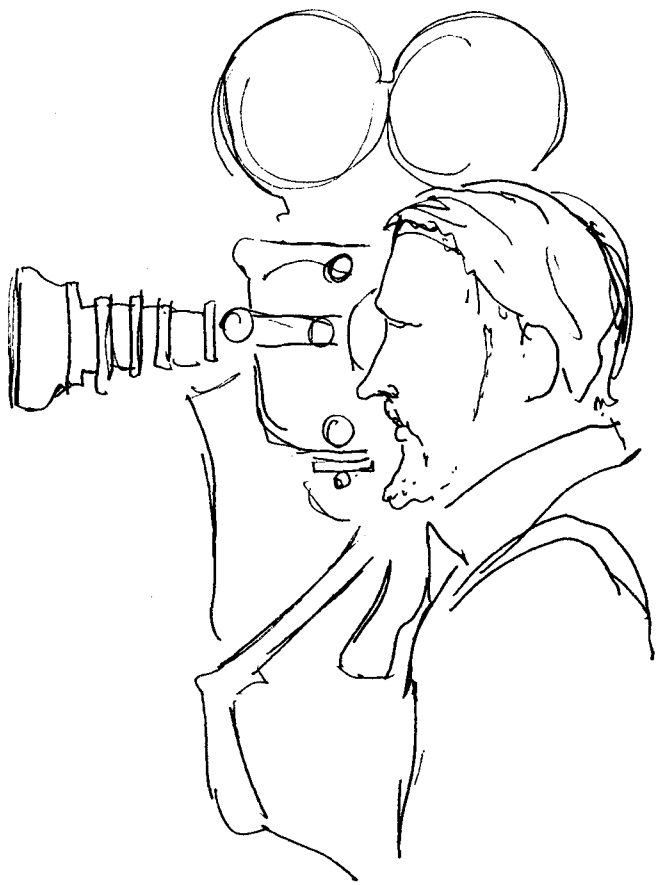
What of the future? A new system of campaign communications has replaced the old, and there is a new electoral coalition to go along with it. The evidence indicates that sometime prior to his death, Robert Kennedy had perceived its chief components. The envisioned Kennedy coalition was to be composed of: 1) residual elements of the Democratic faithful; 2) the poor, the ethnic minorities, and the Negroes; 3) the functionaries of the newer service trades, largely white-collar workers; 4) the young; and 5) the intellectuals. The latter two are especially significant. From a bare statistical point of view, young adults make up a newly significant segment of the population. From a political point of view, they are of even more significance. Moreover, if the present movement to lower the voting age to eighteen bears fruit, it will bring a permanent alteration in the matrix of electoral forces.

EVEN more interesting is the group called intellectuals. This refers not merely to college professors, but to all those who can be said to earn their living from brain work. This includes, in addition to the entire teaching profession, those employed in all the phases of research, development, planning, systems engineering, technology, etc. It includes the entire cadre of cybernation-spawned workers who promise to expand rapidly in the next few years. It includes most of those in the arts, the entertainment industry, the mass media, and advertising. Intellectuals comprise the fastest-growing segment of our population. It is even possible—statistics are ambiguous—that they already make up the largest single occupational group in our population.

—Drawing by Mort Gerberg.

Note that the members of this potential coalition have several special characteristics. They are either politically or economically deprived—many are both. They are highly mobile, geographically and socially. They are megapolitans, natives of the super-cities. Consequently they have no spiritual ties with small-town or farm traditions and no nostalgia for "grass roots" democracy of fond Progressive-Populist recollection. They are post-federalist in the sense that they possess very little state chauvinism; the day of the Virginian, the Hoosier, the New Englander, and, yes, even the Texan, is over for these people. They are children of the Welfare State and have but a literary acquaintance with the private enterprise system. They recognize the erosion in the traditional distinction between foreign and domestic affairs. They are world-oriented, and foreign affairs—especially wars—are as significant to them as are domestic affairs. Their political foe is not the robber-baron, but the business-military-bureaucratic Welfare State Establishment. They regard the Protestant ethic as a relic of history, and if they are not completely unchurched, they are so religiously revolutionary as to pass for the same thing in the eyes of their elders.

The new coalition has hardly anything in common with the old. Like the old, it will produce its own characteristic campaign communications system. Some of its features are already apparent: 1) flying cadres of media experts will replace local bosses; 2) personality politics will replace party politics; 3) party federalism based on state territories will give way to a new electoral federalism based on associations; 4) the two-party system will give way to a non-party electoral system; 5) the politics of sectional interests will be supplanted by the politics of an urban society; 6) domestic issues will make room for world issues; and finally, 7) the old agrarian traditions of grass-roots participational democracy will be supplanted by new forms of democracy resting upon urban participatory, community-building political action. In this latter movement the three strands of the new politics will come together and coalesce the new electoral coalition into a true political movement.



—Drawing by Mort Gerberg.

**"Television truly nationalized campaign communications and undermined the federal structure of the old machines."**

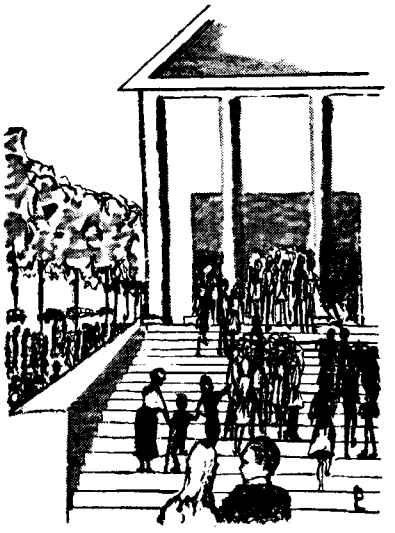


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# STUDENT POWER:

## The Rhetoric and the Possibilities

Beyond the slogans about campus democracy lie subtle issues of university government and academic freedom.



By CHARLES FRANKEL

IT has finally come to be accepted that American colleges and universities are in trouble. The questions about them mount in number: Who is to blame for the disruptions and ugly incidents that have left American campuses disturbed? Is it the students? The administrations? The police? Why are the young so angry, and what do they want anyway? Why are the old so dim-witted, and why do they resist change and progress? But the answers to these questions will not tell us what is wrong with American higher education, or what principles should be employed in setting about to improve it.

No reforms can be discussed intelligently unless we take the phrases that are now dominating discussion—"student rights," "student power," "participation," "democracy," "a relevant education," and all the rest—and ask seriously what they mean, and what assumptions are behind them. For it is astonishing how little genuine public discussion there has been of such matters and how little of what has been said has gone beneath the surface of slogan and generality. People have used words to show on which side of the barricades their loyalties lie. But little has been said that suggests that possibly the answers do not all fall neatly on one side of the fence or the other. It is remarkable how many learned men there are, men who enjoy the ambiguities of John Donne's poetry or who spend their lives refining the refinements of Wittgenstein's philosophy, who nevertheless sail into the middle of social controversies with all their answers ready and all their powers of qualified judgment put aside.

Designing a university is not, after all, a form of action-painting. Nor is it a matter of setting forth broad general principles and reasoning deductively from them, so that one is invariably in favor of "student power" or opposed to it, on the side of "university democracy" or against it. General principles are relevant to what one thinks about such matters, but specific problems differ, and the application of these general principles, in consequence, cannot always be the same.

The obvious place to begin is with the concept of "student power." What does the phrase mean? Before we talk about the reforms for which the phrase stands, we should recognize that it also gives a good description of a fact that has long existed. This fact is that students are not only the objects of education, but its principle instruments. An institution and its faculty can provide facilities, stimulation, some guidance and orientation, a sense of standards and of models to emulate. But the primary environment for the student is other students. They set the pace for one another; they have more to do than any other group in the university with what the student pays attention to from day to day; they do much of the teaching that counts.

Moreover, students also have great influence on the evolution of educational theory and practice. They have not, in the past, voted on curricula or met with the faculty in formal sessions. Just the same, they have had an effect—like the effect of the climate—on curriculum, the character of the teaching staff, the rules of campus life, and the composition of future student bodies. General education was for a long time, for example, an exciting and viable part of the curricula of many undergraduate institutions. Increasingly, over the past decade or so, there have been countercurrents. And the largest reason has been that students have changed. They come to college differently and better prepared than their predecessors, or with more highly developed interests in specializing, or with greater impatience to get on to vocationally useful subjects. The colleges have responded to these new attitudes because inattention or resistance in the classroom requires a response.

The power that students have should not, of course, be exaggerated. It works slowly. It is small comfort to a young man or woman to know that, four or five years after he or she has left the university, the dear, slow thing will catch on and mend its ways. And not only is the power that students have slow in achieving an effect, but it is limited. Other sources of power and influence work on a university, as they should, and students do not get everything they want, even slowly. Yet the influence of students, limited though it may be, is nevertheless real and significant. If one has a long enough time-span in mind, students exercise an influence as large as any other group's in bringing about alterations in higher education.

THUS, the question raised by present demands for student power is not really whether students should finally be given the right to say something about what happens to them. It is whether it would be educationally desirable to create arrangements permitting students to participate more visibly and formally in the making of educational decisions. Considered as a general proposition, there can be little doubt, I think, that this is the direction in which change should proceed.

The most important reasons are drawn from educational and democratic theory. If people have some power over the way in which they live and work, they have more interest in their experience, and they learn more from it. If they have some power, they tend to become more responsible. They are more likely to make the connections between ideas and action, rhetoric and reality, that are at once the tests and the pleasures of the moral life. These propositions have been tried in other fields and found to have a substantial amount of truth in them. They have not been tried to the extent

---

This article is a preview of a forthcoming book, *Education and the Barricades,* by Mr. Frankel to be published shortly by W. W. Norton.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that they could be in higher education.

But these are generalities. They tell us about a desirable direction of change. They do not tell us how far the change should go, or if there are any areas in which it should not take place at all. When we get down to brass tacks, what can "student power" mean?

Should students, for example, participate in the selection and promotion of members of the faculty? When they think a good teacher has been fired, they certainly have a right to complain. When faculty members treat them as odd and anonymous objects, to be avoided whenever possible, they have a right to demand the services for which they or the community are paying. Students do not have, in most American universities, the ways and means to assert these rights in an effective and orderly fashion. That situation requires repair.

But students nevertheless cannot have a formal role in the selection of faculty. The most important reason is that this would be incompatible with academic freedom. It exposes the teacher to intimidation. Academic freedom is the product of a long and difficult struggle. It has been achieved by excluding all groups but professors from any formal power over what goes on in the classroom. The exclusion applies to administrators, trustees, legislators, parents, alumni, and the public. There are questions that can be asked about academic freedom—about its range and extent, about misinterpretations of it, about departures from it that have been defended in its name—but there are no reasons for reconsidering the role of students in relation to it. There is nothing about students to justify giving them power no other group has.

Students have no common professional perspective or shared occupational interest in academic freedom. Judging from the record, numbers of them are subject to the same bouts of intolerance in the face of upsetting ideas that affect bankers or legislators. A wise faculty and administration will do well to try to find out what student opinions about teachers are. But they had better conduct the canvass informally and discreetly. Teaching is a professional relationship, not a popularity contest. To invite students to participate in the selection or promotion of their teachers is to create a relationship in the classroom inappropriate to teaching.

Should students have the right to demand the introduction of certain courses? Again, there are limits. The fact that students want a course is a reason to consider giving it. But it is not, by itself, a sufficient reason. There may be nobody competent to teach the course. It may be a non-course—an excuse for bull sessions on company time, with no literature worth studying and no tradition of discourse and inquiry to hold things in bounds. Besides, since university budgets have been known to be limited, there is always the disagreeable possibility that the introduction of a new course requires the dropping of an old one. A judgment of comparative worth therefore has to be made. Students are not the right jury to make such a judgment.

YET these arguments merely define the limits of student power. They do not argue against it. Students have things to teach their teachers. And there are invaluable things they can learn about their education, about universities, about themselves, from taking part in the examination, with their teachers, of the design of their education. The entire spirit within an institution of learning is likely to be better if there is a sense within it that its members are constantly cooperating in the appraisal of what it is doing. There ought to be regular, established procedures for consultation between faculties and student bodies. They should provide for the genuine, serious, and continuing examination of curriculum—a process incompatible with mass meetings, demonstrations, and sloganeering. It should not be expected that all student recommendations be accepted, but it should be expected that the consideration of students' points of view will not be merely *pro forma*.

Such arrangements would have a number of merits, not least among them the possibility that a myth generally accepted by students would finally be exploded. Students might discover that on many issues, particularly those directly related to courses and curriculum, it is not professors but deans and presidents who are their natural allies. By and large, judging from my own experience, it is members of the faculty, and not administrators, who are the opponents of educational reforms. This is not because deans and presidents are naturally more liberal. It is simply because most men's recognition of the need for reform grows in direct proportion to the distance of the proposed reform from their own territory. If students are talking about the reform of the curriculum, they will probably find more sympathy among deans, who don't work in classrooms. If students have complaints about the food served in dining halls, they will probably find the most sympathetic lis-

## The University as Forum

A UNIVERSITY is a community of scholars. It is not a church or a political party. It does not . . . vote. It should be crammed full of people who think, vote, and participate in every level of life, including politics. Here the faculty, students, and administration must—as individuals—always feel free to take whatever position they wish on Vietnam or any other subject of interest or concern. Moreover, I applaud those who feel a special obligation to speak out because they are learned and influential men. Nevertheless, the university . . . must not be a dogmatist. It must be a free and open place. I look upon the university as providing the forum for individual and group study and expression. The university should hold the soap box steady for others to stand on—to study, to declaim, to debate, and to preach whatever truth they see or feel. A university which has been politically programed tilts the soap box and becomes the very antithesis of what an institution of higher learning should be—even if the particular dogma espoused is considered at the moment to be eternal truth.

A university politicized—radicalized or conservatized—is a university doomed, as the lesson of German universities under the Nazis proved. I also give you the tragic example of many South American universities, which were politicized around 1918 and made cockpits for the invading forces of contending political parties who sought to manipulate the university as a tool. Such institutions are rarely places of academic distinction or freedom. A dogmatic institution is hospitable only to those who support its dogmas. It cannot be pluralistic; it cannot be a community; and it will not long be a residence of scholars.

I know that it has become fashionable in some circles to downgrade the tolerant principles of the liberal political creed. I am willing to examine and re-examine every substantive opinion, including those to which I am most committed. However, I am not prepared to reject the liberal methodology of fair play, civil liberty, and due process as the only way in which a civilized society can pursue truth, prevent the encrustation of error, and insure the fulfillment of man's creative talents and inclinations.

*—From the inaugural address given by Morris B. Abram at Brandeis University, October 6, 1968.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

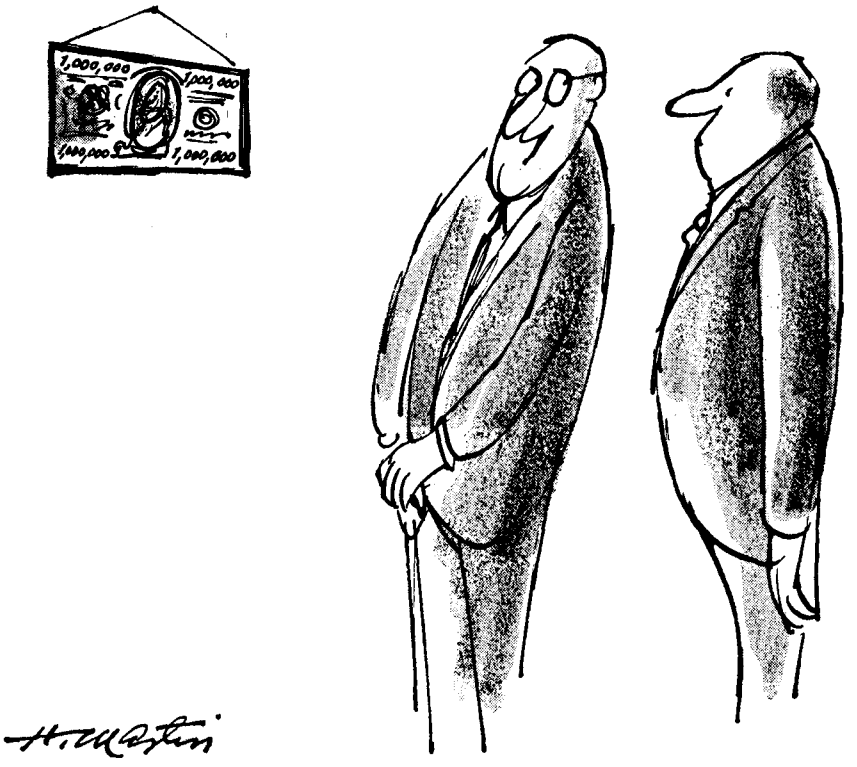
teners, on the other hand, among members of the faculty. Professors don't have to balance the budget or hire the cooks.

But what about the largest single demand implicit in slogans such as "student power" and "university democracy"? This is the claim that faculty and students ought to share with trustees and administrators, or take over altogether, the powers which these latter groups have hitherto exercised alone. The claim is a political one. Its justification, if it has any, is the general one that democratic principles call for the establishment of student power in higher education. Is this what "democratic principles" do entail? Indeed, do they apply to institutions of learning? Are colleges and universities sufficiently like cities or national governments, or unions or factories, to justify the use of the same political arguments in relation to them?

There is a fundamental respect in which the administrators of a university are in a different position from the managers of a company. The university administrators cannot create a total plan of work, define jobs within it, and then assign individual workers to them. Of course, now that labor unions have the power they have, managers cannot do this as easily as they once could either. But the difference between their position and that of university administrators is still very great. The product of a factory is a corporate product to which individuals contribute. The product of a university is many separate, individual products, for which the corporate arrangements provide protection and support, but for which the individuals have basic responsibility.

Most of the odd, novel, or shocking things that are being said about the condition of students in the United States today, and many of the discussions taking place about the reallocation of powers within universities, come from the application of loose and unexamined analogies, drawn from other types of social organization, to the structure of institutions of learning. A university is at once a highly individualistic and unavoidably hierarchical human organization. It is based on the premise that some people know more than other people, and that it cannot perform its tasks effectively unless these gradations in knowledge are recognized in its form of government.

THIS is not an abuse of "democracy." The right of a citizen of the larger society to vote just as the next man can, without regard to hierarchy, is based on the premise that, where the major policies of the state are concerned, where the nature of what is good for society is at issue, only extreme inadequacies, like illiteracy or a criminal record, are disqualifying. The basic reason for this



"That's my first million."

view is that there are no reasonably defensible general procedures by which the citizenry can be divided into the class of those who know enough to have an opinion worth counting or an interest worth expressing, and the class of those who don't.

IN contrast, while universities are democratic organizations in the sense that individuals have a broad array of personal rights within them, and that there is a play of opinion inside them which has a massive effect on their evolution, they are not democratic organizations in the sense that majority rule applies to them. For within a university there are acceptable procedures by which people can be graded in accordance with their competence, and grading people in this way is essential to the conduct of the university's special business. The egalitarian ideal does not apply across the board in universities any more than it does in any other field where *skill* is the essence of the issue. To suggest that it should apply is to make hash of the idea of learning. If there is a case to be made for student participation in the higher reaches of university government, therefore, it is a case that is not based upon *rights*, but upon considerations of good educational and administrative practice.

Does this imply that the government of colleges and universities by trustees is a good system? No; but it helps to put this system in perspective. The case which is generally presented against trustee control of universities mixes truths with exaggerations. It is true that most trustees tend to be preoccupied with other matters than education, that they are inaccessible to teachers and students, and that a dispiriting number of them have reached an age and station in life calculated to protect them against fresh ideas. It is not surprising, therefore, that professors and students are sparing in the confidence they lavish on trustees. The government of American universities by boards of trustees is not an example of government by the consent of the governed.

HOWEVER, neither is it an example of tyranny. The powers of trustees are severely limited by custom and law, and by the realities of a university. In any well established university, trustees normally leave educational decisions to the faculty. One of their primary educational functions, indeed, is simply to provide the educational community of the university—its students and faculty—with protective insulation. The trustees throw their mantle of influence and respectability around it, deflecting and absorbing criticisms and denunciations, and thus guarding the community's freedom. Indeed, it is doubtful that faculties and student bodies could by themselves, in many parts of the country, and without the help of trustees, successfully defend their autonomy, even assuming that their economic problems could be solved. It is odd that trustees should be attacked as though their presence was in contravention of

(*Continued on page* 73)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Saturday Review

*Editor:* NORMAN COUSINS
*Publisher:* WILLIAM D. PATTERSON
*Associate Editors:* IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

*Associate Publisher*
RICHARD L. TOBIN

*Executive Editor*
PETER SCHRAG

*Science Editor*
JOHN LEAR

*Education Editor*
JAMES CASS

*Layout & Production*
PEARL S. SULLIVAN

*Book Review Editor*
ROCHELLE GIRSON

*General Editor*
HALLOWELL BOWSER

*Poetry Editor*
JOHN CIARDI

*Art Editor*
KATHARINE KUH

*Editors-at-Large*
CLEVELAND AMORY • HENRY BRANDON • HARRISON BROWN • JOHN MASON BROWN
CHARLES FRANKEL • FRANK G. JENNINGS • JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
HERBERT R. MAYES • ELMO ROPER • THEODORE C. SORENSEN • PAUL WOODRING

*Contributing Editors*
GOODMAN ACE • HOLLIS ALPERT • JEROME BEATTY, JR.
HENRY HEWES • GRANVILLE HICKS • ARTHUR KNIGHT
MARTIN LEVIN • ROLLENE W. SAAL • ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
WALTER TERRY • MARGARET R. WEISS • JOHN T. WINTERICH


## The Public and the Police

THE last thing this country needs, one might think, is still another great debate over still another major social problem. But like it or not, we are right in the midst of a great debate about the growing disaffection between the police and large segments of the American public.

This disaffection is, of course, not altogether new. What is new is the intensity and passion with which the subject is now being argued in kitchens, clubrooms, corner bars—in all the places where Americans talk freely and from the heart. Are policemen brutal and contemptuous in their dealings with Negroes? With antiwar demonstrators? With university rebels? With hippies and other unconventionally clad youngsters? Is the Supreme Court handcuffing the police? Should police, as public servants, have the right to strike or stage slowdowns? Should policemen be expected to keep "hands off" a crowd taunting them in filthy language? It is a rare American indeed who will not give you impassioned answers to all these questions.

The trouble is that too much of this great debate about police and the public has been taking place in private, among like-minded friends. And as so often happens when serious matters are talked about "strictly among ourselves," a fearful amount of nonsense is being heard along with the common sense of the case.

Thus, depending on one's place of dwelling, income, racial background, and political convictions, the local police tend to be seen as a decent, long-suffering, much-put-upon lot – or as foul-mouthed, minority-hating, club-swinging brutes. The problem is, in fact, becoming heavily ideological—i.e., when they hear reports of an alleged police excess, more and more people feel they know *in advance* what the rights and wrongs of the case are.

This ideological cleavage runs along curious lines. Many people who a decade ago were confirmed umpire-baiters, cop-haters, and authority-defiers generally have now become converts to the notion that policemen can do no wrong. And many young people whose families have for generations venerated policemen as guarantors of justice and exemplars of rectitude, now go about calling the police Fascist pigs.

This mixed situation leaves the average citizen all at sea. He probably gets to see little real police action, either brutal or benevolent. And when, as with the Chicago convention, he sees apparent police brutality on TV, he later learns that the police claim they were only responding to shocking provocation and assault not shown on TV.

What, then, is one to do when he or she is importuned by "pro" or "anti" friends? One starting point for the concerned citizen might be a close reading of Algernon D. Black's recent book, *The People and the Police*. This lively, readable volume is based on the author's experiences as chairman of New York City's short-lived Civilian Complaint Review Board. Since the Board was voted out of existence in 1966, after functioning for only a few months, one might expect the book to be a bitter self-justifying memoir in praise of civilian review boards. It is, instead, an admirably even-handed, fair-minded, compassionate account of the relations between police and public in a major city.

Mr. Black was, of course, at the hurricane's eye as few citizens have ever been. Without sensationalism, he cites cases in which the police were unnecessarily brutal, to the point of murder; and he discusses cases in which the complainants were egregiously in the wrong. Above all, he provides the reader with data that help him to sketch out the true dimensions of the situation, somewhere this side of the police being all saints or all racist bullyboys.

Quite apart from reading books about the police-public question, the interested citizen would also do well simply to keep his eyes open and his common sense in working order. He should, for instance, know better than to swallow the notion that hurling a taunt at a policeman is just as grievous an offense as hurling a brick at him. Nor should he buy the contention that it is all right to throw a brick at an innocent patrolman so long as the thrower claims to have in mind some high philosophic purpose.

Above all, the citizen should try to remain sympathetic to all sorts of constructive initiatives, such as the upgrading of police salaries and recruitment-and-training standards; and the development of special police-trained service corps, staffed by local young people, to be assigned to aid work in neighborhood communities within the big cities.

In reviewing and perhaps reformulating his thoughts about the police-public interaction, it would also pay the concerned citizen to keep his sense of humor bright. When an over-thirty-five friend tells him in all seriousness that no body of men, even trained policemen under orders, can be expected to control themselves when they are called bad names, he should remind the friend of the case of Ted Williams, the Boston Red Sox great.

When Williams was taunted by the Red Sox fans for days on end, in quite foul and explicit language, he finally turned to the bleachers one afternoon and made an obscene gesture to his tormentors. Howls of outrage promptly went up from clergymen, sportswriters, youth leaders—and, of course, from the bleacherites who had cursed Williams. Almost to a man, the American public cried that ballplayers held positions of high trust, were examples to youth, and should not let "mere taunts" upset them. It would be ironic if we Americans went down in history as a people who expected more of our ballplayers than we did of our police officers.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Letters to the Editor

## Portrait in Limbo

PETER FARB's article, "The American Indian: A Portrait in Limbo" [*SR*, Oct. 12], was an exciting resumé of facts. His solutions, however, seem as doomed to failure as the many which have preceded it.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs that Mr. Farb advocates eliminating has been guilty of much stupidity and insensitivity, but most of this ineptitude is attributable to the policies, manifest or latent, which the vast majority of white Americans have desired or permitted. It is important to add that the Bureau has also accomplished much toward the development and preservation of Indian cultures—for example, the Indian School of Fine Arts in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Indians have a right to any and all federal bureaucratic assistance. The idea that any organizational change will serve as an adequate panacea is illusion.

EMILY DALE,
Illinois Western University,
Bloomington, Ill.

PETER FARB quotes Andrew Jackson as proclaiming: "John Marshall has made his decision, now let him enforce it," and then implies that during the period from 1830 to 1840 the Cherokee Indians were removed from their lands, predominantly in Georgia, due to Jackson's vendetta against them.

According to one historian and the Jackson correspondence, the saying should more accurately read: "The decision of the Supreme Court has fell still born and they find it cannot coerce Georgia to yield its mandate." There is no proof of the other quotation. At any rate, Jackson had motives other than hatred for John Marshall, then chief justice, and a hatred of the Cherokees.

First, South Carolina threatened secession if federal control over internal matters within the states were extended. Second, enforcement of the Supreme Court ruling was impossible because of the weakened condition of the U.S. Army Western Infantry. Third, many of the large Cherokee lands were held by persons with as little as one-eighth Cherokee blood and of only recent tribal membership (gold was discovered on the Cherokee Georgia holdings in 1828 and many became Cherokees overnight).

The final removal of the Cherokees from Georgia was a terrible tragedy, but to imply that Jackson merely appropriated land may be an oversimplification. The combined force of the Cherokees—12,000 men, women, and children—and the 800 men available for Army duty facing over 25,000 angry Georgians would make "Old Hickory" merely practical, if not humanitarian.

TOM NEEL,
Principal,
Columbus Tustin School,
Tustin, Calif.

## Learning Through Art

KATHARINE KUH's column, "The Art Education Myth" [THE FINE ARTS, Sept. 28], was received at the U.S. Penitentiary, Leavenworth, Kansas, and hurriedly passed from one artist to another to read her "review" of our Seventh Annual Inmate Art Show. The collective reaction to her rather acid critique was not one of anger, but one of amusement at her lack of perception.

The artists and I agree, however, that there is some basis for Mrs. Kuh's opinion. We have long been aware of our shortcomings and we strive to improve. But, self-improvement in a field as complex as art is a lengthy process. Involvement in art at the penitentiary is just that. There is no curriculum, few classes in art, and no formal training. The men begin as semi-therapeutic dabblers and learn through involvement. They teach each other as well as themselves to look and to see what they look at while they try different techniques. Mrs. Kuh's observation that "no smorgasbord of techniques ever compensates for in-depth experience" may be reversed. No in-depth-experience can be transferred to canvas without the knowledge that goes with the smorgasbord of techniques.

I can only assure Mrs. Kuh that the men here are encouraged to see their drab and, at times, painful world. They are *not* encouraged however to put it on canvas, for I doubt that anyone would care to have the prisoner's world hanging upon his living room wall. The importance is that hopefully, upon his release, a man will have become accustomed to looking at things to find their beauty and depict them on canvas and will continue to do so. It matters little if they interpret dream-world fantasies or merely copy, so long as their interpretations remain anchored to reality.

Our show, held in a predominately rural area, attracted more than 8,000 people who viewed the paintings during the nine-hour exhibition. They spent $24,075 for 941 paintings to hang in their homes, presumably because they liked them. The proceeds all go to the inmates who use the funds to continue their learning. This makes it an activity that requires no support from tax money, and therefore is supported by their own earnings, which is itself a valuable lesson.

Perhaps many of the paintings at the Annual Art Show are, by Mrs. Kuh's standards, stiff, banal, and slick. Perhaps there was a preponderance of copies, but isn't copy work one of the oldest forms of learning? If there was a pervading aura of false buoyancy evident in the brochure, isn't that better than a sordid aura of bitterness, antagonism, and despondency? I think these men are learning more about life through their art work than through any other means I know.

JAMES S. THOMAS,
Recreation Supervisor,
U.S. Penitentiary,
Leavenworth, Kan.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS of teaching so-called art, I couldn't help but marvel at the accuracy of Katharine Kuh's article. Her indictment of art education is valid. But what good is the most glorious art education if teachers are thrust into school systems which have all the imagination of a brontosaurus? Neither is it simply a matter of more funds, for I have seen in my small sphere, the mismanagement and gross waste of such amounts as to make one wonder at the lack of organization and efficiency.

BARBARA PIXLEY WHITE,
Los Angeles, Calif.

*"Some day all this will be yours."*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The "Bhagavad Gita"

By KENNETH REXROTH

"ACTION shall be the sister of dream and thought and deed shall have the same splendor." So said Baudelaire. Sometime around the third century before the Christian era, an unknown author inserted into the epic story of *The Mahabharata* a comparatively short religious document, not only small in comparison to the immense size of the epic itself—which was already becoming the gather-all for Hinduism—but far shorter than any of the scriptures of the other world religions. This is the *Bhagavad Gita*, or "The Lord's Song," one of the three or four most influential writings in the history of man. It is not only influential, it is more profound and more systematic than most religious texts. This statement may sound strange to those who are familiar with nineteenth-century rationalist Western European critics who attempted to abstract a logically consistent philosophy from the *Bhagavad Gita*, and who ended up emphasizing its contradictions and ambiguities.

The *Bhagavad Gita* is not a philosophical work, but a religious one, and besides that, a song, a poem. It is not to be compared with Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, or the creed or catechism of the Council of Trent, but with the opening of the Gospel according to St. John or to the Magnificat in St. Luke. Its seeming contradictions are resolved in worship. In the words of the great Catholic modernist, Father George Tyrrell, "*Lex credendi, lex orandi*" (the law of faith is the law of prayer). What the unknown author of the *Bhagavad Gita* intended was precisely the resolution and sublimation of the contradictions of the religious life in the great unity of prayer.

The *Bhagavad Gita* is above all else a manual of personal devotion to a personal deity. But to establish this devotion, and to give it the widest possible meaning, the author subsumes all the major theological and philosophical tendencies of the Hinduism of his time. It is as though the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas had been dissolved in his prayers and hymns for the feast of Corpus Christi. It so happens that as he lay dying, St. Thomas said that that was what he had done. Unless the reader begins by understanding the devotional nature of the *Gita*, its many meanings will always elude him.

There are two main strands of thought in the *Gita* which divide and sometimes interweave but which are nonetheless easy to distinguish and follow. The first is an exposition of the nature of reality and of the godhead and its self-unfolding, and the second is a description of the means of communion with the deity.

The poem starts out simply enough and scarcely seems to violate the context of the epic; in fact, the first two chapters may largely be part of the original tale. At the major crisis of *The Mahabharata*, the warring clans and their allies, numbering uncountable thousands, are marshaled for the crucial battle that will exterminate almost all of them. The Prince Arjuna is sickened by the vision of the coming slaughter and is about to turn away in disgust and give up the battle. His charioteer, Krishna, advises him to fight. He tells him that no one really dies, that the myriad dead of the day on the morrow will move on in the wheel of life, and that, anyway, killer and killed are illusory, and that the warrior's duty is to fight without questioning but with indifference to gain or glory, dedicating his military virtues to God.

KRISHNA describes briefly the roads to salvation—work, ritual, learning (or, rather, wisdom by learning), contemplation, and devotion. He then describes the metaphysical structure of being which culminates in what nowadays we would call the inscrutable ground of being—Brahman, the source of the creative principle of reality. He then goes on to a most extraordinary concept. Behind Brahman, the ultimate reality in all Western theories of emanationist monism, lies Ishvara, the ultimate god behind all ultimates, who is a *person*. In answer to Arjuna's plea, Krishna reveals himself as the incarnation of the universal form, the embodiment of all the creative activity of all the universes.

That itself is only a kind of mask, an incarnation, for he, Krishna, is the actual embodiment of Ishvara, the person who transcends the unknowable and who can be approached directly by the person Arjuna, as friend to friend. The central meaning of the *Bhagavad Gita* is that being is a conversation of lovers.

Nirvana, as Krishna defines it in the *Gita*, is the joy in the habitude of illumination, after the dying-out of appetite. It is the medium in which the enlightened live, as in air. As we are of air, they are conscious of it only by an effort of attention. Faith is *Shraddha*—bliss—the disposition to orient one's life around the abiding consciousness of spiritual reality. Bad karma, or consequence, drains away in successive lives, but good karma is saved up always, throughout all the thousands of necessary incarnations, to reach enlightenment.

All men travel toward the eternal Brahman. When we reach the end of the road no space will have been traveled and no time spent. You are *sat, cit, ananda*—reality, truth, bliss—and always have been. Always becomes a meaningless word when "becomes" is transformed to "be." The direct experience of God is not an act of service or devotion or even of cognition. It is an unqualifiable and unconditioned experience. You are the ultimate Self, but you dream. Work is contemplation. Rite is contemplation. Yoga is contemplation. Learning is contemplation. All are prayer. They are forms of dialogue between two subjects that can never be objects. Insofar as the noblest deed or the most glorified trance is not devotion, it is unreal.

The literature of the *Gita* is enormous. Two very free translations are *The Lord's Song* by Sir Edwin Arnold in Victorian verse and the *Bhagavad Gita* by Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood. There are good versions in Penguin, Mentor, and the Modern Library, as well as modern scholarly editions by Franklin Edgerton and S. Radhakrishnan. The most recent and, in some ways, the best for readers unfamiliar with Hindu thought is the edition by Eliot Deutsch. There are books by Sri Aurobindo, Radhakrishnan, B. G. Tilak, and S. N. Dasgupta. Good introductions to Hindu thought generally are the histories of Indian philosophy by Dasgupta and Radhakrishnan and *Sources of the Indian Tradition*, an omnibus volume edited by William Theodore de Bary for Columbia University Press. In a field so beset with unreliable guides, it is essential that the novice get started with the best authorities. Even so, the most reliable people—Dasgupta, Radhakrishnan, Aurobindo, and Tilak, for instance—often contradict one another and are best read together.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Book Review Editor*: ROCHELLE GIRSON

REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

**"The Literary Life,"** 29
*by Robert Phelps and Peter Deane*
**Book Forum:** 30
**Letters from Readers**
**European Literary Scene,** 31
*by Robert J. Clements*
**One Thing and Another:** 32
*John K. Hutchens reviews*
**"The Rich: Are They Different?,"**
*by George G. Kirstein;*
**"The Right People,"**
*by Stephen Birmingham,*
*and* **"The Aristocrats,"**
*by Roy Perrott*
**"Women in American** 34
**Politics,"** *by Martin Gruberg;*
**"Few Are Chosen: American Women in Political Life Today,"** *by Peggy Lamson;*
**"Developing Woman's Potential,"** *by Edwin C. Lewis;*
**"Born Female,"** *by Caroline Bird*
**"They,"** *by Marya Mannes* 36
(Fiction)
**"Under the Boardwalk,"** 37
*by Norman Rosten* (Fiction)
**"The Crying Game,"** 38
*by John Braine* (Fiction)
**"The Birth of the Nation,"** 13
*by Arthur M. Schlesinger*
**"Struggle Against History,"** 44
*by Neal D. Houghton*
**Check List of New Books** 46

*Literary Horizons*

# Fancies, Faces and Facts

By GRANVILLE HICKS

THOMAS BEER began his book about the end of the nineteenth century, *The Mauve Decade,* with these sentences: "They laid Jesse James in his grave and Dante Gabriel Rossetti died immediately. Then Charles Darwin was deplored and then, on April 27, 1882, Louisa May Alcott hurried to write in her journal: 'Mr. Emerson died at 9 P.M. suddenly. Our best and greatest American gone.'"

Now, thanks to *The Literary Life,* by Robert Phelps and Peter Deane (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $12.95), anyone so inclined can concoct such juxtapositions. For example: Beatrix Potter published *The Tale of Peter Rabbit,* and Lionel Johnson, aged thirty-five, died of a fractured skull "incurred in falling off a barstool." Then Emile Zola died of asphyxiation, and Frank Norris, a disciple, died of peritonitis. Then *The Times Literary Supplement* was established. Or: While W. H. Auden was reading *War and Peace* in a rented room in Berlin, "cold, hungry, and very happy." Richard Hughes was writing *A High Wind in Jamaica* in "a rundown, stoveless farmhouse" in Connecticut. *The Well of Loneliness* being on trial in London, Rebecca West was moved to write: "Everyone who knows Miss Radclyffe Hall wants to stand by her. But they are finding it far from easy to stand by *The Well of Loneliness,* for the simple reason that it is, in a way which is peculiarly inconvenient in the present circumstances, not a very good book."

*The Literary Life,* which is subtitled "A Scrapbook Almanac of the Anglo-American Literary Scene from 1900 to 1950," devotes four pages to each of the fifty-one years under consideration. On each double spread there are three or four pictures, usually of authors but occasionally of book illustrations or jackets. The major literary products of Great Britain are listed under these headings: fiction, verse and drama, and nonfiction. The year's books in the United States are arranged in the same way. Then there is a section called "Related Events," which includes deaths, important books in other languages, important events in other arts, literary gossip, and assorted quotations.

The volume is both entertaining and useful. For me, the pictures, which the compilers have obviously sought out with diligence and ingenuity, are the most entertaining part of the book. With a few exceptions, they are not the pictures we are accustomed to see, and that is where the fun comes in. (Look at the sampling of pictures on the front and back of the dust jacket and see how many you can identify.) One looks with amazement at Dreiser as a dandy, Eliot as a schoolboy, a D. H. Lawrence who might be taken for a bank clerk on the up and up, a shy Dylan Thomas, Henry James holding a dachshund, a broadly grinning E. E. Cummings, a John Dos Passos with at least some hair, a young and gentle Edmund Wilson, a Norman Mailer in whose mouth butter would never melt. Of some writers there are several photographs taken at various times, and one notes how some change and others don't. Katherine Anne Porter and Mary McCarthy have of course changed over the years, but their beauty persists, and E. M. Forster is always E. M. Forster, even in Indian garb. On the other hand, the massive, brooding, indignant Edmund Wilson of today bears no relation to the sensitive poet-critic of the Twenties, nor can one easily understand how the Hemingway of 1950 grew out of the Hemingway of 1918. To a remarkable extent poets look as we think poets ought to look, but Wallace Stevens, wearing a straw hat and swinging a stick, is surely on his way home from his office at the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company.

Facts and figures in themselves are sometimes fascinating. Running one's eyes over the list of books published in a particular year—say 1920—one almost cries out, "What a year that was!" Nineteen forty-one turns out to have been a year of deaths: James Joyce died in Zurich after an operation for a perforated duodenal ulcer, Sherwood Anderson died of peritonitis in the Panamá Canal Zone, Virginia Woolf drowned herself, and Isaac Babel, last seen in Lubyanka Prison in Moscow, was presumably done in. Nineteen thirteen, on the other hand, was a year of beginnings: Proust published *Du Côté de chez Swann,* and Mann published *Der Tot in Venedig;* Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps* provoked a riot in Paris, and the Armory Show of contemporary art was a scandal in New York.

From the point of view of usefulness, the volume's chief defect is the lack of an index. I realize that indexing this sort of compilation would present problems, but an index of names of writers, not bothering with titles of books but indicating the whereabouts of pictures, would be a help. While writing this review, I have thought of several questions that could be answered only if I leafed through the book until I came to the name or the picture or the quotation I remembered having seen.

Nothing can be easier than to find fault with the editors for including this and excluding that, and I can't see much point in engaging in that sport. But of course I do have reservations. As they state in their preface, the editors decided to list all the works by the writers they felt most important and as many as possible by "lesser lights." I think they might well have pruned more drastically then they did: do we need to know all the titles of so prolific and uneven a writer as Robert Graves, for example, or so many of the titles of the even more prolific Ford Madox Ford? It is a great temptation to ask: if A, why not B? If



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so many titles by Forrest Reid, why so few by Ivy Compton-Burnett? If any of J. P. Marquand's novels, why none of James Gould Cozzens's? Where are Josephine Herbst, John Cheever, and many others?

In their foreword Phelps and Deane say: "Anyway, there the half century lies—lambent with its novelty and glamorous names, sibilant with its warnings and whispered asides. Is it a transition? A silver age? A finale? A renaissance? At most, we have gathered some of the evidence. Every reader must frame the indictment and render a verdict for himself."

I scarcely see how anyone can deny that it was a magnificent fifty years. And when I consider what has been written since 1950, I am unwilling to grant that that year wrote finis to anything. In this volume we see the beginnings of Saul Bellow, Wright Morris, Robert Lowell, Theodore Roethke, Norman Mailer, J. D. Salinger, Truman Capote, and others who have graced the American literary scene in the Fifties and Sixties. Other writers, as the book says of Bernard Malamud, were waiting in the wings. (His first novel, *The Natural*, was published in 1952, as were Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* and Flannery O'Connor's *Wise Blood*.) William Styron and Herbert Gold published their first novels in 1951, and James Baldwin's *Go Tell It on the Mountain* appeared in 1953. In 1950 John Barth was twenty, and John Updike, Philip Roth, and Reynolds Price were still in their teens. In spite of everything—and that's quite a lot—the literary life does go on.

**FRASER YOUNG**
**LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1317**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1317 will be found in the next issue.*

. . . ERPHUQEZM ZPPF HPMV,

JNV FL ZLV GZLC UV. U JPYUPTP

VKUM VL JP . . . VKP PISYEZE-

VULZ LW VKP QHURP CETP UZ

VKP NZUVPF MVEVPM.

—JPHVHEZF HNMMPYY

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1316***

*It's not the people in prison who worry me. It's the people who aren't.*
—Earl of Arran.

# Book Forum

## *Letters from Readers*

### Misled on Wallace?

Your review of *Wallace*, by Marshall Frady [*SR*, Oct. 5], saddened me.

In April of 1964 I was a guest of the Marion (Ala.) Institute on Governor's day. As I sat in the body of the Chapel, expecting little from the man who had been held up, especially by the Northern press, as a big brawling demagogue, who massacred the king's English, I became aware of a slight, well-groomed figure, standing at the lectern. "Ladies and gentlemen," says he, "I am indeed happy to be here this morning; and not have to wait until you sing *We Shall Overcome.*"

As I sat there, listening to one of the most moving and literate addresses it has ever been my good fortune to hear I became angrier and angrier because I had been so misled. I hate to be lied to!

Arthur F. MacConochie.
Magnolia Springs, Ala.

George Wallace is called a racist and about every other ugly name. Years ago President Johnson was in opposition to the Negro. Can you remember that? Maybe Mr. Wallace has changed his feelings also—give him credit.

You must remember when Mr. Wallace defied the entrance of Negroes to the University of Alabama he was Governor of that Great State and was under oath to uphold the Constitution of Alabama.

T. R. Rouse, Jr.
Crimesland, N.C.

In your review of *Wallace* I read some things that were outright lies. I didn't read it all because your magazine is so prejudiced against Southerners. I am sorry that I ever took this sorry magazine. The more I read in it, it sounds like a Communist magazine that advocates violence.

Jean Dixon.
Brewton, Ala.

Do you believe that Wallace raised the Alabama sales tax to 6 per cent and raised the beer and tobacco tax? That he doubled the cost of drivers' licenses and tripled the cost of auto tags? Don't you think that the legislature might have had a hand in this? Was it even done? A reference dated October 5, 1968, shows that Alabama has a 4 per cent sales tax and that Illinois, Maine, Mississippi, Rhode Island and Washington all have higher sales tax rates.

O. H. Wright.
Bartow, Fla.

### More Fun with Philology

To Granville Hicks's discussion of the word *gormed* [*SR*, Oct. 12] must be added the classic comments about it that appear in Chapter III of *David Copperfield*.

Mr. Peggotty, in stating that he wishes no one to allude to his generosity, states ". . . that he would be 'Gormed' if he didn't cut and run for good, if it was ever mentioned again." Dickens, speaking as David, continues: "It appeared, in answer to my inquiries, that nobody had the least idea of the etymology of this terrible verb passive to be gormed; but that they all regarded it as constituting a most solemn imprecation."

Richard Mechling.
Cathedral City, Calif.

In regard to Mr. Hicks's inquiry concerning the origin of the word "psychedelic" I have run across the following source.

Tom Wolfe in his book *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* credits a Dr. Humphry Osmond with inventing the word "psychodelic," which was later amended to 'psychedelic' to get rid of the nuthouse connotation of 'psycho.' . . ."

I find your magazine challenging, and thought-provoking, and prevents intellectual laziness.

Jon J. Courtway.
Fort Polk, La.

"Schlemiel" may actually be derived from "shlomo." "Shlomo" (Solomon) is the paragon of wisdom and "schlemiel" may be the derisive diminutive of "shlomo," hence an inept and/or foolish person. I believe that the connotation of unlucky for "schlemiel" is incorrect since Mr. Hicks probably is confusing it with "schlimazel" (mazel = luck).

David Paretsky.
Lawrence, Kan.

About twenty years ago I knew a boy named Shagren. I wondered if there was any possible connection with the word *shagreen*, which I first discovered in Defoe's *Moll Flanders*. This led me to *chagrin* and the Turkish *çaghri*, which literally means the rump of a horse. The idea always gave me a little secret pleasure when someone admitted to being chagrined.

Should I feel like a çaghri or does "rump of a horse" really mean the same thing as "horse's ass"? If horses consider their more stupid associates asses, then a horse's ass would be more demeaning, say, than a philologist's ass. This is an assumption that there is no connection between donkey-ass and buttocks-ass. I must leave to search the origins of *asinine*.

Louis E. Schaub.
Aurora, Ill.

### What Ladies Have Learned

Professor Milton R. Konvitz made an excellent suggestion in his review of *What I Have Learned* [*SR*, Oct. 12]. Contributions to this *SR* feature by Alicia Markova, Rebecca West, and the astronomer Henrietta Swope would be of particular interest to this reader.

Mrs. G. S. Campbell.
Storrs, Conn.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# European Literary Scene

*Robert J. Clements*

**Much was made** of the abandonment of the Pan-Communist Congress in Moscow this fall, thanks to the revival of a Stalinist foreign policy in Russia. No less symptomatic, if less publicized, was the cancellation of the Congress of COMES (European Community of Writers) scheduled for Lausanne and Zurich in September. In suppressing the meeting European writers of both Left and Right demonstrated "total solidarity with the Czech writers who were and still are the boldest interpreters of the freedom of the Czech people."

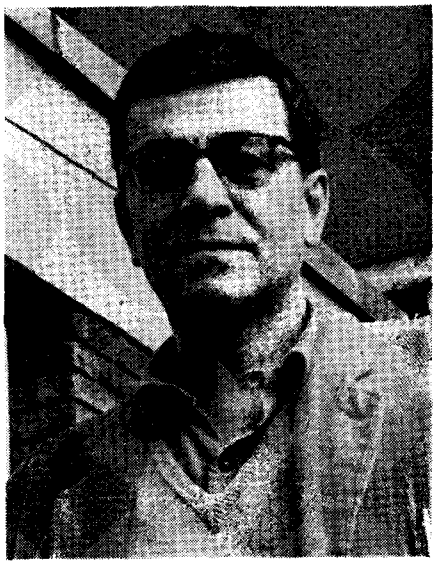
Czechoslovakia's vicissitudes have led to a revival of interest in Jaroslav Hašek's *Good Soldier Schweik*, that amiable rebel against foreign occupation of his homeland. Satire in the hands of Hašek (1883-1923) was a puissant weapon. This renewed interest in Hašek, who could spoof Russians as well as Germans after his years in Russian prison camps, is attested by two new books: Gustav Janouch's *Jaroslav Hašek* (Francke Verlag, Bern) and Emanuel Frynta's *Hašek the Creator of Schweik* (Artia, Prague).

Another Czech author whose significance has been intensified by events is sixty-four-year-old poet Vladimir Holan, now a virtual prisoner in his Prague home. It was in his *A Night with Hamlet* (1949) that he wrote a prophetic requiem for those Czechs killed in recent weeks:

> Even though one may have one's throat sliced
> From trying to saw through one's chains,
> One would better blow out one's eyes
> Than to have them see the horrors of the present time,
> And hear only now the singing of the dead.

**Brilliantly launched** with a fine education and a diplomatic post, Roger Peyrefitte won popular success and critical acclaim (Prix Renaudot, 1944) with his first novel, on homosexuality, *Les Amitiés particulières* (Special Friendships). Afterward, most of his works made money to a chorus of critical disapproval. By 1963 Pierre de Boisdeffre saw Peyrefitte at a moral crossroads: "He remains a writer of first rank . . . He has exceeded the limits not only of decency, which is unimportant, but of his art." Alas, Peyrefitte took the wrong turning. His sensational *Les Juifs* (The Jews) irritated all the reviewers while lining his pockets with francs, dollars, marks, etc.

Now his latest novel, *Les Américains*



—*Pictorial Parade.*

**Peter Weiss—"a hard look at the American presence."**

(Flammarion), has become the top best-seller in France, at the cost of a further erosion of his reputation. The hero of this scabrous endeavor, as French reviewers are quick to point out, exploits the most sordid features of our present culture: hippie orgies, satanic cults, political assassinations, homosexual mores, black and white nymphomania, college riots, racial tensions (we learn that Martin Luther King was probably a Communist agent)—all these ingredients are thrown into the pot that has boiled so prosperously for Peyrefitte. Some of us ran into him when he was collecting data for his novel, but it is just as well he assures readers in his preface that he has visited here, for the novel itself would not convince us. Pierre Brodin has already noted in a review various errors of fact: Martin Luther King is killed in the wrong state; New York gutters flow wih discarded French wine as a protest against de Gaulle. Are we masochistic enough to make the book a best-seller in America as well?

I am more appreciative of another Flammarion volume that arrived in the mails: Volume III of François Mauriac's *Bloc-Notes* (1961-64), collected from both *Express* and *Figaro littéraire*. This conservative novelist (born 1885) and supporter of de Gaulle (who has most entries in the index) writes of cabbages and kings in a miscellany with no attempt at organization.

The diary is cluttered with everyday trivia (a TV show Mauriac disliked, a traffic jam, a presumptuous letter he received); nevertheless, it is a treasury of conservative literary opinion and speculation. On Sartre: "The strange thing is that I read nothing of this genuine man without throwing away the book at a certain point and crying, 'But no, this isn't genuine.'" On Giraudoux: "This grandson of Voltaire with his charming smile—I always get too involved in Giraudoux's language to follow his thought easily."

**In producing his film** of Petronius Arbiter's *Satiricon*, director Gian Luigi Polidoro will be competing with the great Federico Fellini. Fellini's version will doubtless give new depths to this chronicle of pleasure-loving, decadent Romans under Nero. It was a society, says Fellini, akin to our own: fractured, waiting for saviors, peopled with "hippies" like Encolpius and Ascyltos. How it will turn out the master director will not know until he has spent about three weeks on the set. "And then what relief! I feel that the film is beginning to guide me, carry me along."

**Like Gide, Cocteau,** and so many others since Sophocles, Alberto Moravia has now written his own Oedipus play, *Il dio Kurt*—not yet staged, but published by Bompiani. The God Kurt, commanding a concentration camp at Sachsenhausen, stages *Oedipus Rex* for his inmates, with Nazi trimmings and ideology. The young Jew Saul becomes Oedipus and his mother, Myriam, Jocasta. Kurt arranges for their real-life incest and then absolves the pair, but condemns them to continue working as Nazi prisoners. Although a volume of Moravia's plays appeared in 1958, this one shows the greatest influence of modern dramatic techniques. Perhaps his replaying of the Sophoclean drama in a prison camp will have some of the stunning effect of Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade*.

**With dictators at the helm** in Athens, we can hardly expect exciting literary news out of Greece. So we read that a Greek policeman retraced in a small craft the odyssey of Ulysses from Troy to Ithaca in less than four months, whereas the original navigator required ten (some say twenty) years. At the same time a British computer has digested the 250,000 words of Homer and concluded in less than twenty seconds that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were composed by the same person.

Meanwhile Greece's most important living poet, Yannis Ritsos, lies ill in a hospital under guard, a prisoner of the junta. He still continues to write bravely of man's hope and a better future, but his metaphors of freedom and aspiration clash sadly with the Greece of today. With thanks to Greek-born Rae Dalven, talented translator of Cavafy and Ritsos,



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we present one of his latest, unedited poems from the depths. Its title is "Inwards or Outwards":

It is a red color, potent as laughter
on this roof amid the trees,
and the other brief color of the shadow
of a branch
over the water. A woman
made an airy motion
as if she were buttoning her dress with
the voice of a bird.
And it seemed surprising to me
that I entered so simply into my own
voice.
Higher up a single leaf dominates the
landscape
and my heart fits into the world as easily
as my key fits into the door of my
house. I shall open.

Western European intellectuals of both Right and Left have appealed to the Greek government on behalf of Yannis Ritsos. It occurs to me that we might ask Mr. Spiro Agnew, who, according to the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, likes the junta, to use his influence to free this talented prisoner.

**This year marks** the first time that the German New Left has attacked the venerable Frankfurt Book Fair [*SR*, Oct. 12], getting themselves chased about, Chicago-style, by German policemen. It is unclear why they tried to sabotage the Fair, whose exhibitors included the world's most open-minded publishers and whose displays featured Che Guevara, Marcuse, Trotsky, Anna Seghers, Rosa Luxemburg, *et al.* One reason seems to be that they wished the Fair's annual peace prize to go not to Senegal's author-President Léopold Senghor but to the deceased Frantz Fanon or Malcolm X. The astute observer from *The Times Literary Supplement* appears to have fathomed the cause: there was "a resentment among the student Left at the fact that even the most solidly capitalistic German publishers are going in for Left-wing publications."

At any rate, the student Left is happy that the long-announced Peter Weiss drama *Viet Nam Diskurs* has been presented in this same Frankfurt. Weiss's bipartite play first retraces in eleven scenes the history of Vietnam up to the French defeat at Dien Bien Phu. The second part takes a hard look at the American presence there. With what has been defined as his dialectal approach to history, Weiss views the present war as "an example of the necessity of armed warfare by the oppressed against their oppressors." *Theater Heute* finds this "an evening of theater which, without pathos, embarrassing moments, or hectoring tones, was concerned not with Vietnam alone, but also with our awareness of Vietnam."

With considerable misgivings, Paris finally staged *Marat/Sade*. Shall we have a chance to evaluate *Diskurs* here?

# One Thing and Another

*John K. Hutchens*

**It was a nice trip** while it lasted, but I won't be taking it again soon, if only because it's too exhausting. I mean, fooling around with all this money. There was a time when I suspected the fellow was right who said that while money may not be everything it's still a long way ahead of whatever's in second place. *Big* money, that is—the kind that sets you to playing Walter Mitty-like games with $10,000 bills pumped in from oil wells.

Let's see, now. You would quit that job at the A & P and buy the St. Louis Cardinals and not only own the club but manage the team yourself and maybe even send yourself up as a pinch-hitter in the deciding game of the World Series, and . . . Well, you know how it goes.

I was thinking about that when I started on this three-book trip into the world of the rich, or anyhow the affluent. But now, as I say, I'm not so sure about those rosy, Mitty-ish dreams. They seem to involve a lot of problems, no matter how you come into the big money.

And it does matter, as I hadn't fully realized before—my acquaintanceship with this stratum of society being, as you might say, limited. Until I read George G. Kirstein's *The Rich: Are They Different?* (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95) I don't suppose I had spent as much as three whole minutes of my life in pondering the distinction between the rich and the affluent. Now I know: the rich man enjoys total economic freedom, whereas the merely affluent one depends on others to a certain degree and might come a cropper any day, and although neither is inevitably happy, the former is more apt to be, because he doesn't have to worry so much about status.

But the rich man, too, if he is the beneficiary of inherited wealth, as he frequently is, has his dark moments. If he is descended from a nineteenth-century robber baron whose tactics would land him in the clink today, the descendant may suffer from a sense of guilt and feel an urge toward social isolation in the company of his own kind. The company, one gathers from Mr. Kirstein and from Stephen Birmingham, is not always stimulating.

Mr. Birmingham, who chronicled the great German-Jewish banking families of New York in *"Our Crowd,"* is concerned in *The Right People* (Little, Brown, $10) with Real Society and with Society minus the adjective. Here too is a difference: one comprises older people, older families, with their own special and intramurally recognized ways of walking, talking and thinking, too secure to think of themselves as Real Society; the other group, Mr. Birmingham sug-

*"Maynard, your private face is showing."*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gests, is publicity-conscious with a frankness shocking to its social superiors, some of whom, he says, couldn't quite place the Duke of Windsor if he came into the room. Among them was the San Francisco grande dame who, when Elsa Maxwell asked her how old she was, replied with a Real Society crusher: "Old enough to remember when there was no such person as Elsa Maxwell."

Mr. Birmingham's book consists of pieces he wrote as an uncommonly attentive reporter for *Holiday* magazine investigating the social establishment in sundry areas, some of which he might hesitate to visit again. "As for food, we don't serve the ordinary. Steak is for butchers," another San Francisco lady told him. Did she think he wasn't listening then, or when she said, "Frankly, I'm a snob"—she apparently never having looked up the word "snob" in a reliable dictionary? Palm Springs must have been almost too easy for him. Birmingham undoubtedly asked questions there, but all he really had to do was to look around and make notes, as when he observed a padded Lazy Susan on which sun-bathers were rotated by an electric motor. The S in Susan did not, of course, stand for Society as it is generally defined. As Fred Allen once pointed out, the cream of society in Paramus, N. J., would be described anywhere else as acidophilus milk.

**So, on a trip like this,** you read and learn, as if you were a visitor from outer space who somehow had picked up a smattering of the language. If it weren't for Mr. Birmingham I wouldn't have guessed, for instance, that on the campuses of "the better Eastern colleges" long-distance runners, swimmers and basketball players are now pretty far down the social ladder and that even golf is no longer "in"; it has become too popular, thanks to those country clubs at home where the middle class congregates. A visitor new to this planet would also be indebted to Mr. Kirstein for the disclosure that we now have about 100,000 millionaires, twice as many as we had a decade ago, and that some 45,000 of them are self-made. (What's that about not being able to assemble a fortune these days, what with taxes and all?) Of the self-enriched, relatively few completed a college course, and not all of them are so very impressive in the I.Q. department, but they share a common characteristic: the ability to concentrate. In Texas those who have concentrated with a special intensity are the "big rich." Others are the "little rich." The dividing line down there is $40,000,000, approximately the purchase price—if you are still planning to buy a baseball team—of a pitcher named Bob Gibson.

For a former publisher of the liberal magazine *The Nation*, Mr. Kirstein is almost startlingly sympathetic toward the very rich, and admiring of the best and most public-spirited of them. They are wiser than their forebears in avoiding the vulgarity of Thorstein Veblen's "conspicuous consumption." For recreation they carefully seek out the simpler pleasures. If their philanthropies are inspired less often by charitable impulse than tax-saving, many have passed up further money-making in favor of political idealism – and they by no means stand together on political issues. Nelson Rockefeller, chieftain of America's richest family, would have little more than the weather to chat about with H. L. Hunt, who may be America's richest individual.

By and large, Mr. Kirstein thinks, the American rich are happy, because they can enjoy privacy, if they want it, and independence. The affluent are less happy because they are haunted by the possibility of losing what they have. The most contented of all, Roy Perrott seems to say in *The Aristocrats* (Macmillan, $6.95), are the old British nobility, who take things as they come because they have known longer what money is and what it can and cannot do. "Wealth psychology," the English journalist calls it—the fine art of having no money, perhaps, but of maintaining the casual manner that disregards temporary mishaps like overwhelming inheritance taxes and continues to arrest the attention of haughty head-waiters. Where in America would a counterpart of a member of the House of Lords, embarrassed by £2 million in death duties, dismantle his father's castle, as the present Earl of Lonsdale did, and rework the estate into a place for the prosperous raising of broiler chickens? Not in Texas.

**And there is that other** English gentleman cited by Mr. Perrott, the Sixth Marquis of Bath, who enhances the diminished revenue of his estate by charging visitors £1 each to see the forty lions he keeps in an enclosed woodland. More than 200,000 people drop by every year, and now Lord Bath is thinking of adding a hippopotamus and a few chimpanzees. Kind of like owning your own ball club, come to think of it. That Walter Mitty dream certainly gets around.

# Your Literary I. Q.

*Conducted by David M. Glixon*

## QUITE A CHANGE

Each of the hapless mythical characters at the left, after an event described in Column 2, became one of the creatures or objects listed at the right. Blantz Brown of Jackson, Miss., challenges you to make the proper connections. Solution on page 45.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Actaeon ( ) | A. Having fallen in love with his reflection in a pool, he took the plunge. | a. constellation |
| 2. Alphaeus ( ) | B. Hospitably treated by a poor couple, Jupiter granted their wish to die together. | b. flower |
| 3. Lycaon ( ) | C. Having landed on the isle of Aeaea, they were charmed by their hostess, Circe. | c. grasshopper |
| 4. Medusa ( ) | D. A giant huntsman, he was slain by Artemis for making love to Eos. | d. nightingale |
| 5. Narcissus ( ) | E. Her royal brother-in-law Tereus ravished her and cut out her tongue. | e. river |
| 6. Odysseus's companions ( ) | F. Aurora granted the youth immortality, and eventually he found old age unbearable. | f. snake-headed monster |
| 7. Orion ( ) | G. In love with the nymph Arethusa, a hunter pursued her too ardently. | g. stag |
| 8. Philemon and Baucis ( ) | H. The king of Arcadia tested Zeus's divinity by serving him human flesh. | h. swine |
| 9. Philomela ( ) | I. This hunter surprised Diana bathing. | i. trees |
| 10. Tithonus ( ) | J. A beautiful maiden violated the temple of Athene, who took her revenge. | j. wolf |



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Most Indifferent Disadvantaged

In four new books a political scientist, a psychologist, and two writers consider America's waste of a great human resource—women.

By BARBARA MILLER SOLOMON

WHAT is the proper sphere of women? The subject of discussion, debate, and increasing controversy in nineteenth-century America, there has never been one simple answer to "the woman question" since the founding of the republic. For as the nation expanded, social patterns became diversified to accommodate the needs of human beings in rural, seafaring, and industrial communities on the frontier, in the small town, and finally in the city. In time, ethnic factors and regional differences in the United States also affected the activities and attitudes of both sexes. As a result the status of women has varied in different segments of American society, changing from generation to generation and from place to place.

Not only have the majority of women always worked in their homes (and frequently in other people's), multitudes throughout our history have labored on farms, in factories or shops. Some have taught school, and many have joined associations for the improvement of society. Still others, relatively few, have become doctors, lawyers, judges, professors, journalists, politicians, novelists, nurses, and social workers, to enumerate some of their activities and occupations. Nevertheless, a complex, paradoxical tradition has developed. It sanctions what women do out of economic or familial or exceptional communal necessity (as in wartime) and still questions what women do voluntarily for individual reasons outside the home.

In our increasingly affluent society more wives and mothers can make their own decisions about whether or not to hold jobs or to pursue careers. However, the freedom to choose how to use their skills and talents is not liberating to all women. For some it creates conflicts which they meet by reducing the level of their expectations of personal achievement.

Barbara Miller Solomon is an associate dean at Radcliffe College and lecturer on history and literature at Harvard University. An American historian, Mrs. Solomon is the author of *Ancestors and Immigrants* and *Pioneers in Service*. She is a member of the Commission on the Status of Women of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

***Women in American Politics: An Assessment and Sourcebook,*** *by Martin Gruberg (Academia Press. 336 pp. $7.50);* ***Few Are Chosen: American Women in Political Life Today,*** *by Peggy Lamson (Houghton Mifflin. 240 pp. $5.95);* ***Developing Woman's Potential,*** *by Edwin C. Lewis (Iowa State University Press. 389 pp. $6.95);* ***Born Female: The High Cost of Keeping Women Down,*** *by Caroline Bird with Sara Welles Briller (McKay. 288 pp. $5.95).*

Political scientist Martin Gruberg, psychologist Edwin C. Lewis, and two writers, Caroline Bird and Peggy Lamson, express in their respective new books the constructive concern of thoughtful men and women who observe the current waste of America's great human resource, that is, the majority of her population—women. According to the Census estimate, in 1966 there were 99,942,000 women, 60,271,000 of whom were over twenty-one, and 96,900,000 men, 55,829,000 over twenty-one. Far from exploiting this numerical dominance, women, the authors observe, have accepted the psychology of a minority, expecting discrimination and taking it—apparently convinced of their inferiority as the second sex. Gruberg, Lewis, Lamson, and Bird all acknowledge that over the generations most women have been satisfied with a subordinate position in society. Historically, only in periods of great social ferment have small minorities of women, with the help of some men, acted to overcome the indifference of their sex to the attainment of their full rights as Americans.

In the 1960s a new impetus for women's advance has come from two Presidents of the United States, for both Kennedy and Johnson affirmed the importance of women's contributions not only at home but in the public sector of American life. The Commission on the Status of Women established by President Kennedy in 1963 made recommendations to President Johnson in 1965 on how the government could help improve conditions affecting the paid and voluntary employment of women. Since then many states have established their own commissions to continue investigations on a local basis. With Johnson's support Title VII became part of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, thus prohibiting employment discrimination on the basis of "sex" as well as "race, color, religion, or national origin." More than any of his predecessors, Johnson has tried to recruit women for positions of responsibility and used his high office in many visible ways to help eliminate discrimination against women in governmental jobs.

Responsive to this official "climate for sex equality," Gruberg, Lamson, Lewis and Bird, within their specialized perspectives, examine the ways in which women spend their lives in the 1960s. The four agree that although more women hold jobs in the United States than ever before (a trend that is expected to grow), the proportion of those in positions of leadership in government and business is not rising, while in the professions the proportion is actually declining. Assuming that women have more opportunities than heretofore and that in principle they are free to do anything they want, how does one explain the limited number at the top in every field? The authors focus on different aspects of the problem.

IN his survey, *Women in American Politics*, Martin Gruberg assesses the activities of women from 1920 to the present as voters, interest-group members, party members, and government officials, and finds little evidence of distaff political influence. In contrast to the fears of opponents to their suffrage, women have not exploited their force in numbers to form a pressure group; nor have they resorted to bloc voting. Rather, they have lagged notably behind men in using their suffrage, the nonvoters tending to be young and unattached to a community, or citizens older than sixty and presumably remote from contemporary problems. Until fairly recently those who voted belonged primarily to economically and educationally favored groups (the fewest living in the South), and they proved even more conservative on public policies than their predominantly Republican husbands. Only in the Presidential election of 1964 did more women than men show preference for the candidates of the Democratic Party and,



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

significantly, at that time, according to the Gallup Poll, at least as many women as men voted (although proportionately fewer). Perhaps this aspect of activism in the 1960s foreshadows a new trend toward greater participation by women voters which will continue to expand. They have a long way to go, for even in 1964 twenty-two million eligible women did not vote.

Their record since 1920 for holding office is still more deflating: ten women have served as United States Senators, of whom only five were elected (three Republicans and two Democrats); sixty-five have been members of the House of Representatives (thirty-seven Democrats and twenty-eight Republicans); women holding legislative posts approximate 2 per cent and those in executive and judicial posts still less. Gruberg found that the majority—widows of Representatives or Senators—had previously worked with their husbands and had access to large financial backing; or, increasingly, they were women whose husbands were able to cooperate because of flexible business or professional occupations. Although most of the early office-holders gained their posts through fortuitous circumstances, Gruberg observes there are now "fewer widows and more wives in Congress" who have professional orientation and training in the law.

This promising trend, evidenced in the caliber of women now in government, receives fuller treatment in *Few Are Chosen: American Women in Political Life Today*. In contrast to Gruberg's broad coverage, Peggy Lamson concentrates on ten outstanding figures now in office: the one woman United States Senator, Margaret Chase Smith of Maine; four U.S. Representatives—Frances Bolton of Ohio; Martha Griffiths of Michigan; Patsy Mink of Hawaii, and Margaret Heckler of Massachusetts; the highest Presidential appointee, Assistant Secretary of Labor Esther Peterson, originally from Utah; a federal judge, Constance Baker Motley of New York; an Ambassador, Eugenie Anderson of Minnesota; Connecticut's Assistant Secretary of State, Ella Grasso; and the only woman mayor in the United States, Ann Uccello of Hartford, Connecticut. Of diverse racial and ethnic origin, most of this select group grew up in modest economic circumstances; only one is not married and seven have living husbands; all but two are college graduates, and five hold advanced degrees. Varied in their personal life styles, they share an abundance of energy, tenacity, and toughness. And, like their male colleagues, they have learned the art of compromise; they are politicians.

Lamson neither idealizes nor attempts to evaluate these present-day successful contenders in politics. Rather, she portrays them as individuals with biases and vulnerabilities, showing what is possible for women with exceptional motivation, drive, and luck. They can win elections, sustain the support of a constituency, fight for legislation, run a city or an embassy. Of particular interest in this election year is the absorbing story of Eugenie Anderson's rise in Minnesota politics along with Hubert Humphrey, and of her lost opportunity to become a Senator when Eugene McCarthy decided to run.

Although the examples of *Few Are Chosen* suggest that the younger women in public service show more confidence in resolving family-career commitments when they have the active, total support of their husbands, as yet there is no sign of a large-scale movement of women in the direction of political careers. Politics affords the most conspicuous evidence of the token integration of women in positions of public leadership but all professionalized enterprises, whether in business, labor, law, medicine, or academic organizations, reveal the same scarcity of women at the top.

THE authors admit that the presence of women at the higher levels will not be taken for granted without, as Gruberg states, "a fundamental alteration in our socialization process." One aspect of this clearly involves a transformation in the attitudes of women reared not to take themselves too seriously and bound by misconceptions about their femininity. Edwin Lewis stresses the need for enlightened planning in the education of girls from childhood to maturity to lay the groundwork for such a change.

***"More than any of his predecessors, [President] Johnson has tried to recruit women for positions of responsibility . . ."***

His book *Developing Woman's Potential* is addressed to parents, teachers, husbands, and employers, who in the final analysis determine the educational and vocational goals of women. Besides presenting a well-balanced synthesis of current research studies about female growth and development, Lewis provides a reference book for professional experts. He concludes, with somewhat more optimism than Gruberg, that "women have the opportunity to develop as individuals as never before in our history. Whether they will take full advantage of this opportunity cannot yet be determined."

A recurring theme in these books is that American society will achieve complete equality of the sexes only when women demand it. But do they really want it? Lamson says they do but not enough to fight for it, especially since the barriers against their highest participation are "invisible and illusive." Also, it would seem their passivity stems from the fact that most women regard themselves as working housewives rather than as careerists.

The militancy that Lamson misses among the majority is not altogether dead. Although organized feminism may have made slight headway thus far in

(*Continued on page* 46)

—*Bettmann Archive.*

—*Bettmann Archive.*

**British suffragette (l.) and American standard-bearer, Mrs. Herbert Carpenter (r.) —in contrast to the fears of opponents, women have not formed a pressure group.**



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Their Own Thing

***They**, by Marya Mannes (Doubleday. 215 pp. $4.95), sets forth a brave new world in which militant youth has taken control and banished all those over fifty to a complex of suburban purgatories. Glendy Culligan is former book review editor of The Washington Post.*

By GLENDY CULLIGAN

JEREMIAHS COME A DIME A DOZEN, thanks to mass circulation, but Cassandras still remain as scarce as they were in Troy. Clearly, it's a man's world even in the prophecy department. Marya Mannes is nevertheless a seer honored in her own country, the capital of which is Middlebrowtown. All of us who share her old-fashioned liberalism can welcome her lamentations.

What she sees in her glass darkly on this election eve offers little aid or comfort to adults whose tastes and beliefs were shaped in the 1930s. Although her "novel" might better be classed as an extension course in modern civilization, it contains just enough characterization to be racked on the poli-sci fiction shelf. From the title page, styled like an IBM punch-card, the alert reader takes his first clue. Next comes a prologue, in austere sans-serif type, by a citizen who signs himself 6B8953A-411-Y. He identifies the subsequent matter as a manuscript confiscated from the campus underground.

The testament that comprises the bulk of the novel is the pooled effort of five aging exiles holed up in a coastal beach-house more than ten years after "They" —militant youth—took over the government from "a reactionary coalition under a conservative President" who was elected (no date cited) to the cry of "law and order!"

The rebellious kids soon booted everyone over fifty out of the cities into a complex of suburban purgatories, intending no doubt to make the punishment fit the crime. Because they were creative persons in the old order, Barney, Joey, Lev, Annie, and Kate have been allowed the privacy of Kate's old summer home. The rest of the original beach colony went down in a hurricane years earlier, leaving our heroes alone with their memories. It's like a sentence to lifetime group therapy.

Thus set up, the novel becomes a long, movable gripe session, recorded by Kate, a former editor, with interpolated scraps of poetry, philosophy, epiphany, and querulous footnotes from her companions. Lev had been a symphony conductor, Barney a representational painter, Joey a Broadway lyricist, while Annie was Barney's illiterate, heart-of-gold model.

Two general targets emerge from the rambling conversation of these five. Kate's buddies all agree that much was wrong with the world of the 1960s: war in Vietnam, racial and social injustice. The exiles also agree that things must be worse since They took over, for, when last seen, the militants now in power displayed bad taste, bad manners, and a total disrespect for order, dignity, and the melodies of Jerome Kern.

Technically unique among anti-Utopian novels, this one presents the brave new world by inference only. Forcibly cut off from every contact except geriatric centers, our exiles surmise what may be happening from the foreshadowings of the 1960s. Violence still rages, they learn from an underground paper; *none of humanity's ills has been cured.* But the young are free now to indulge in Their Own Thing on the scale that makes a civilization. And baby, what a Thing it is! Nobody reads; books are a drag; knowledge is transmitted electronically. Computers handle all routine and, what's more, they run on time, like Mussolini's trains. On the other hand, the arts have become formless, a proliferation of the chaos Kate attributes to Their undisciplined minds.

Here, despite her praise of logic, the narrator indulges in a whopping non sequitur. Her complaint that They have abrogated all order seems at odds with the evidence that They are running a pretty tight ship. Somebody keeps feeding those computers as regularly as zookeepers used to feed lions, for supplies reach the exiles with regimental promptness. So do the ominous little white wagons that permanently remove everyone over sixty-five. As a result, there's an echo of *Götterdämmerung* in the final pages, as well as a provocative hint of the Second Coming. (Next time round, Christ won't look so pale.)

EXCEPT for those last minutes of suspense, most of the book consists of probing conversation. It's static, but so is a cocktail party. Much of the talk is predictable; all of it is provocative, sometimes venturing into liberal heresy. The "barbarians" and "primitives" blamed for the demise of the old order include "bearded groups who sang only four-letter words," the "money people" who

—*Alex Gotfryd.*

**Marya Mannes—"indictments worth pondering."**

sanctioned "monumental crap" on TV, "dirty, lazy" aficionados of "psychedelic nonsense," action painters, obscure poets, off-Broadway playwrights, and many other deviants from the taste of today's literate middle-aged.

Those who consider avant-garde art decadent will be tempted to share Kate's basic fallacy, a confusion of cause with effect. When she blames McLuhan ("the man who told us that writing was dead") for the electronic revolution, she sounds like a patient blaming his doctor for cancer. Surely the root causes of modern unrest and modern art must be located in broader economic and social phenomena than Rauchenstein and the Beatles.

Ironically, there's anti-intellectual bias lurking beneath Kate's own canon, although she blames the rebels for succumbing to sensation. ("We could not even understand the reviews," she complains, discussing books full of "pretentious symbolism.") It's too bad that when she and Barney first realized they were Number Two, they didn't try harder to understand a book like Wylie Sypher's *Loss of the Self in Modern Literature and Art*, which traces the identity crisis of today's depersonalized society back to the mid-nineteenth century.

Actually, that relentless shift away from "I" as the center of the universe began with Galileo and Locke, with Romanticism intruding its plaintive, egocentric howl for the brief span between "Lyrical Ballads" and Victoria. Ever since "Manfred" the tug of war between man and machine has been an uneven struggle. Creeping impersonality is really what many of today's neo-Romantic rebels seek to counter with their beads and bare feet. To imply, as Kate and her



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friends do, that all protest marchers look alike is to paraphrase a more obscene axiom. Such generalizing also melds many distinct causes of the decline of humanism: overpopulation, underconservation, universal education, automation, and a score of other "tions" that threaten our brand of democracy. What was good enough for Jefferson may not, after all, be good enough for a planet cluttered with nearly five billion inhabitants (the U.N. projection for 1984).

BY that date some of us cowards would gladly settle for an ill-stocked beach-house in a deserted (repeat, *deserted*) summer resort. But to admit that is not to discredit Miss Mannes's ingenious editorial. Those who complained they would never get used to seven-digit phone numbers will accept her verdict most readily; but even those enrolled in computer programming schools will find her indictments worth pondering.

## Once More to That Beach

***Under the Boardwalk**, by Norman Rosten (Prentice-Hall. 132 pp. $4.95), describes one summer in a Coney Island boyhood. Paul Kresh, vice president of Spoken Arts, Inc., edited "The American Judaism Reader."*

By PAUL KRESH

WHAT? ANOTHER NOVEL about growing up in Brooklyn? Why in the world should Norman Rosten, author of six volumes of poetry and a number of plays produced both on and off Broadway, have chosen in this first late effort at a novel to chronicle still another sensitive Jewish boy's childhood in the grimy milieu of Coney Island? This was one reader's prompt reaction at being dragged once more down the tacky vista of Stillwell Avenue and across the boardwalk on a midsummer afternoon to the jampacked, sweaty beach: "It was all starting up again, that long humid day of a million people, and nobody seemed to mind the lies and the sweat or notice the rundown houses and streets full of the poor . . ." Surely every grain of sand, every drop of sweat, every sour smell of that scene has been documented before, by earlier writers, and our noses rubbed in it all till they are sore.

The answer turned out to be that Rosten has not wasted his talent on any such sordid exercise. Instead he has fitted together a mosaic of fine-grained memories, fashioning a brief tale as fresh and sweet as a real sea breeze. His hero is

Answer to Wit Twister, page 14: gores, gorse, ogres.


# New in Literary Criticism

from *Princeton*

**FAULKNER**
*Myth and Motion*
By Richard P. Adams

In the light of Faulkner's statement that the artist must stop the motion of life in order to preserve it, this study seeks to define Faulkner's intentions as a novelist and the techniques he used to carry them out. It analyzes his marriage of myth with motion, makes a full-scale synthesis of *Absalom, Absalom!* and *The Sound and the Fury*, and gives more than usual attention to writings before *Soldiers' Pay*. $6.50

**THE ACHIEVEMENT OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS**
*A Reinterpretation*
By Kermit Vanderbilt

Howells emerges from this study as one of the major American literary figures of the late nineteenth century. In exploring Howells' consciousness and creative impulse through four novels—*The Undiscovered Country, A Modern Instance, The Rise of Silas Lapham*, and *A Hazard of New Fortunes*—it finds that Howells' personality reflected the mixed feelings of the American mind in an ambivalent and transitional society. $6.50

**THIS LONG DISEASE, MY LIFE**
*Alexander Pope and the Sciences*
By Marjorie Nicolson and G. S. Rousseau

With technical advice from several physicians, the authors present the first medical case history of the poet. This discussion of Pope's continuous ill health and its effect upon his writing and upon his interest in the science of medicine, astronomy and even geology offers new insights into the author and his work. $8.50

**SHAKESPEAREAN MEANINGS**
By Sigurd Burckhardt

"I believe that Shakespeare's plays have messages and that these messages are discoverable...Shakespeare not only abides our questions, he tells us what questions to ask; he took infinite pains to be precisely understood." This collection of Burckhardt's best writings, their intent clearly stated above, has been called by Yale's Maynard Mack "brilliant...a razor-sharp ingenuity at work." $8.50

*Order from your bookstore or from*
**Princeton University Press**
*Princeton, New Jersey 08540*




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indeed a sensitive kid, but not at all the stock self-pitying victim of a gross environment. The summer recalled in a series of succinct episodes turns out to be a season of absorbing adventures in learning and growing. He lives about a block from the beach in a ramshackle house, which his father is always hacking up into new rooms to meet the needs of tenants who multiply "like insects on a wild plant."

LIKE THAT house, where his parents conduct their mysterious, oblique quarrels, life proves a labyrinth. The boy finds out that grace and honesty are not always understood when he tries to return to a pretzel-seller a pretzel he has stolen, and is cursed for his gallantry. He learns that a sailor and his girl will gladly give him a quarter to keep watch near the boardwalk over their privacy, while another couple will pay the same price to get rid of him. His mother is good, but her goodness is not in the least sentimental. When she roots up the straggling roses she loves in order to install an improvised store in their garden, she declares in her practical way that "the store is the world." Yet it is in that store, on a little radio he has been given to bribe him into tending the place of nights, that our hero discovers another world in the divinity of Mozart, in music heard through the crackling static caused by a thunderstorm.

A blind, garrulous grandmother is a grotesque figure, and touching enough, but rather tougher than the usual soft-tinted old lady in Jewish novels who is the object of familial pity and neglect. When no human being can bear her rambling recollections any longer, a stray dog is rounded up to listen patiently to them.

Even a family holiday observance is uniquely drawn. The ceremony breaks up when the impressionable son swears he has seen a vision of the prophet Elijah at the Passover table. His atheist father is disgusted at this testimony; the grandfather is beside himself with fury that such a manifestation should be vouchsafed to a young heathen while he, who has said the right prayers every day of his life, should be deprived of it.

And so the shape of the tale emerges, as each separate, spare, self-contained panel of comic or pathetic experience is fitted into place. Ultimately the weather changes, the ocean turns to the color of slate, the merchants board up their stalls, and "silence and long shadows" return to the dimlit world beneath the boardwalk.

This is a poet's novel, but it is not marred by flights of fatuous fancy or self-conscious "poetical" passages. The style, rather, is simple, declarative and clean-carpentered—perhaps too simple and merely serviceable at times; some of the individual chapters achieve their tidy endings in a manner just a mite too pat and predictable.

**Norman Rosten—a style that is "simple, declarative and clean-carpentered."**

On the whole, though, in the precision of its language, the suspense of its storytelling, and the charm of its uncluttered prose, *Under the Boardwalk* is an agreeable experience. Even those "long shadows" cast by sadder moments that cross the sun of its mirth like summer clouds envelop its memories in the cool shade of wisdom.

# Fleet Street Frolics

***The Crying Game,** by John Braine (Houghton Mifflin. 302 pp. $5.95), concerns a young journalist from Yorkshire bedazzled by the fleshpots of swinging London. Edward M. Potoker is professor of English and comparative literature at the Baruch College of the City University of New York.*

By EDWARD M. POTOKER

JOHN BRAINE'S POWERFUL first novel, *Room at the Top*, made its author famous and relatively rich. This international best-seller, which became a widely successful motion picture, put young Braine at the very top, and he's been trying to hold on to his place there ever since. His career now begins to resemble that of John O'Hara, who, in his relentless preoccupation with wealth, sex, class, and a kind of boozy religiosity, has rewritten his first book, *Appointment in Samarra*, over and over again. Some of Braine's other novels, *Life at the Top* and *The Jealous God*, for example, have good things in them, but they are still anticlimactic—the reader has been there before. In his fifth novel, *The Crying Game*, Braine exhibits stress in developing new material. The book, which is readable and sometimes amusing, has too much sham sex and sham politics. Doubtless it will provide its author with still less room at the top.

*The Crying Game* concerns the honestly and dishonestly corrupt. Frank Batcombe, a twenty-seven-year-old journalist from Yorkshire, comes up to London to seek success on Fleet Street. By chance he meets his cousin, Adam Keelby, a public relations man, who is wealthier and more cynical. Adam invites Frank to share his elegant flat in fashionable Hampstead, an apartment that he uses professionally, promoting the sort of parties and orgies that presumably make London swing. He introduces Frank to politicians, novelists, hustlers, junkies, faggots, and whores.

Frank frolics for a while. But he is honest and sentimental. Unlike Adam, he does not reject his ties with the past. In fact, he gradually becomes romantic about those middle-class, provincial, Catholic virtues with which he preserves, often pompously, his threatened integrity. He begins to distrust Adam, tires of his newspaper's smear campaign against a Cabinet minister, and wishes to be regarded "simply as a person, a man, a potential husband and father, not simply a phallus in search of an orifice, a hand in search for money, a brain in search for power." All of this is uttered, so to speak, while the whores are undressing nextdoor. To make matters worse, it is made unpardonably clear early in the novel that Theresa Carndonagh, a good Catholic girl, will be Frank's salvation. Domineering and intolerant, she is, "despite her lost virginity, a rigidly upright Catholic matron in the making."

Adam is the kind of Catholic whom Graham Greene could have made interesting. "To hell," he says, "with my suffering black brothers in South Africa and Rhodesia too. To hell with the homosexuals, to hell with the unmarried mothers, to hell with the homeless." And later, "The Church is for sinners just as much as for saints. And chaps like us, who don't believe in change, do far more for the Church than a thousand bloody progs [progressives] like Pope John. Not that the new Pope's any better, sucking up to these bloody blacks. And then there's these bastards who have dialogues with Communists. Dialogues with Communists! I know how those end. In a monologue from behind a machine gun."

Braine is adroit when he deals with the politics of religion. It is regrettable, though, that he feels compelled to muck up his bona fide social preoccupations with all those frenetic, tiresome parties.

Frank ruminates about Adam: "He needed me more than I needed him; I had become part of his life, like the



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1998 NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON

*"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# This speech scientist wants to use the sound of the human voice to help protect confidential information.

"Using computers to store, retrieve and process a staggering number of facts promises to help attack some of the nation's most critical problems—such as mass education, health care and the slums," says IBM's Dr. Rex Dixon. "Some of this information will be confidential. My job is to help find how to keep it that way."

While such security is only one aspect of the larger problem of individual privacy, it is an important one. Computer manufacturers obviously cannot dictate what is stored in a computer or who has access to it. But they can and are devising more ways to protect confidential information.

Speech scientist Dixon thinks the distinctive acoustical patterns of different human voices could form the basis for one such safeguard. "A voice-recognition device, built into a computer, could be a new way to keep out intruders. Anybody requesting confidential information would have to talk into a microphone, connected to the computer. An unauthorized voice, not recognized by the device, would stand little chance of gaining access to the information."

This approach is still experimental. But, hopefully, voice recognition will join some of the other computer safeguards—ranging from special locks to digital codes—already in use, designed to keep confidential information confidential.

IBM

Since its beginning less than twenty years ago, the data processing industry has been constantly developing new methods of handling information. In continuing these innovations, people like Rex Dixon are helping those who must tackle the public problems of the day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# If this isn't great scotch, we've wasted 341 years.

The taste of Haig didn't happen overnight. We've gone through 3 centuries of patient improving to make it what it is today. The result, we believe, is the finest Scotch whisky ever produced. But the decision is up to you. Don't be vague—ask for Haig.

*Haig 1627.*

HAIG BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 PROOF
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

furniture and fittings, like his circle of friends. But I was the most important friend, because I was a link with his past and, being his cousin, a link with his parents' past. . . . I was the reliable one, part of his past and part of his possessions, the possessions which meant so much to the bachelor."

The price Adam must pay, then, for breaking his link with the past is the self-satisfied, sterile loneliness of bachelorhood. Apparently this is what John Braine is trying to preach to hapless England.

# Out of Colonialism Into U.S.

***The Birth of the Nation: A Portrait of the American People on the Eve of Independence,*** *by Arthur M. Schlesinger (Knopf. 258 + xi pp. $7.95), is the first volume of what was to have been the distinguished historian's synthesis of the American experience. Alden Vaughan has written and edited a number of books on early American history, including "America Before the Revolution, 1725-1775."*

By ALDEN VAUGHAN

IT IS POSSIBLE, and deeply regrettable, that most Americans may have already forgotten that there were two Arthur Schlesingers. It already seems natural to assume that "Schlesinger" stands for the controversial adviser to President Kennedy, historian of Jackson, FDR, and Kennedy's Thousand Days, and the critic of today's ideologues of the far Right and Left. The misfortune is that we will overlook the very considerable achievements of the elder Schlesinger, distinguished historian and Harvard professor, who died in 1965.

The life of Schlesinger *père* spanned more than three-quarters of a century, and its accomplishments set a high goal for his son, or any other historian, to aim at. Arthur Schlesinger's teaching career began two years after his graduation from Ohio State University in 1910; before his retirement in 1954 he had served for seven years at his alma mater, five at the University of Iowa, and thirty at Harvard. Along the way he garnered a Ph.D. at Columbia (1917) and gained several academic honors, including the presidency of the American Historical Association. In part his honors derived from his outstanding qualities as a teacher and a man, but mostly they came from his contributions to American historical literature. His first book, *Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution* (1918), contributed importantly to a new trend in the interpretation of the origins of the War for Independence. Half a dozen volumes followed, including *The Rise of the City* (1933), *The American as Reformer* (1950), and *Prelude to Independence: The Newspaper War on Britain, 1764-1776* (1958). Volumes of his collected essays appeared in 1922 and 1949.

Schlesinger's writings had more to offer than quantity and quality. They also had an important premise: that history is not merely past politics, war, and diplomacy, but includes all of man's activities and interests—social, economic, religious, intellectual, artistic, recreational. He pursued that premise in both classroom and study. In 1922 Schlesinger offered a course at Iowa on the social and cultural history of the United States that marked a major innovation in the teaching of American history, and in 1927, as co-editor with Dixon Ryan Fox, he launched a thirteen-volume "History of American Life." The series was not intended to be a rejection of political-military-diplomatic history but a blending of traditional material with hitherto neglected aspects of the nation's past.

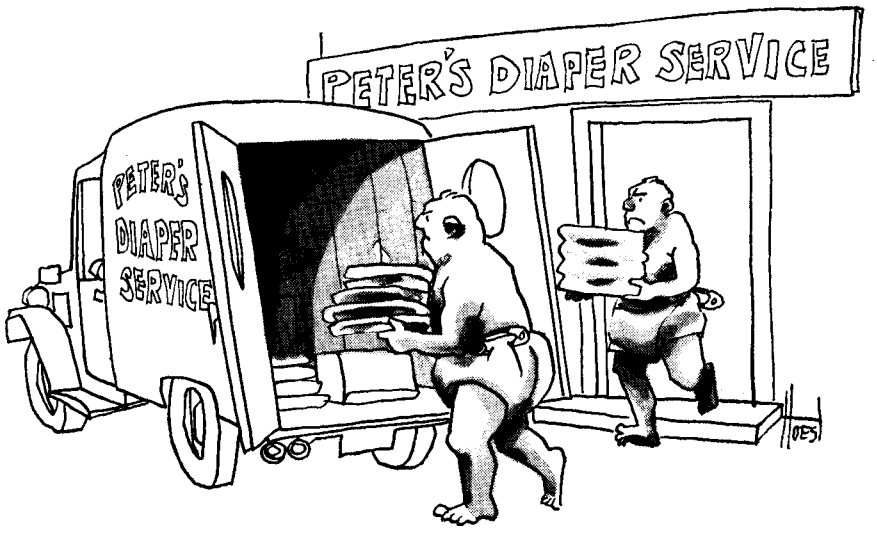
Actually, Schlesinger's strong interest in political history was evident in his books and, in a more popular vein, in his famous polls of historians in 1948 and 1962 which sought to rank the performances of American Presidents. (Only Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, and FDR emerged as "great" in both samplings.) In the end, of course, Schlesinger won his point. While political history is still very much alive, social, intellectual, and economic history are standard fare in the college classroom and in historical writing. And as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., points out in his brief introduction to the book here under review, "even political history is now generally conceived as an expression of social, economic, and intellectual forces."

During the last decade of his life Arthur Schlesinger hoped to set down in several volumes his own balanced interpretation of the American experience. Other commitments kept him from completing the task, but at his death a draft of the first volume had been written and partly revised. The revision has been completed by his widow and sons, and is now published as *The Birth of the Nation*. According to its subtitle the book offers "a portrait of the American people on the eve of independence." In many respects, however, it is more than that.

Schlesinger has not confined himself to the generation of the 1760s and '70s but has frequently reached back to the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries for material with which to explain American development before the Revolution. Thus in a chapter on religion he devotes several pages to the witchcraft frenzy of the late 1600s, and a number more to the Great Awakening of the mid-1700s; and in a chapter on labor he treats the roots of slavery and racial prejudice, legacies of the early years of colonization. But the bulk of the material in this volume seeks to show the breadth and depth of American society, which was mature enough in 1776 to sever its ties with the British Empire and become a new nation.

The picture that emerges from Schlesinger's skillful presentation is of a people who during more than a century and a half of remarkable growth had acquired most of the institutions and characteristics that would mark—for better or for worse—the course of American history to the present time. By Franklin's day we had already gained a proclivity for inventiveness, waste, optimism, idealism, philanthropy, and materialism. At the same time American society had become conspicuous for its lack of a rigid class structure, its economic mobility, and its penchant for equality—excepting always the black man, who in the eyes of all but a handful of enlightened spokesmen was not really a part of the society at all.

While Schlesinger gives most of his attention to these and other major concepts such as the emergence of toleration and ethnic amalgamation, he frequently spices his work with items of lesser






PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

importance that add flavor if not nourishment. We learn, for example, why Americans drive on the right, how they came to take up golf, and when we acquired *Yankee Doodle* as a national song. We even are told about a student riot over bad butter at Harvard in 1766, although Schlesinger's conclusion that "as in all undergraduate uprisings, the insurgents, upon being threatened with dismissal, quickly gave in . . ." reminds the reader that this book is a product of 1965 rather than 1968. In any event, such tidbits, along with frequent quotations from newspapers and other contemporary sources, help to make *The Birth of the Nation* enjoyable as well as profitable reading.

Throughout the book Schlesinger refers passingly to the coming of the Revolution, but it is not until the final chapter that he meets head-on the question of why the colonists chose rebellion over submission. Curiously, this chapter is the least convincing and the most out of touch with recent scholarship. To cite one instance: despite the testimony of his own previous chapters and despite the findings of historians as diverse as John Richard Alden, Paul H. Smith, and Herbert Aptheker that the resistance to British measures had overwhelming support from 1763 on, Schlesinger in the end falls back on John Adams's oft-misquoted estimate that only one American in three favored the patriot cause (Adams was referring to American sentiment over the French Revolution). But in a book that offers so much, this is a minor cavil.

It is indeed unfortunate that Arthur Schlesinger did not live to complete his new synthesis of American history. Judging from the volume in hand it would probably have been the capstone to the brand of history that Schlesinger spent most of his life promoting. At the same time, it might well have marked the end of a major historical trend, for while Schlesinger's approach to history was new in the 1920s and still vital in the 1950s, it is rapidly being supplanted by a still newer variety. The emerging generation of historians takes for granted much that Schlesinger advocated and has moved on to imaginative and often complex borrowings from other disciplines. Today's catchwords are not "economic" and "social," but "econometric," "status," "behavioral," and the like, terms that suggest historical techniques unused in *The Birth of the Nation*. That is not to disparage Schlesinger, nor do I think he would have been offended at the suggestion that his turn had come to be "old-fashioned." His contributions were remarkable and his influence on today's historians profound. Their ability to move another step forward in the search for a meaningful past is in itself a tribute to his influence.

# A Necessary Violence vs. the Status Quo

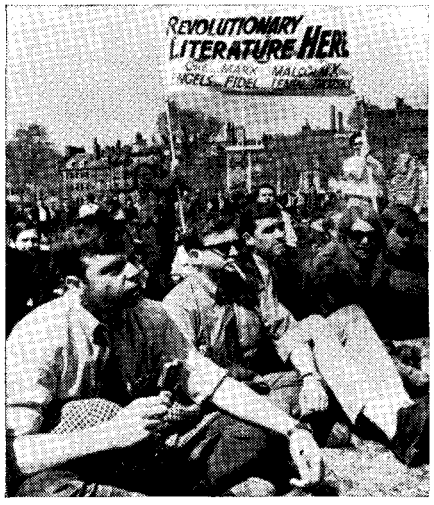
***Struggle Against History: U.S. Foreign Policy in an Age of Revolution,*** *edited by Neal D. Houghton (Washington Square Press. 375 pp. $5.95), parallels the American inability to cope with social change at home with the United States' alleged "social blindness" abroad. Joan Rothschild teaches political science at The City College of The City University of New York.*

By JOAN ROTHSCHILD

WILL THERE BE MORE VIETNAMS? "Even if the Vietnam involvement of the 1960s should be fortunately 'settled' in some way," writes editor Neal Houghton, "we should still be faced with the prospect of becoming involved in at least twenty other 'Vietnams' in Asia and elsewhere. . . ." Why? Because American foreign policy resists and liquidates all basic social revolutions of which it disapproves. A near-psychotic anti-Communism blinds the United States to the crucial issues facing the world today.

These strong views are shared by the political scientists, historians, economists, and journalists contributing to *Struggle Against History*. Yet the tone isn't vituperative. The purpose here is not to find a convenient whipping boy to explain the world's ills, but rather to focus on the more than 70 per cent of the world's population desperately seeking modernization and economic betterment, and to examine American policy toward this multi-revolutionary world. How and why U.S. policy is found lacking forms the substance of the book. That the authors can discuss their topic rationally and, for the most part, without invective, airing views which get far too little public attention, gives the book its unique value.

The claim, then, in Robert Heilbroner's words, is that American policy is "fundamentally opposed to economic development" of underdeveloped lands, despite rhetoric to the contrary. To support this assertion, *Struggle Against History* draws on the "revisionist" interpretation of American postwar policy, which holds the United States at least equally responsible as the Soviet Union for the onset and continuation of the Cold War. According to William Appleman Williams, a leading exponent of this school, American marketplace capitalism is in-




—*Photos by Wide World.*

**Anti-U.S. demonstrators in Paris (l.); draft resisters on Boston Common (r.); Dominican women picketing Marine headquarters in Santo Domingo (below)—America "has challenged a spiritual force."**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

herently expansionist. In the postwar era, writes D. F. Fleming, also a prominent revisionist, U.S. corporate and military power combined has grown to such proportions as to produce a policy extreme of globalism. Pursuing a *Pax Americana* as leader of the so-called "free world" (the term invariably appears in quotes in this book), the United States seeks to impose its will and its ways whether the rest of the world wants them or not. A virulent anti-Communism serves as the rationale and the objective of the American crusade for what Houghton calls "freedom of enterprise."

THE needs and goals of underdeveloped lands, however, do not necessarily coincide with the needs and goals of the American economic system. We are, Dr. Houghton states, living in a *"great convulsive transition period,"* in which more than seven-tenths of the world's people are driven by "basic . . . human and technological forces." These forces include an "unprecedently escalating population," mass poverty and distress; to combat them there is an overwhelming desire for economic betterment, for participation in scientific and technological achievements, and for freedom from foreign and white domination.

When American foreign policy, based on the need to find new investment opportunities and to provide an "enemy" to satisfy a war-oriented economy, focuses on Communism as *the* great challenge, that policy becomes suppressive of the revolutionary forces of a world in ferment. The U.S. is therefore engaged in a "struggle against history." As Arnold Toynbee points out in the book's introduction, the United States, waging a colonial war in Vietnam, "has challenged a spiritual force—the force of cumulative worldwide anti-colonialism. . . ."

The painful process of breaking out of traditional ways and of evolving new economic, social, and political patterns is often unpleasant, frequently violent, and not conducive to the stability needed for profitable private investment. Traditional structures and ruling élites are more likely to provide that stability, making all revolutionary movements suspect. According to Professor Fleming, American purpose can be summed up in "the great negation: *There shall be no more revolutions, lest they turn Red.*" American foreign policy stands indicted here for failing to deal constructively with the "problems of so organizing social relations and so using science, technology and social resources" as to meet the challenges of a revolutionary age.

If the ways of U.S. capitalism are found wanting in the underdeveloped world, are the Communist system's necessarily better? Several authors show that Socialist methods of organizing economic and social resources have been superior to American in bringing material progress to underdeveloped areas. However, since the focus here is on American policy, comparisons of the two systems' methods and motives are not fully explored, and conclusions may be only partially drawn.

Neal Houghton and others make the point that the United States exhibits a similar *"social blindness"* to problems at home, responding to poverty, racial inequality, and domestic violence with rhetoric, token programs, and repressive force. The parallel between the American inability to cope with social change at home and abroad is a significant one, not often expressed.

According to D. W. Smythe and H. H. Wilson, the mass media, also subject to the tremendous growth of corporate power, are controlled by large corporate enterprises in whose interest it is to perpetuate the Cold War mythology and to train loyalty to the American economic-political system. Television, radio, newspapers, the mass-circulation magazines indoctrinate the public with Communism-as-a-disease propaganda and breed conformity of thought by ignoring significant issues.

The lack of dialogue on crucial issues makes improvement of United States policy that much more difficult to achieve. *Struggle Against History* is short on solutions—beyond exhorting the United States to modify its attitudes toward Communism and social revolution. What sort of change would be required? How might that change be effected? If the American economic structure inevitably commits this country to a policy of imperialism and counterrevolution, as many of the authors argue, then how can the United States reverse its course without making fundamental alterations in its economic and social structure and its traditional values? While a few authors flirt mildly with such possibilities, only one, who understandably uses a pseudonym, calls for radical measures. The rest do not follow through on the implications of their argument.

But if the writers raise more questions than they answer, one can still agree with Michael Edwardes that "there is a fundamental value in defining the sort of questions that should be asked and for which answers will have to be found." The contributors to this book have opened doors to far more searching analysis of the way in which the United States can deal with the great questions of revolutionary change and human survival. This is no mean achievement.

**LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS**

1 I g, 2 G e, 3 H j, 4 J f, 5 A b, 6 C h, 7 D a, 8 B i, 9 E d, 10 F c.

Why
100 Pipers?
It strikes just the right note. An even Highlands tenor, smoothed to perfection. Very upper register.
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Seagram's
100 PIPERS
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
Seagram wouldn't settle for less.
Every drop bottled in Scotland at 86 proof. Blended Scotch Whisky. Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## *SR*'s Check List of New Books

### *Crime, Suspense*

THE CORPSE WAS NO BARGAIN AT ALL. By Hampton Stone. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

THE DANUBE RUNS RED. By Richard Meade. Random House. $4.95.

THE MOONEY CASE. By Richard H. Frost. Stanford. $12.50.

THE THREE CASES OF SHOMRI SHOMAR. By Henry Klinger. Trident. $6.50.

### *Current Affairs*

AMERICA NOW. Edited by John G. Kirk. Atheneum. $7.50.

BEYOND CIVIL RIGHTS. By Hubert H. Humphrey. Random House. $5.

CHEMICAL WARFARE: A Study in Restraints. By Frederic J. Brown. Princeton. $9.

HANOI. By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace & World. Paperback, $2.45.

THE LONG CHARADE: Political Subversion in the Vietnam War. By Richard Critchfield. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

MIAMI AND THE SIEGE OF CHICAGO. By Norman Mailer. NAL/World. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, 95¢.

TEN BLOCKS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE: Anatomy of the Washington Riots of 1968. By Ben W. Gilbert. Praeger. Hardbound, $6.50. Paperback, $1.95.

### *Fiction*

CENTRAL PARK UNDERGROUND. By Maxwell E. Siegel. Walker. $4.95.

CHARCO HARBOUR. By Godfrey Blunden. Vanguard. $6.95.

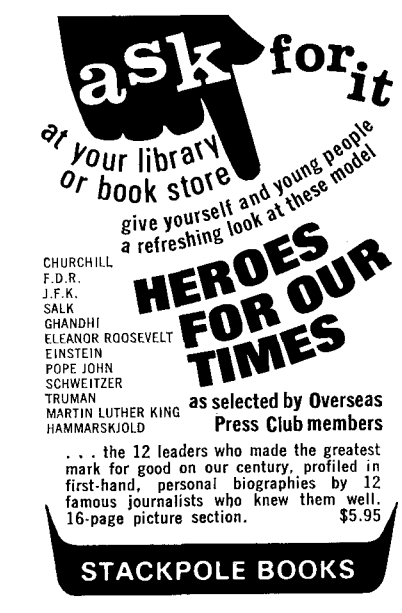
A FEAST OF FAT THINGS. By Hugh Zachary. Harris-Wolfe. $5.95.

THE GOLDEN SICKLE. By Davis Grubb. World. $4.95.

THE HALF GODS. By Charles G. Bell. Houghton Mifflin. $7.95.

MOSBY'S MEMOIRS AND OTHER STORIES. By Saul Bellow. Viking. $5.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SCIENCE FICTION. Edited by Damon Knight. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.



ask for it
at your library or book store
give yourself and young people a refreshing look at these model
HEROES FOR OUR TIMES
CHURCHILL
F.D.R.
J.F.K.
SALK
GHANDHI
ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
EINSTEIN
POPE JOHN
SCHWEITZER
TRUMAN
MARTIN LUTHER KING
HAMMARSKJOLD
as selected by Overseas Press Club members
. . . the 12 leaders who made the greatest mark for good on our century, profiled in first-hand, personal biographies by 12 famous journalists who knew them well. 16-page picture section. $5.95
STACKPOLE BOOKS


THE RAGAZZI. By Pier Paolo Pasolini. Grove. $6.95.

SAVAGE SLEEP. By Millen Brand. Crown. $6.95.

SCARLET BANNERS OF LOVE. By Sacha Carnegie. Dodd, Mead. $6.95.

THE SCHOOL OF SOFT KNOCKS. By William Wiegand. Lippincott. $5.95.

THE THIRD WOMAN. By Aloyzas Baronas. Manyland Books. $5.

TRANSPLANT. By Margaret Jones. Stein & Day. $5.95.

### *History*

THE FOUNDING OF A NATION: A History of the American Revolution, 1763-1776. By Merrill Jensen. Oxford. $13.50.

LONE STAR: A History of Texas and the Texans. By T.R. Fehrenbach. Macmillan. $10.

### *Literary History, Criticism*

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS: A Reinterpretation. By Kermit Vanderbilt. Princeton. $6.50.

CONTEMPORARY EUROPEAN NOVELISTS. Edited by Siegfried Mandel. Southern Illinois. $4.95.

FAULKNER: Myth and Motion. By Richard P. Adams. Princeton. $6.50.

THE FRENCH CRITIC 1549-1967. By Wallace Fowlie. Southern Illinois. $4.95.

### *Miscellany*

BLACK FIRE: An Anthology of Afro-American Writing. Edited by LeRoi Jones and Larry Neal. Morrow. $7.50.

MRS. PARKINSON'S LAW. By C. Northcote Parkinson. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

THINKING ABOUT WOMEN. By Mary Ellmann. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CHEESE. By Christopher Cerf. Doubleday. $4.95.

### *Personal History*

THE LAST EXPLORER: The Adventures of Admiral Byrd. By Edwin P. Hoyt. John Day. $7.95.

THE LETTERS OF RUPERT BROOKE. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. Harcourt, Brace & World. $12.50.

A LONG JOURNEY. By George Charney. Quadrangle. $7.50.

REMINISCENCES OF AFFECTION. By Victor Gollancz. Atheneum. $7.50.

### *Politics, Law*

ALLIANCES AND SMALL POWERS. By Robert L. Rothstein. Columbia. $10.

APARTHEID. By Edgar H. Brookes. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

DISOBEDIENCE AND DEMOCRACY. By Howard Zinn. Random House. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.45.

THE LIMITS OF THE CRIMINAL SANCTION. By Herbert L. Packer. Stanford. $8.95.

PROGRESS, COEXISTENCE, AND INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM. By Andrei D. Sakharov. Norton. $3.95.

THE REMNANTS OF POWER: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson. By Richard J. Walton. Coward-McCann. $5.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

# Disadvantaged

*Continued from page 35*

the 1960s, it has an articulate advocate in Caroline Bird, the author of *Born Female: The High Cost of Keeping Women Down*. Few will fail to find something to challenge the complacent acceptance of the status quo for women in this forthright, lively account. Bird knows the American history of her sex and, while she oversimplifies the pendulum swings between femininity and feminism over the decades, she acknowledges the progress that women have attained in our democratic society. Nevertheless, like the young to whom she expects to appeal, she is impatient. Yes, she says, "the discriminations *for and against* women in general are fading, but they are not fading fast enough to keep up with the changing conditions of home and work. . . ." It is her hope that as women become better educated and better trained they will set their sights higher until they are permitted to contribute as equals to the well-being of their country.

Bird recognizes that for men and women in college now, as well as for recent graduates, feminism is a foreign concept. She believes that their education and mores will help eliminate distinctions in their minds about what is masculine and what is feminine. As a result they will be better equipped for the reciprocal exchange of a genuine partnership in marriage. Bird speaks to this goal in terms of what men must give up primarily, and is surprisingly confident about the ability of husbands and wives to sustain the pressures of a two-career family. With the outlook of a revolutionary, Bird is prepared for the radical consequences that her pattern of total equity would have for the existing structure of society.

Those who may understand her message belong to the better educated groups, but she predicts that "their life style will become more common when more women are given a chance to do what they want to do." *Born Female* offers a cogent and moving feminist perspective and speaks for the same ideal which Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott upheld when they made the first demand for equal opportunities for American women at Seneca Falls in 1848.

It took seventy-two years after the Declaration of Independence before women took that stand; another seventy-two years passed before it resulted in the vote for women in 1920. The present and succeeding generations of men and women must ultimately resolve "the woman question" in new ways and through diverse patterns suitable to the needs of their changing world.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THIS IS MY PROGRAM

*First:* I want to end the war in Vietnam—and end it right away without further loss of life to Americans or Vietnamese. I emphasize a bombing halt as an acceptable risk for peace. I call for a reciprocal cease-fire. I want to get on with the business of making peace. I want to make possible the removal of all foreign forces. I want to build a secure and stable Vietnam in which the people will be able to have a government of their own choosing. I want to bring our men and resources back home where they are so badly needed.

*Second:* I want to put the lessons of Vietnam to work. There is no point in ending the war in Vietnam only to become involved in trouble elsewhere. We need a total reassessment of our national priorities and what is, and what is not, in our national interest. I will have a new team, new advisers, a new Administration to do just that.

*Third:* I intend to work for human rights and for only one class of citizenship in the United States.

*Fourth:* I intend to make a basic distinction between crime and social protest. I will provide law and order without creating a police state in order to do it. I will not tolerate crime and I will strengthen all forms of responsible protection. But neither will I tolerate the conditions of squalor and wretchedness that lead to crime and social unrest.

*Fifth:* I will increase, not decrease, the commitment of the national government to better education for all our citizens—in elementary schools, high schools and universities. I propose a policy of full education from age four through college age for every American child.

*Sixth:* I intend that every person who needs medical or hospital attention shall receive it.

*Seventh:* I am concerned about guns in the hands of men, but I am even more concerned about atomic bombs and long-range missiles in the hands of nations. I want to end the world arms race. I want to get rid of anarchy in the streets but I am just as concerned about anarchy on the international level. And that is why I will commit the foreign policy of the United States to the cause of a stronger United Nations—a United Nations with adequate authority to prevent world war by dealing with basic causes of war.

I have a vision of a healthy and prosperous America in a world at peace. Such an America and such a world will not be easy to achieve. It needs not just a President who is determined to move in this direction, but a people who believe in progress and are prepared to give their best.

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

*This advertisement is sponsored by* CITIZENS FOR HUMPHREY-MUSKIE
*7 East 52nd Street*
*New York, N. Y. 10022*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Music to My Ears

*Irving Kolodin*

## A Treigle-Sills "Faust"; Talvela as Recitalist

WHAT IS of first importance about the performances of Gounod's *Faust* now being given at the New York State Theater by the New York City Opera is not so much the new production devised by Ming Cho Lee, the typically unconventional direction of Frank Corsaro, or even the apt conducting of Julius Rudel. It is, rather, the opportunity it provides for those durable (not to say veteran) collaborator-antagonists Norman Treigle and Beverly Sills to extend, on another front and in a different mood, an ever-lengthening history of shared opportunities and divided responsibilities on the lyric stage.

As Méphistophélès and Marguerite they are hardly new to each other, for they have given luster, of sorts, to prior productions under the same auspices over nearly a decade in the old home on 55th Street. The "of sorts" recognizes that this takes in the beginnings of their enterprises together, also the progressive steps by which they have arrived at their present prominence. Fortunately —one might almost say characteristically —the recent forward steps have been mutual rather than individual. As a result, they continue to complement each other in vocal subtlety, dramatic craft, and theatrical believability.

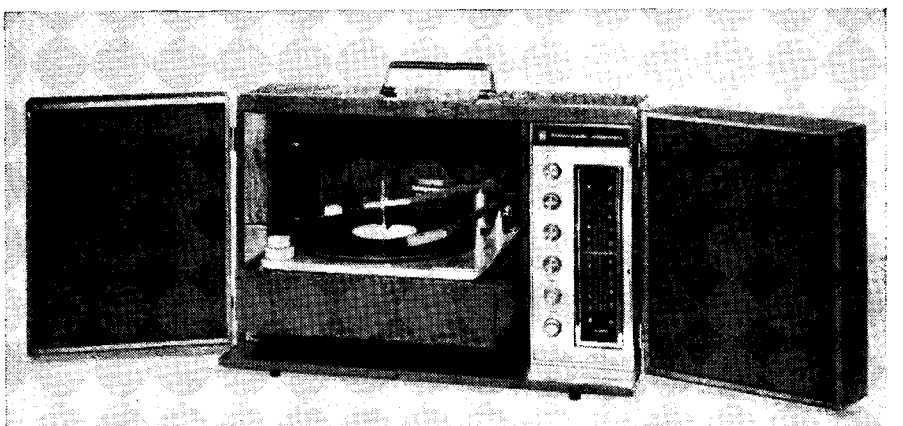
But the advances have not been exactly identical. With Treigle, the upgrading has been primarily in the visual dimension, for he has always met the vocal challenge of Méphistophélès head-on, in particularly felicitous French. Now, either on his own or with Corsaro's assistance, he has evolved a kind of fey, Scaramouche-like fallen angel, who is both courtly (as befits a once-certified member of the Heavenly company) and sardonic (as, likewise, befits one who has had history's most monumental fall). He moves with lean grace and a lilting kind of vivacity, related to (if not derived from) the Gallicisms in Méphistophélès as directed for the Met stage by Jean-Louis Barrault. The amorous advances, here and there, to this or that member of the female ensemble, are also in the best *"Vive la France"* tradition.

With Miss Sills, the visual element of Marguerite has long been provided for through Nature's own bounty. What is clearly in ascendance now is a sophisticated conception of the vocal characters appropriate to Gounod's music, a plural induced by the recognition that they are at least several. What she is up to is clearly defined in those few words in the "Kermesse Scene"—*"Non, Monsieur! je ne suis demoiselle, ni belle. Et je n' ai pas besoin qu'on me donne la main"*—which the usual soprano throws away or intone, grudgingly, as though in protest against the necessity that brings her on stage when Marguerite's "part" only begins in the next act.

With Miss Sills, *"Non, Monsieur!"*, etc., provided the opportunity to establish immediately, and unequivocally, that Marguerite is, as yet, an innocent, a maiden, a girl rather than a woman. She sustains this lightness of sound and virginity of tone through the "Garden Scene," reserving for the post-seduction sequence and the suffering it induces the full power and color of the voice. That she has the bounce and lightness suitable for the "Jewel Song" (likewise, the proper trill) is so much more grist to the grinding mill of her purpose. Lest it be supposed that this is some kind of heavenly revelation original with her, it is appropriate to remark that it is nothing of the kind—rather a procedure going back at least as far as that which qualified Emma Calvé as a great Marguerite as well as Carmen. It is the twin distinction of Sills that she is not merely clever enough to appreciate the logic of the procedure, but possessed of the vocal craft to bring it off.

Insofar as the physical surroundings were concerned, they complemented Lee's taste and discrimination best in the "Garden Scene," for all the determination to strip the walls from Marguerite's dwelling, leaving it neither *"chaste"* nor *"pure."* The decision to make the seduction visible as well as audible was on the level of projection devised by Corsaro to award Marguerite the hangman's noose at the end, rather than the salvation conceived by librettists Carré and Barbier. I am not arguing justice or injustice, but rather the simple proposition that such summary judgment does violence to the tone, the mood, the total aura of Gounod's music. If that is the ending to the Faust saga Corsaro craves, the appropriate procedure would be to invent a fresh musical treatment, rather than impose the new end on the old means.

Some of Corsaro's ideas, such as evoking Méphistophélès from among the corpses awaiting Faust's analytic attention in his study or vitalizing the action that results in Valentin's death, were good; others, such as bringing on Marguerite to be the visible object of "Avant

The world's most luxurious portable stereo phonograph is a stereo FM/AM radio, too!

This magnificent instrument outperforms many consoles on the market today. It brings you the full beauty of music from stereo FM/AM radio and your records. Powerful Magnavox solid-state components deliver big, resonant room-filling sound...without distortion. Walnut encased speakers swing out or detach for greater stereo separation. At franchised Magnavox dealers listed in your Yellow Pages. Portable phonographs from only $19.90.

the magnificent Magnavox

270 Park Ave., New York, New York 10017




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

de quitter ces lieux" in the "Kermesse Scene," were rather tediously trivial. As for the "dramatization" of "Le Roi de Thule," in which Marguerite shed an outer skirt while retaining much more apparel than most ladies in the audience, the only comment would be: Why?

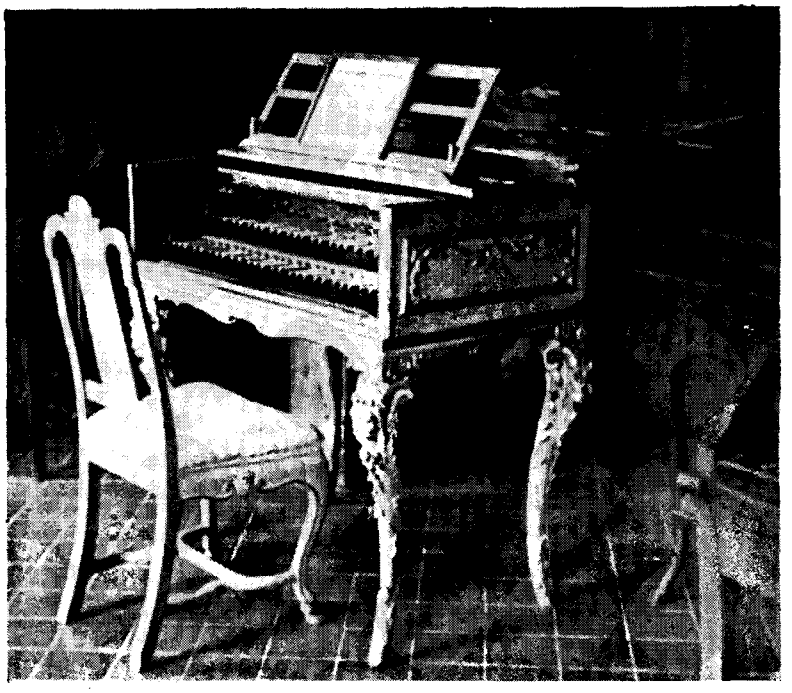
For the rest, the main virtues of this *Faust* were musical—not only in the strong efforts of Michele Molese as Faust and Frances Bible as Siebel, but also in the choice of Dominic Cossa for Valentin and Muriel Greenspon for Martha.

**The evening** was operatically rich on both sides of the Lincoln Center Plaza, as it also brought back the Metropolitan's solid production of Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*. Even without such past performers as Tozzi, Siepi, and Hines, it was strongly cast with Nicolai Ghiaurov (Fiesco) and Sherrill Milnes (Paolo) new in their roles, balanced by Cornell MacNeil (as Simon) and Richard Tucker (Gabriele). Much of their effort overlapped the happenings in the State Theater, but time and proximity permitted attention to the debut of Rita Orlandi as Amelia. Hers is not yet a diamond of a voice, however rough, but it is the kind of Italian talent one likes to welcome at the Met. That is, both voice and artistry are at the point where contact with demanding standards can smooth rough edges and refine a certain kind of artistic coarseness. There is no guarantee that such will be the case, but the strength of Orlandi's sound, the fervor latent in its use, suggest a real *spinto* aptitude. Further comment on *Simon* and Francesco Molinari-Pradelli's conducting of it must await another occasion.

A final phase of an eventful evening of vocalism occurred in the Hunter College Playhouse, where Martti Talvela was raising his notable voice for the first time in New York as a recitalist. His sensibly chosen program took in the twelve songs of Schumann's Opus 35, a lengthy group by his countryman Kilpinen, and six romances of Rachmaninoff. He was, at the point of my release from Gounod and Verdi, just beginning romancing Rachmaninoff in Russian, which, in all respects, he realized refreshingly. That is to say, he sustained the level of artistry with which he had discharged his obligations to Verdi in last season's performance of the Requiem (with George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra) and in last week's debut at the Metropolitan (as the Grand Inquisitor in *Don Carlo*), while adjusting force and emphasis, fervor and finesse to the intimacies of the altered medium. A massive man, a striking intellect, a powerful musician, this Talvela—but, above all, a *singer*. As a final testament to his faith in what he was doing was his choice of the little-

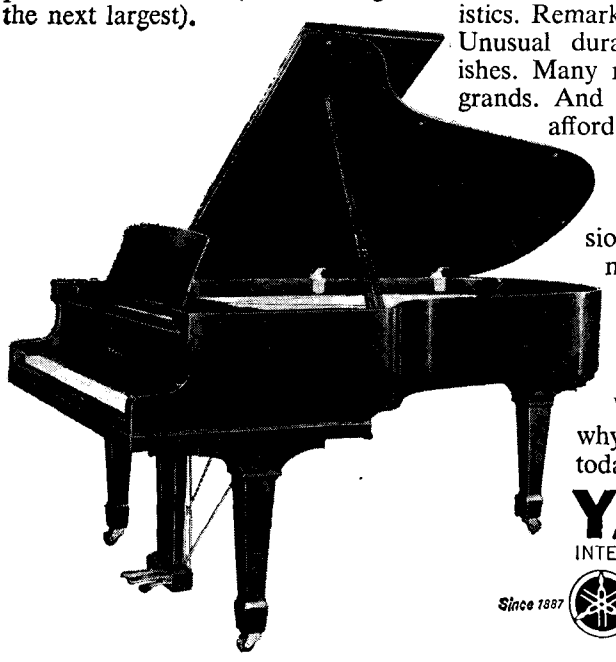
(*Continued on page* 73)


# Is this the first Yamaha piano?



# No. We didn't invent the piano in 1709. Cristofori did. But we've made a lot of improvements since then.

And because we've been successful, we're the largest manufacturer of pianos in the world (twice as large as the next largest).



So if *you* are looking for a piano, experience a Yamaha. It has marvelous tone. Beautiful tuning characteristics. Remarkably responsive action. Unusual durability. Handsome finishes. Many models from spinets to grands. And they are *all* at family-affordable prices.

But don't let the modest price deceive you. Yamaha is truly professional quality. Universities, music schools, teachers and professional pianists all over the country are using Yamaha. With great success.

Why not see and hear why... at a Yamaha dealer's today.

**YAMAHA**

INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION

Since 1887

7733 Telegraph Road,
Montebello, Calif.
Eastern Branch:
200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y.




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# World of Dance

*Walter Terry*

**Sharmistha Guha (Santi Bose, background), appearing with the Uday Shankar Hindu Dancers and Musicians—"versatile and personable."**

## The One Called "Uday"

"Oh," said the young actor-singer, "I thought I was going to hear Ravi. I didn't know there was another Shankar." How times have changed! Today, to a new generation, a "Shankar performance" means one by Ravi Shankar playing the sitar; yesterday, it meant Uday Shankar, dancer.

For close to half a century, the senior Shankar brother, now sixty-eight, has brought great honor to the ancient dance art of India, which he reinvigorated with his personal genius, not only in his homeland but also around the world. Indeed, the great poet Rabindranath Tagore, addressing himself to Uday Shankar, said: "You have made the art of dancing your life's companion. Through it you have won the laurels of the West." Now, Ravi is winning most of those laurels, but the continuing force of Uday is not to be overlooked, as was demonstrated when the Uday Shankar Hindu Dancers and Musicians, coming to us from the renowned Uday Shankar India Culture Center in Calcutta, played a week's engagement in the vast Assembly Hall of Hunter College in New York City.

In the 1920s, young Uday became associated with the most celebrated ballerina of the West, Anna Pavlova. He performed with her, he taught her Hindu dance, and she taught him a great deal about Western theater. The collaboration, though brief, was of immense importance to this Indian, for it led him to free Hindu dance of unnecessary strictures and, while cherishing its heritage, serve the twentieth century. He could, and did, create dances about Shiva, Lord of the Dance, and about the needs for social and economic reforms (in a movie) on an Indian plantation, with equal fervor and astute assessment.

As a schoolboy, the first two dancers I saw were Harriet Hoctor, with her fabulous backbend and her shimmering *bourrées;* and Shankar, framed in gold, majestic, Himalayan, as Shiva. The next day I bought a copy of *Dance of Shiva,* a book of essays by Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy—I didn't *understand* it but I *felt it,* and I learned how to pronounce the author's name.

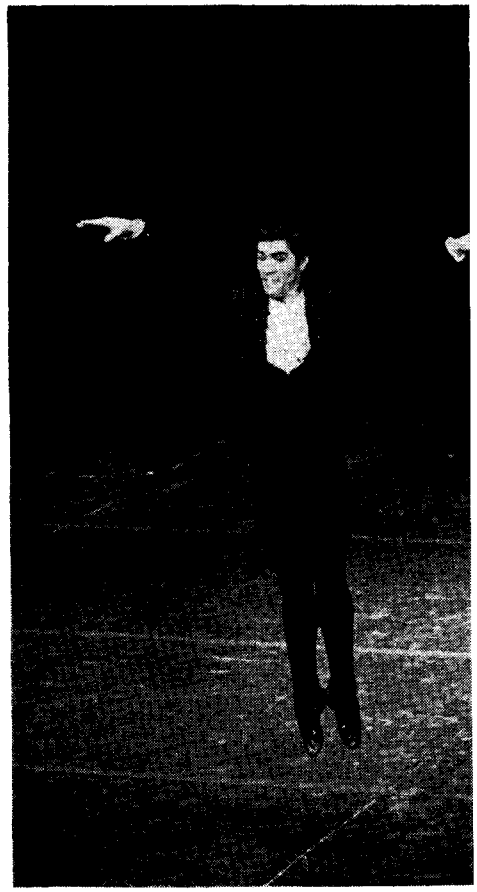
Seeing Shankar again, or, rather, his company, brought to mind how well he has bridged East and West. His own dancing is now limited—he is no longer the Golden God but, rather, the somewhat weary and very patient senior deity (Indra)—but his company is presented in dances which contain more of the lustiness, the immediacy of rural, regional, and tribal dances than of the serene, contemplative ritual dances. Shankar may have grown old but his command of theater, as expressed in the repertory of his very good-looking young dancers, remains as astute as ever. I need only report that balanced with a really lovely dance-drama of the Lord Buddha are dances of pretty temple girls, warriors, aborigines, and a musical highlight involving a Vladimir Horowitz of the multiple drums *(tabla taranga),* Kamalesh Maitra, so brilliant and mesmeric that Ravi had better watch out.

Yes, Uday Shankar, as director-choreographer, successfully channels India's dance millennia into the stream of today's theater. His young dancers are by no means the most accomplished to have come out of India, but they are versatile, personable, lively, and stunningly costumed.

This visit of Shankar and his dancers, the first since 1962, was arranged for by S. Hurok, who knew Shankar in the Pavlova days as far back as 1922, and who introduced him to cheering, enchanted American audiences first in 1932. We usually think of Hurok as a princely purveyor of Western ballet, both European and American, but he also fosters the ethnic and the exotic. This year, Uday Shankar was the first in a series of ethnic-slanted dance attractions which include the gorgeous Rumanian Folk Ballet (which recently played at Madison Square Garden), the ever-popular Ballet Folklorico of Mexico, and Cirro and his Ballet Flamenco. (Poland's Mazowsze postponed its scheduled visit because of political tensions in Central Europe.)

**There is** a decided ethnic touch to one of the novelties which the City Center Joffrey Ballet presented during its fall season at the New York City Center. It is called *Fanfarita,* a made-up word which would indicate "a little fanfare in Spanish style," and its star is the Madrid-born, ballet-trained Luis Fuente, one of the Joffrey troupes most exciting young dancers. Fuente sustained an ankle injury early in the engagement and the premiere of *Fanfarita* had to be postponed, but it was worth waiting for, not because it's a great ballet but because it's a splendid vehicle for Luis Fuente.

He makes his entrance with castanets in hand, and he plays them—and well—



*—Martha Swope.*

**The new *Fanfarita,* with Luis Fuente—"a unique performer."**



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

during much of the ballet. The *grands jetés,* the *tours en l'air,* the *batterie* which he executes so brilliantly are all in the vocabulary of the classical ballet, but the castanets, the arrogant stance of the body, the bull-like alertness of the head, fingers poised as if they were miniature darts all belong to Spain. Gerald Arpino, the choreographer, has mixed the Spanish and the balletic neatly, just as he did in the final movement of his *Viva Vivaldi!,* one of his most successful ballets.

Hispanic ballets are not, of course, a new invention. The Viennese Fanny Elssler excelled in such a hybrid genre more than a hundred years ago; Massine, adept at Spanish dance, made ballets with Spanish flavors; and our own divine dance maverick, Carmelita Maracci, combined Spanish dancing with classical ballet in zestful recipes which will, I think, remain unequaled in the history of dance. *Fanfarita* is by no means in this category, but it is enough that it exists to serve the special talents of the dynamic, exuberant, glowering Fuente.

Two of Joffrey's very best female dancers, Erika Goodman and Susan Magno, are participants in this *pas de trois,* and, although they dance well, Arpino has simply tossed them steps which they have done before in other ballets. Briefly, he has given each the kind of action she does best (leg extensions for Goodman; jumps for Magno), thus saddling them with individual performing clichés. He has really done the same with Fuente, but he has expanded his materials from *Viva Vivaldi!* into a full-scale showpiece for a unique performer. (Joan Sutherland, virtuosa, not only sings great music from grand opera but also such popular show-off items as "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark." *Fanfarita* is a sort of terpsichorean "Lo! Hear, etc." for a dancing virtuoso, Fuente.) So enjoy it as it prances and dashes along to music derived from Ruperto Chapi's *El Tambor de Granaderos,* and as it glows in the lighting designed by Thomas Skelton.

For those who might, foolishly, have missed the fall Joffrey season, and it was a beauty (with only a very few bloopers, but lots and lots of smashing successes), let me say that the troupe will be back in residence at the City Center from February 18 through March 23. Go.

**SEND GOOD WISHES...**

**EXPRESS GOOD TASTE...**

**ASSURE GOOD READING**

Saturday Review is a gift you can give confidently to everyone on your list who shares your zest for wit and wisdom. Each recipient has 53 reminders of your thoughtfulness—the engraved Tiffany card which announces your gift before Christmas . . . and weekly Saturday Review service throughout the New Year. Use coupon below to order.

**SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES**

**One gift subscription $8** **Additional subscriptions $6**

Above rates apply to U.S. and Canada only.
Elsewhere add $2 per subscription.

**A TIMELY REMINDER!**

Saturday Review's one year rate goes to $9.00 April 1, 1969. So it makes good sense—and good savings—to include your own new or renewal subscription with your gift order!

**Saturday Review 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017**

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

Gift for_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Gift Card Signed_____

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

Gift for_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Gift Card Signed_____

Sent By_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Include my own subscription ☐ New ☐ Renewal

I enclose $_____ ☐ Bill me later

X81A




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# SR Recommends

## BOOKS

### Nonfiction

**DIARIES AND LETTERS, VOL. III: THE LATER YEARS, 1945-62,** Harold Nicolson edited by Nigel Nicolson. Atheneum, $8.50 (*SR,* Oct. 19).

**INSTANT REPLAY: THE GREEN BAY DIARY OF JERRY KRAMER,** edited by Dick Schaap. NAL/World, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 12).

**JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU: THE QUEST (1712-1758),** Lester G. Crocker. Macmillan, $9.95 (*SR,* Oct. 5).

**MAN'S RISE TO CIVILIZATION AS SHOWN BY THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA FROM PRIMEVAL TIMES TO THE COMING OF THE INDUSTRIAL STATE,** Peter Farb. Dutton, $8.95 (*SR,* Oct. 19).

**MAYO: THE STORY OF MY FAMILY AND MY CAREER,** Charles W. Mayo, M.D. Doubleday, $6.95 (*SR,* Oct. 26).

**THE MINUTEMEN,** J. Harry Jones, Jr. Doubleday, $6.95 (*SR,* Oct. 12).

**MY DEAREST AUGUSTA: A BIOGRAPHY OF AUGUSTA LEIGH, LORD BYRON'S HALF-SISTER,** Peter Gunn. Atheneum, $6.50 (*SR,* Oct. 19).

**NEW AMERICAN REVIEW #4,** edited by Theodore Solotaroff. New American Library, paperback, $1.25 (*SR,* Oct. 5).

**NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS: A BIOGRAPHY BASED ON HIS LETTERS,** Helen Kazantzakis, translated by Amy Mims. Simon & Schuster, $12 (*SR,* Oct. 26).

**THE POVERTY OF LIBERALISM,** Robert Paul Wolff. Beacon, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 12).

**RHODESIA: CRISIS OF COLOR,** Theodore Bull. Quadrangle, $4.50 (*SR,* Oct. 19).

**WALLACE,** Marshall Frady. NAL/World, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 5).

**WHAT I HAVE LEARNED: A COLLECTION OF 20 AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS BY GREAT CONTEMPORARIES FROM THE SATURDAY REVIEW.** Simon & Schuster, $6.50 (*SR,* Oct. 12).

### Fiction

**THE DEPARTMENT,** Gerald Warner Brace. Norton, $4.95 (*SR,* Oct. 5).

**EXPENSIVE PEOPLE,** Joyce Carol Oates. Vanguard, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 26).

**THE LAST OF THE GREEKS,** Olivia Davis. Houghton Mifflin, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 26).

**LEGENDS OF OUR TIME,** Elie Wiesel. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 19).

**A MARRIED MAN,** Benjamin DeMott. Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95 (*SR,* Oct. 12).

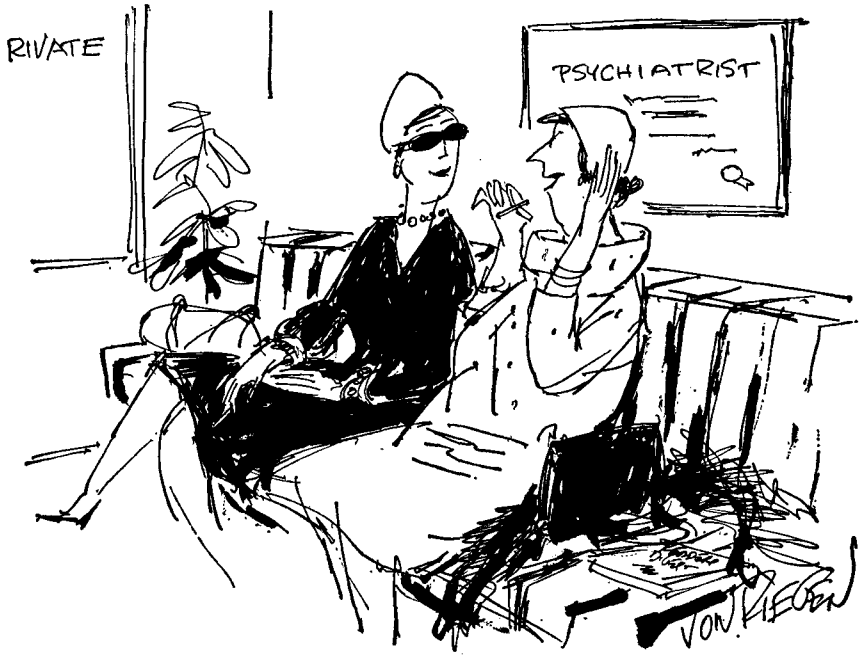
**THE SEANCE AND OTHER STORIES,** Isaac Bashevis Singer. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 12).

**THE THIRD BANK OF THE RIVER AND OTHER STORIES,** João Guimarães Rosa, translated by Barbara Shelby. Knopf, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 19).

## ART

### Exhibitions

**FROM EL GRECO TO POLLOCK,** at the Baltimore Museum of Art. Borrowed from Europe and America, the exhibition juxtaposes early and late paintings by a historic galaxy of some seventy artists.




*"He lifted all restrictions—I can dream anything I like now."*

**SELECTIONS FROM THE COLLECTION OF GOVERNOR NELSON ROCKEFELLER,** at the Everson Museum of Art, Syracuse, New York. In honor of the Everson's new museum building designed by I. M. Pei, important modern works from the Rockefeller collection have been borrowed as an opening show.

**BRASSAI,** at the Museum of Modern Art, New York City. The Paris scene—and a notable career in photo-reportage—happily revisited in a nostalgic retrospective.

**SECOND SIGHT,** at the Worcester Craft Center, Worcester, Massachusetts. A group show emanating from Minor White's workshops invites a second look.

**A VISUAL ODYSSEY, 1958-68,** at the Gallery of Modern Art, Columbus Circle, New York City. Even the most static of architectural subjects responds to peripatetic Roloff Beny's eye for faultless composition and fine attention to contrast and detail.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

### Books

**AMERICAN ALBUM: RARE PHOTOGRAPHS COLLECTED BY THE EDITORS OF AMERICAN HERITAGE.** Simon & Schuster, $17.50. In this random anthology of early camera-work, the lens as "faithful witness" proves to be the social historian's best friend.

**DAVID SMITH BY DAVID SMITH,** text and photographs by the author, edited by Cleve Gray. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $22.95. The sculptor's own photo-documentary is both record and revelation of the creative process at work.

**MY CAMERA ON POINT LOBOS,** with thirty photographs, foreword, and selections from *The Daybooks,* by Edward Weston. Da Capo, $27.50. Reproduced from the original letterpress plates of the 1950 edition, this marks a welcome return to print of a Weston classic.

**THE BEST OF BEATON,** with an introduction by Truman Capote. Macmillan, $17.95. Some of Cecil Beaton's "best" may not be good enough, but much of it flawlessly mirrors his world of the beautiful people and places.

**THE U.S.A.: AN AERIAL CLOSE-UP,** with text, color, and black-and-white photographs by Charles E. Rotkin. Crown, $17.50. Ample evidence that a well piloted, helicopter-borne camera can transfigure commonplace terrain into a striking tapestry of pattern and texture.

## THEATER

**THE GREAT WHITE HOPE** (*SR,* Oct. 19); **THE MAN IN THE GLASS BOOTH** (*SR,* Oct. 12).

## MOVIES

**THE BOSTON STRANGLER** (*SR,* Oct. 26); **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE** (*SR,* Oct. 12); **FINIAN'S RAINBOW** (*SR,* Oct. 5); **THE FIREMEN'S BALL** (*SR,* Oct. 26); **HOT MILLIONS** (*SR,* Oct. 19); **PRETTY POISON** (*SR,* Oct. 5); **ROMEO AND JULIET** (*SR,* Oct. 5).

**Also: THE BOFORS GUN; WARRENDALE; ZITA.**



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Theater

*Henry Hewes*

## A Game for Our Sons

DESPITE THE UTTER arbitrariness of its story and the exasperating failure of its pretense that its characters are real actors portraying soldiers in a make-believe war, *We Bombed in New Haven* does have something to say and a few fresh insights to offer. What emerges in novelist Joseph Heller's first play is his concern for the dispiriting world of modern soldiers who docilely and shortsightedly obey all orders to inflict death on any target they are asked to bomb, and even to be killed doing so. Equally admirable is his quiet charge that it is we, who pay the soldiers and tacitly approve the military system, who have done nothing to change it.

This dispirited atmosphere is reflected from the beginning in Jason Robards's matter-of-fact portrayal of the beaten-down Captain Starkey, who never risks his own life but as good-naturedly as possible hands down orders from his superiors to the men. Starkey carries this matter-of-factness into his relationship with a girl named Ruth played by Diana Sands. Does he really love her? His job has made him so passive that he really doesn't know. Then, too, as the play points out, we are living in a world where nobody wants anybody for very long. And when Ruth says she is pregnant, Starkey agrees to marry her, because his job has conditioned him to be accommodating and practical.

But the love affair between the play's two stars is no more than a footnote to its main plot. This plot is simply that one of the actor-soldiers, a man named Henderson played by an actor named Ron Leibman, is upset when a fellow actor playing another soldier can't be found after the soldier he was playing was killed in a raid. Leibman-Henderson is further upset when he learns that the soldier he himself is playing will be killed in the next raid. He tries to escape, but returns when Robards-Starkey promises him that he will see to it that he gets out of the assignment. But Robards-Starkey is helpless to carry out his promise. Leibman-Henderson is killed, and Robards-Starkey goes about the task of replacing him. But each replacement, no matter what his name is, turns out to be his own son, who is not, unfortunately, Robards's own son but another actor, Gene Scandur.

The trouble with all this is that the double identities are sometimes more of a liability than they are an asset. One suspects that it might have worked better if Heller had stipulated that instead of the actors playing themselves playing soldiers, they play fictitious actors playing soldiers.

On the positive side is a cleverly dramatized scene where we watch the army reduce the men to childishness, first by having them play football, then moving on to building blocks, and finally ending up with rattles and pacifiers. A little later, there is a vivid demonstration of the difference between the bombs we manufacture and think of abstractly as weapons, and the bomb that actually explodes and kills. Occasionally, Heller gives us a bit of dialogue that is remarkably revealing in the truth of its illogic. "Why don't you let the men smoke?" the Captain asks. "Because they want to," replies the Major. And when a fifteen-year-old kid is asked why he has enlisted, he explains, "They said it would disrupt my life less if I got killed sooner."

Director John Hirsch has staged the proceedings crisply, and Leibman's performance as the distraught Henderson and Joseph Holland's amusing portrayal of an ambitious corporal are fully defined and most memorable. While one cannot help wishing that Heller had brought more of the special quality of his writing to the dialogue, and created a less abstract story, *We Bombed in New Haven* is still worth seeing and pondering.

**Certainly one** of the most civilized plays ever written is Molière's *The Misanthrope*. It paints three kinds of people for us. There are the foolish ones who enjoy the pretenses of society. These include Oronte, the courtier who likes to think of himself as a poet; Acaste, who fancies himself as God's gift to women; Arsinoe, a bitchy lady who hides her desire behind an indignant moral façade; and Célimène, a pretty young girl who enjoys being paid attention to by several suitors despite the fact that she has little respect for all but one of them—and even that one has faults that she readily recognizes.

On the opposite side is Alceste, a young man who cannot abide hypocrisy or the gray area between right and wrong, good and bad. And in the middle are the modest Eliante, unrequitedly in love with Alceste, and Philinte, Alceste's wise and moderate friend in love with Eliante.

The current APA-Phoenix revival of this comedy echoes the restraint and moderation of Eliante and Philinte, and thereby reinforces Molière's point that although society is spiced by the excesses of its most colorful figures, it is sustained by the practical wisdom of its milder members. Director Stephen Porter has avoided the temptation either to choreograph it breathtakingly or to increase its emotional voltage more than a comedy can bear. Thus undistracted, we listen more intently to Richard Wilbur's remarkably rich translation of Molière's rhymed couplets.

As Alceste, Richard Easton offers us an ebullient romantic, thereby achieving the gaucherie required for the role even though he ends up making us feel that Alceste is somewhat too eager to be defeated by society. Brian Bedford is impeccable as the vain suitor, never overdoing his folly or his hauteur, and yet terribly funny in his absurd self-assessment speech. And best of all is Christine Pickles's Célimène. Miss Pickles has the sort of full orchestra voice needed to create a scintillating girl of multiple possibilities. Her performance is beautifully relaxed as she never speaks a line more forcefully than the occasion requires. Thus, in the famous speech when she socks it to Arsinoe, her triumph is graceful and subtle, rather than brutal and malicious.

All in all, this production is a delight, and its success suggests the possibility that maybe the APA can exercise its considerable skills most effectively when it does so simply and relaxedly.

Unhappily, this same company's production of T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* fails almost completely because of some inexplicable miscasting. Sydney Walker, a splendid character actor who might do well as the middle-aged husband, seems much too seedy as the omniscient psychiatrist. Conversely, Brian Bedford appears much too sophisticated and knowing as the husband. (Would not, perhaps, a switch in roles be in order?) Patricia Conolly catches the bewilderment of Celia, but not her strong inner drive for a more significant life. And Nancy Walker's unique clowning style and hammer-it-home delivery is too unsubtle for the shrewdly interfering Julia.

This is unfortunate, for *The Cocktail Party* is an important play and one that can be done justice to by American actors. Since the APA-Phoenix is pledged to present its production of this play to their 19,000 subscribers over a twelve-week period, it cannot drop *The Cocktail Party* from its repertory. Therefore, one would hope that it might be possible for the APA to recast and restage the play during its run.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Fine Arts

*Katharine Kuh*

## Appreciative Notes on the Fresco Show

THE EXHIBITION of Italian frescoes currently on view at the Metropolitan Museum is a triumph for many reasons, but perhaps most of all because it recalls a world so contrary to our own as to become a revelation. If art is a reflection of life—and I firmly believe it is despite present-day denials—then to juxtapose contemporary vision with that of the Italian Renaissance is to see ourselves more clearly. No qualitative esthetic comparisons are intended here, for both periods produced creative giants.

But the traumas and urgent anxieties often mirrored in twentieth-century art are absent from the Metropolitan exhibition. With breakup often the core of modern vision, it is the reverse—a deliberate wholeness—that invests early Italian paintings. We of the present have smashed form and with it the atom. Men of the Renaissance, on the other hand, preserved form in its most tactile sense. For them it was the reassuring symbol of all that was rational and true. Their art was an art of tradition. As one moves chronologically through the exhibition, one realizes that even aggressive innovators adhered to certain accepted canons. Today, our only canons are speed, change, and "death to the past." The development of early Italian art is gradual, logical, rhythmic. The development of twentieth-century art is based on repudiation and a tumultuous search for the new. Sometimes, ironically, the history of both periods culminates in easy imitation.

The strongest cleavage between these two ages shows itself in varying attitudes toward man. The Italians' concern for human dignity shines out from every frescoed surface. Placing their ultimate trust in the idealized individual, these painters produced a contemplative and aristocratic art whether it was intended for church or state. Art of the last hundred years, even before Cubism, reveals a very different man, a many-sided, fractured, sometimes tortured, often mechanized victim of his own making, or, indeed, reveals him not at all. The more abstract art becomes, the more man is minimized. Depersonalized and flawed, he is seen no longer as the integrated master of his surroundings, but as an anonymous tool of shiny mass production or as a worried captive of conflicts beyond his control.

—San Sepolcro.

***Saint* by Piero della Francesca**

**For me,** the exhibition poses unexpected questions. Why, I keep asking, did a luminous fragment, nothing more than a pensive head by Piero della Francesca, prove so moving? Is it because my generation has been conditioned to respect this artist's cool restraint and formal resolution, or is it because the head itself has a grandeur beyond its immediate intention? Yet, only a few weeks ago I heard a noted American painter complaining that he found Piero's frescoes little better than oversweet, tinted illustrations. And for that matter, a number of other important modern artists (not always young ones either) tell me that the Metropolitan show leaves them curiously untouched. Could it be they are so involved with today they can no longer be stirred by gentler voices from the past? Understandably, the stark brutality of primitive images is closer to their needs than the sometimes diluted refinements of a discarded humanism. This is not to suggest that our period is consistently more brutal than was the Renaissance in Italy. One need only follow the history of the Borgias to realize that all was not sunshine and light in those days either. But there is a difference. Destruction is on a larger scale today and more impersonal. It is a familiar concomitant of our lives.

I cannot forget a spring day in 1967 when I visited the Pitti Palace workshop of Leonetto Tintori, one of Italy's most distinguished fresco restorers. There, casually propped in the corner was Andrea del Castagno's famous *Trinity and St. Jerome with Saints*, a fresco which, because of Florence's catastrophic flood, had only recently been detached



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Museo di San Marco, Florence.*

***St. Peter Martyr* by Fra Angelico.**

from its wall in the Church of the Santissima Annunziata (see "Florence: Mending Damaged Treasures," *SR*, July 22, 1967). Next to it stood the sinopia or original drawing on plaster the artist had used as a guide for the finished fresco he subsequently painted on a new layer of plaster over the sinopia. Now for the first time, thanks to modern scientific methods of preservation, we are figuratively able to go behind the scenes and see how Castagno worked, how and even why he departed from his preliminary design. Striking is the loose, free drawing of the sinopia in contrast to the final fresco with its tightly mannered, crisp intensity.

**In New York** at the Metropolitan Museum you can see these two works of art (through November 15) hanging next to each other, and, in addition, you can see other equally remarkable pairs. At times, the sinopie are brilliant, personal notations imbued with such spontaneity that even single-minded modernists must capitulate. Take, for example, the speeding, nervous calligraphy in Spinelli's drawing of *Christ on the Cross with Virgin and St. John*, or the incisive lines of a marvelous floating angel in Castagno's sinopia of *The Resurrection*.

**True,** some of the frescoes on view are little more than fragments and archeological ones at that. For the visitor who has never seen a great Giotto, the segment at the Metropolitan is hardly a fair introduction. But other fragments come through with stunning impact, notably the Piero della Francesca and Fra Angelico's *St. Peter*, an image of silence with finger to lip that could well have influenced Redon. In this one small fresco, the ethereal fervor of Fra Angelico is successfully summarized. And Fra Bartolommeo's *Meeting of St. Francis and St. Dominic* is another expressive segment where further amplification is unnecessary. Here, a scarred detail becomes the apotheosis of all human tenderness.

Poignant, too, are watermarks on many paintings, indicating irreparable damage inflicted by the flood. One is grateful, however, that these detached frescoes are preservations and never reconstructions. What is left remains; what is destroyed is gone. Those viewers who have never visited Italy may worry that the works have lost some of their mystique because of an up-to-date American setting. But I, for one, was overjoyed to see them at eye level in well-lit rooms. It was like seeing them for the first time. And certain of the compositions from provincial centers, such as the remarkable *Birth of the Virgin* by the Prato Master, probably are first-time experiences for even seasoned travelers.

**To the scholar,** the novice, the jaded, the doubter, this show has something important to give. To this reviewer it gave unqualified delight.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Booked for Travel

*Edited by Horace Sutton*

## The Teller at the Outer Banks

IN THE SUMMERTIME, the misty-yellow heat moves across the dunes and roadway in long shimmering lines, and the ocean lies coppery and still beneath it. The birds scarcely fly above the crests of the dunes, their lazy wings brushing the feathered stalks of sea oats. It is very still, very quiet, and is it the vast water or the low-lying land that holds the more mystery?

In the winter, the wind comes across with nothing to stop it or slow it down, cold and wet with the sting of salt, uncompromising in its fury. The white wall moves swiftly from the horizon, slanting solidly white across the dulled water, covering the brief bit of land with snow, spray, and chilling cold. The land is desolate at any time, but it is so much a part of the elements, so inextricably bound up with the bitter wind and rain, fearful mountains of water, and relentless heat that its beauty fills up the heart even as it fills up the sea and sky.

This is the land where Sir Walter Raleigh sent his colonists to transplant England into the New World, and where they vanished forever—to where?—the wilderness or the sea? Today, one can walk the path through the trees to the spot on the northern end of Roanoke Island where the earthworks of the ancient fort have been rebuilt as they were late in the sixteenth century. In the hot summer sun, the steaming air rises from the dense underbrush; all is still except for the croaking of frogs and a shrill bird cry. Even so, it must have been in August 1587 when the colonists first came ashore to build their fort and try desperately to maintain a foothold on that hostile, unyielding land. Stranded by events at home which kept all English ships fighting Philip of Spain instead of sparing even one to bring them relief, some terrible, mysterious event occurred to wipe out all traces of the people who once lived there.

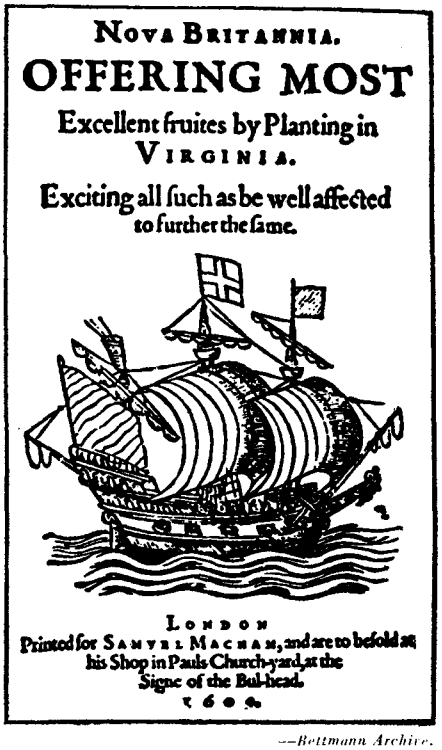
How did John White feel on that day, four years after leaving the colony for England, when his returning ship finally sighted the Virginia Capes and raised Roanoke Island? Standing at the rail, anxiously scanning the shore for any sign of life, for a sight of his daughter Eleanor and her baby, Virginia Dare, his heart pounding with anticipation, his mind racing with the thought: Was it still well with them?

> We let fall our grapnel neere the shore and sounded with a trumpet a Call, and afterwardes many familiar English tunes of Songs, and called to them friendly.

But there was no answering cry, no song, no shout of recognition. Only the silence of the deep forest, which filled their hearts with dread. For when they went ashore, there was nothing save the overgrown ruins of the fort and a crudely carved word, "Croatoan," on a tree.

—Bettmann Archive.

**Fort James, 1607—"Wresting . . . bare existence from a cleared bit of wilderness under the hostile eyes of Indians."**




—Bettmann Archive.

**Advertisement, 1609—"Where men lived free . . . under the protection of English law."**

**The history books** speak of the sailors' fear of the desolate place, the inability of John White to carry his search as far south as Croatoan Island, almost 100 miles away. Yet there are always the unanswered questions—if the Indians had massacred all the settlers, why were there no bones, no relics, no charred houses, no evidence of any kind left behind? If the colonists had put out to sea in homemade boats, in the desperate hope of returning to England, why had they left no sign behind? If some of the children or adults had been absorbed into the Indian tribe, why did not a single one of them pass on the tale to anyone who came after?

But they vanished—wholly—and "the silence surged softly backward" as John White returned to his ship and sailed back to England. It would be twenty more years before the next ships returned to land colonists at Jamestown, a little farther northward.

Thanks to the National Park Service, Fort Raleigh on Roanoke Island and the Outer Banks of North Carolina still look much as they did more than 200 years ago. The road from Roanoke Island down to Cape Hatteras is a 75-mile stretch of National Seashore and Wildlife Refuge. There are small settlements, widely scattered, with the unlikely names of Rodanthe, Waves, and Salvo, but they are pinpoints in the endless expanse of sand and sea. Their exposure to the elements is a brave one indeed,



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

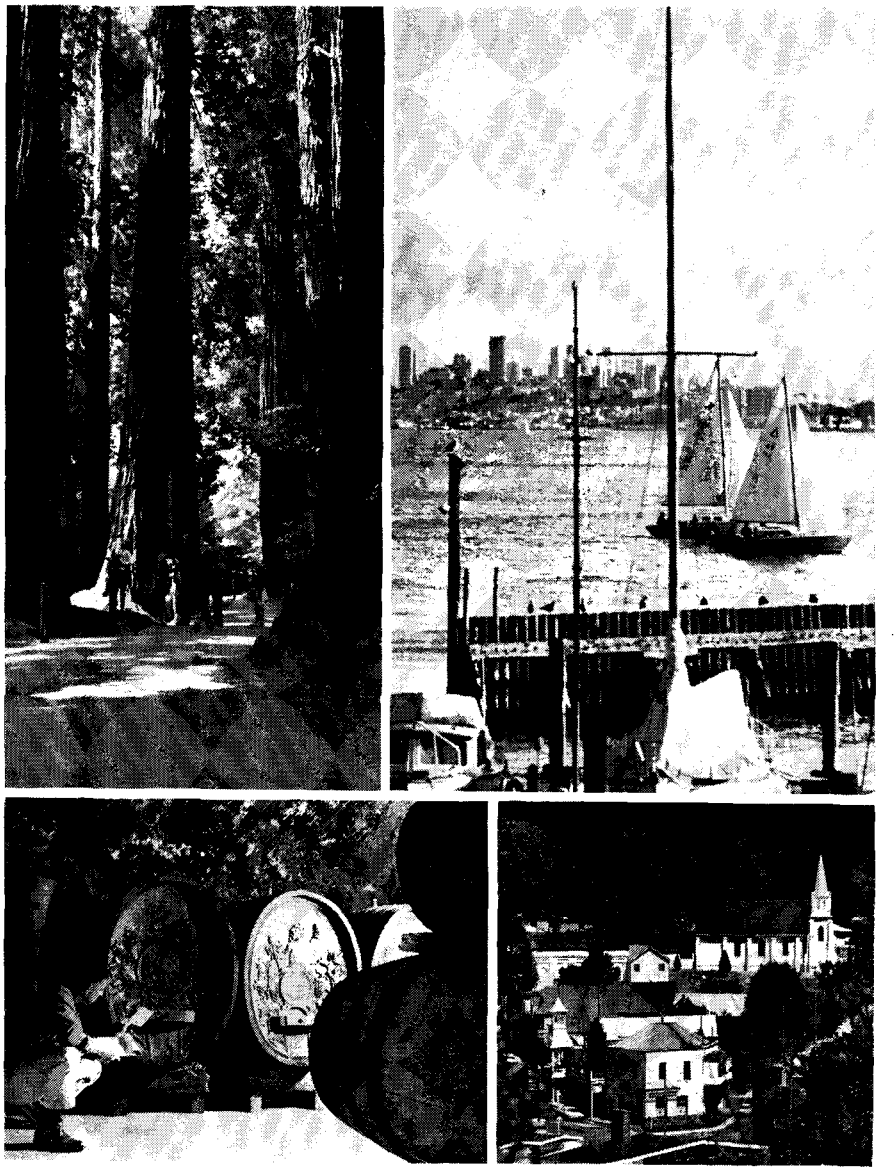
for during the hurricane season wind and wave are merciless. The coastline is constantly changing, the sand shifting, the dunes disappearing and reappearing, and all along the seashore are the stark, bleached bones of countless shipwrecks. Even with modern radar and friendly beams of lighthouses, the ships still go aground in the winter storms, lured astray again and again by the far-outlying reefs and treacherous shoal waters. The charts on the wall of the museum of Hatteras show how far out to sea the great sand deposits reach, deceptively covered by blue water, but ready to trap a ship's propeller miles from shore. And there are pictures and descriptions of the shipwrecks. On some days one can climb the dunes and walk the beaches to see the rotting hulk of an old ship, and perhaps a year later that same wreck will be completely hidden again by sand. Croatoan Island, where the Roanoke colonists may have been taken by Indians, has since disappeared.

How romantically the mind wanders with thoughts of a moon behind rapidly scudding clouds, a longboat knifing

through the surf, and Blackbeard the Pirate landing on the beach with his men. It was on these banks that he was found and killed after his name had become legend, and his men were taken to Williamsburg to be lodged in the Public Gaol.

**I am caught in the web of history** as we make the progress from Roanoke Island to Jamestown, and thence to Williamsburg. Seeing the places where those first Englishmen set foot in the New World fills the mind with the high drama of colonizing—starting with the eighteen-week voyages in tiny wooden ships under incredible conditions; the landing and wresting of bare existence from a cleared bit of wilderness under the hostile eyes of Indians; the gradual building of settlements where men lived free, but under the protection of English law.

On Roanoke Island there is nothing but a fort created from earthworks. At Jamestown there is a large wooden stockade with mud huts inside. Then we drove

# The city of San Francisco cordially invites all visitors to leave town.

We think you'd enjoy meeting a few of the neighbors. Just across the Golden Gate, for example, there's Sausalito, with its quaint shops and waterfront restaurants. In nearby Muir Woods, you can stroll among the world's oldest living creatures: giant Coastal Redwoods. Further inland, you can pan for gold where 49ers once did. Or sample vintage wines in the vineyards of Napa, Sonoma, Livermore and Santa Clara Valleys. It's all only a short distance from San Francisco. The problem is, once in San Francisco you may not *want* to leave. But that's another story. To get it, send for a free copy of "This is San Francisco".

**San Francisco**
CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU
Dept. SR-2, Fox Plaza, San Francisco 94102




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that feast of fascinating, madcap antique ads, features, news stories, cartoons, fads and foibles . . . all authentic *Earlier American* . . . much of each issue suitable for framing or display in den, playroom, bar, office, etc. 12 monthly issues, $3.50 with great-for-parties *Guide and Price List to 1912 Pleasure Cars* sent FREE! Satisfaction guaranteed — money back on unused part of subscription if you are not absolutely wild about YESTERDAY. Mail $3.50 to YESTERDAY, 75 Market Square, Newington, Conn. 06111.

ASK for Horlick's
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk
YESTERDAY
75 Market Square, Newington, Conn. 06111
I enclose $3.50 for one year (12 issues) of YESTERDAY, plus hilarious FREE Guide to 1912 Pleasure Cars.
Refund on unused portion of subscription is guaranteed if I am not pleased; Car Guide is mine to keep in any case.
SR. 1
Name
Address
City/State
Zip

**Our terrific new collection of gift ideas. Just ask and you shall have it.** Exciting things. Useful things. Indispensable things. Posh things. To make travel and holidays easier and much more fun. Write Travel Things, Dept. A, 2555 Park Blvd., Palo Alto, California 94306.

TRAVEL THINGS

**EUROPE by CAR**

Write for FREE 70 Page Full Color Catalogue
Savings on Car Rental and Purchase

VOLKSWAGEN VOLVO
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG. ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR, Inc.
The Oldest & Largest Overseas Delivery System
630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 20 TEL. LT 1-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles Tel. 272-0424
CAR (S)
Name
Address
City State SR-2


## Notes for a New Baedeker

In Rome, the church of Santa Maria Maggiore will listen to confession not merely in the usual languages, but also in Esperanto. . . . At the church of St. John Lateran, instead of buying a candle and lighting it, you may now insert a 100-lire coin in a slot and turn on an electric bulb. . . . The Italian neologism for baby-sitter is "baby-sister." . . . At the new airport, there is a charge of 10 lire for toilet paper, and you can get a receipt.

In London, the movie we know here as *Closely Watched Trains* is called *Closely Observed Trains*. . . . The Post Office recently delivered a letter which had been slightly mangled, with an apologetic note stating that it had been nibbled by a snail in the letter box. . . . The laundries feature a price of 2d. an inch for dry cleaning mini-skirts. . . . A sign on the highway warns the motorist of DECEPTIVE BENDS. . . . The library at the British Museum has begun to use a card catalogue. . . . The ladies' room at Dickins and Jones offers you a choice of two textures of toilet paper.

In Paris, bus riders are notified that they are required, by a law of April 22, 1790, to offer the conductor the exact amount of their fare. . . . Mail is delivered three times a day, but not even telegrams are delivered on Sunday. . . . The Louvre has placed a price on one of its sculpture reproductions of 34.02 francs. . . . A bronze plaque on Montmartre commemorates the man who first rode down those steep steps on a bicycle. . . . During the recent invasion of Czechoslovakia by Russia, one newspaper headline concerned only Queen Soraya.

In Vienna, there is at the university a continuous nonstop vertical elevator from the first to the seventh floor, so that you have to jump on and off while it is in motion. . . . In the men's washroom, the plumbing is activated by an electric eye. . . .

—Reuben Abel.

to Williamsburg, the jewel of the eighteenth century, set down in Middle Plantation. The capital was moved from Jamestown after fire had again and again ravaged the settlement, the Indians had all but wiped it out in a massacre, and the low, swampy ground by the shores of the James River had proved to be continually unhealthy.

Scarcely a hundred years after the wilderness had first been breached, there flourished in Williamsburg a life of culture, grace, and intellect, not to mention the flourishing of the seeds of liberty. Today, it does not take imagination to picture it as it was in the days just before the Revolution, for it is all there, restored exactly: houses, taverns, craft shops, and the elegant beauty of the Governor's Palace. In the Capitol Building our history comes vibrantly alive. The voices of Jefferson, Washington, Randolph, Mason, and Patrick Henry still echo within its walls, and dull must be the man who is not moved. As Kenneth Roberts wrote:

> There is something about it that caught at my throat—that filled me with a sense of exultation; of freedom. It was my country. In it there was something mysterious and unseen that could never be taken from me. . . . Whatever happened, it would be my country still.

—Mary Wallace.

Mary Wallace, a frequent contributor to *SR*, is the author of *Summer Magic* (Doubleday). She and her husband, who is a naval officer, live in Virginia.


**Just Published**

# How 88,648 Heavy Smokers Stopped Smoking

NEW YORK — The Anti-Tobacco Center of America has just published a booklet which explains how 88,648 heavy smokers (of whom many are physicians) have stopped smoking without straining their will power. This booklet is available free of charge to smokers. All you need to do, to obtain it, is to send your name and address to The Anti-Tobacco Center of America, Dept A-55-C, 276 Park Avenue South, New York City, 10010. This offer is open while the supply of these booklets lasts.

**Use ZIP Code For Speed**

**And The**

**New Christmas Stamp**

**For Yuletide Spirit**




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# SR Goes to the Movies

*Arthur Knight*

## Kiss Me, Kate

DESPITE ALL its other virtues, which are many and considerable, it is impossible to write of *The Lion in Winter*, based on James Goldman's play, without launching into a panegyric to Katharine Hepburn. This extraordinary woman, with her proud face and lissome figure, over the years has attacked everything from romantic frou-frou to classic tragedy to the delicious, yet frequently meaningful comedies that she used to do with Spencer Tracy—and all of them gained a measure of depth and delicacy by the mere fact of her being in them. Filmgoers of the early Thirties remember well the special radiance that lit up the screen whenever she appeared, no matter how dreary or unlikely the story. And when, on such occasions as *Morning Glory*, *Little Women*, or *Alice Adams*, she was presented with a role worthy of her talents, the incandescence of her performance became almost blinding. She had that rare but essential quality in an actress of seeming to believe in whatever she was playing so completely that her audiences were compelled to believe as well.

There is no need to continue in the past tense. All of these elements, and more, are to be found burnished to perfection in her wise, witty, fully dimensioned Eleanor of Aquitaine, a proper lioness to Peter O'Toole's aging Henry II. Agile of mind, her spirit unbroken despite years of neglect and virtual imprisonment by her regal partner, at once a political conniver and an anxious mother, Eleanor provides Miss Hepburn with a role that brings into play every facet of her talent. Because Eleanor was the most remarkable woman of her time —some have called her the first truly modern woman—and Miss Hepburn is one of the more remarkable people of our own day, there is a fusion, a merging of identities that makes this perhaps the finest characterization of her entire career. Certainly, after seeing her performance, it is difficult to imagine another actress who could bring to the role an equal range and intensity.

And all of her resources are necessary, for the mercurial Henry, as performed by O'Toole, might easily have thrown the play out of balance. Essentially, *The Lion in Winter* is a duel of wits between two proud, strong-willed people who understand and respect, yet thoroughly detest, each other. Henry, worried about the succession, pits his three sons against each other to determine which is most fit to be the future king. Eleanor, brought to the Court for a Christmas reunion (the time is 1183), has decided that the crown must go to their eldest son, and her own favorite, Richard. The fascination of the duel that follows comes largely because the two players are so evenly matched. O'Toole, gray and bearded, makes it quite clear that, despite whatever unscrupulous stratagems he may resort to, he is more concerned with the game than the victory.

So, for that matter, are we, as this panoply of medieval intrigue unfolds. Mr. Goldman, adapting his own play for the screen, seems to have recognized that his first allegiance is not to history, but to a modern audience more interested in motivations and maneuverings than in the surface rendition of fact. As a result, his film, while redolent of the past, has a remarkable contemporaneity. The language he has devised for his characters is at once salty, cynical, pointed, and poetic, a blending that sounds fresh to our ears yet not inappropriate for this period. Nor does he burden his play with tedious recapitulations of who begat whom and then formed an army against what, which rise up like great boulders in the Shakespeare Chronicles. The action has been neatly compressed into a single twenty-four hours, and his people make their entrances naturally and easily, without windy introductions or explanations.

But if Goldman's approach both to speech and characterization is boldly, winningly modern, the costumes and settings (or, more often, the selection of locations), in their combinations of kingly pomp and courtyard squalor, project an utterly convincing image of twelfth-century life. Satins, brocades, and gleaming mail may be worn by the nobles, but outside the castle lies a pigsty. The Queen may arrive by royal barge, but men must wade into the water to carry her ashore. History, in other words—the sense of period that pervades *The Lion in Winter*—is introduced through the scrupulous researching of customs, costumes, and backgrounds; and since everyone seems, at the very least, at his ease amongst them, this, too, adds to the credibility of the characters.

**Every film,** of course, is a gamble, and reputedly costume films in particular. Producer Martin Poll added to his risk appreciably when he assigned Goldman, who had never written for the screen before, to make the adaptation of his own play; and when he brought in as director a former film editor, Anthony Harvey, whose only previous directorial experience had been the brief, chilling, but thoroughly contemporary *Dutchman*, based on LeRoi Jones's play. Happily, both gambles have paid off handsomely. Unlike most playwrights, who stubbornly cling to the form as well as to the content of their originals, grudgingly "opening out" for the camera by devising a few extraneous exterior sequences, Goldman seems to have a well developed awareness of cinematic demands—the need to keep parallel lines of action going, the need for spectacle as well as intimacy, the special irony or excitement that can come from cross-cutting between scenes. For once, here is a play that, despite its preponderance of dialogue, actually moves like a movie.

**Hepburn and O'Toole—". . . a duel of wits between two proud, strong-willed people who understand and respect, yet thoroughly detest, each other."**

Undoubtedly, no small part of that credit must be shared with Harvey, who, working within the confines of a single subway car in *Dutchman*, performed an even greater miracle. Certainly, his editing background helped him. He has a sense of how a picture goes together—how to create visual rhythms that accord with the tensions of the plot, how to provide entrances and exits for his performers that are fresh because they are unanticipated, how to establish relationships by glances and gestures that carry over to the succeeding shot, and how to



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place the camera so that one is never lost in his film's geography. What Poll could scarcely have anticipated, however, is Harvey's deft handling of performers, for, apart from Miss Hepburn and O'Toole, the cast is made up of almost complete unknowns. Indeed, several are making their film debuts in *The Lion in Winter*. And yet the level of performance, which is the yardstick by which one measures the work of the director, is not only uniform, but uniformly high.

A final word must be added in praise of Douglas Slocombe's low-keyed, marvelously textured photography, with its virtuoso use of zoomar lenses (so rarely used well) to carry one swiftly from a long, establishing shot into the very heart of a scene; and also for John Barry's singularly apposite score. Like Orff's *Carmina Burana*, it blends both past and present, classic and contemporary. And that, after all, is also the achievement of *The Lion in Winter*. "It's 1183, and we're *barbarians!*" exclaims a scandalized Eleanor at one point in the picture, and the amusement in the line rises from the recognition that she is probably far more sophisticated than we are. It is this sophisticated awareness of complex and fascinating people, permeating every aspect of the production, that makes this film a major triumph.


**HANDY FILE**
**FOR YOUR COPIES OF**
***Saturday Review***

- Keep SATURDAY REVIEW issues neat, clean, in order
- With washable leatherette cover and 16-carat gold leaf lettering designed especially for SR
- Holds 26 copies
  $3.50 each, postpaid
  (3 for $10.00)
  (6 for $19.00)

**Money back if not completely satisfied**

***ORDER DIRECT FROM:***
**JESSE JONES BOX CORP.**
**DEPT. SR • BOX 5120**
**PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.**
***Allow 4 weeks for delivery.***


# TV-Radio

*Robert Lewis Shayon*

## Breaking Taboos

In *The People Next Door*, JP Miller's new play that General Telephone & Electronics sponsored recently on the CBS Television Network, two American fathers suffer a common experience that recalls the plight of Job. Arthur Mason (Lloyd Bridges) and David Hoffman (Fritz Weaver) are upright family men in a comfortable, middle-class neighborhood when Satan unexpectedly walks into their lives and touches their children with pathetic misfortune.

Maxie Mason (Deborah Winters), a sixteen-year-old "all-American junior miss," dramatically reveals that she takes LSD, uses the pill, and has had several sex adventures. She has also "listened in" with a stethoscope at her parents' bedroom wall. Ultimately, after a flight to East Village, and after unsuccessful psychotherapy, she develops suicidal drives and is permanently committed to "a controlled environment." Sandy Hoffman (Don Scardino), whose parents take pride in the fact that he is "on the dean's list," turns out to be the cool, shockingly guiltless local "pusher" who provided Maxie, his next door neighbor, with "the acid" for her "trips."

Satan, in the story of Job, is one of the sons of God, who tests the character of the man of Uz. The Satanic force, in *The People Next Door*, that afflicted the Mason and Hoffman families, appeared to one viewer to be the particular, personal weaknesses of the two fathers, with minor intensifications provided by the mothers. Mason is a latter-day Babbitt—a conventional, church-going small businessman who professes "good, Christian values" but skirts the edges of rectitude by hypocritically cheating on his wife and violating game-hunting laws. He makes his daughter "uptight" with his lies. Hoffman's sin, which propels Sandy to an early career in underground marketing, is a lesser one: the father's teacher's salary is too small to permit his son to gratify his need for cars and girls.

Mr. Miller's play was publicized in advance as a drama that deals with "the generation gap," one that touches "the raw nerves of the confrontation between old values and new realities." It was universally received as such by very laudatory newspaper reviews in many cities. This judgment incorrectly defines "generation gap" as I understand it. The devil who sits astride the channels of empathy and communication among parents and their children today is of another kind than the personal weaknesses of particular fathers and mothers. It is a pervasive, collectively shared matrix of values, attitudes, and behavior that makes it enormously difficult for the individual to escape its influence.

Suppose Maxie's father had actually lived up to the virtues that he professed; suppose he had been, like Job, perfect, upright, fearing God and eschewing evil. Would she have made acid her "scene"? Would Sandy have turned to drug-pushing if his father had been able to provide him with a large allowance, or at least if he had been sensitive to his son's needs and not so self-centered in his own work? Arthur Mason and David Hoffman, we argue here, were men who departed from accepted norms of parental character and behavior. Viewers could conveniently say about them: "That's not me; that's the other guy." They could reject them.

The play would have been even more interesting had the fathers been drawn in accordance with socially accepted standards of parental character. Then the question of the nature of the devil that tuned out and turned on these characters could have been answered with greater truth and relevance to the contemporary "generation gap." True hippies, as opposed to the fantasy types, whether they be flower people, passivists, activists, or anarchists, describe a different "scene" that impels them to rebellion and drugs. They speak of the immoral war in Vietnam, of peace, of obscene affluence in the midst of poverty and ghettos, and of the very death of life in the corporate, rationalized social order. These children of the times reject their parents because the adults reflect the sins of the larger culture that they represent, not because of their personal, idiosyncratic failures.

Miller exploited the drug scene, but he treated it rather narrowly: He wrote an admittedly engrossing drama for the Herbert Brodkin production, but one that was more notable for its welcome breaking of television taboos in the handling of delicate themes than in its illumination of "the generation gap." The entertainment impact of *The People Next Door* must be noted, but it ought not to be confused with social comment in depth. Television has yet to break the taboo of dealing candidly and powerfully with the corporate Satan that goes to and fro in our society, casting its shadow on the love of fathers and mothers and their sons and daughters.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Oak Ridge National Laboratory News.*

# DAISIES DO TELL—OF CHANGE IN SCIENCE

THE Oak Ridge National Laboratory of the United States Atomic Energy Commission recently published some photographs which are not only things of beauty but symbols of change in the primary concerns of science in this country. For the Oak Ridge National Laboratory—factory for countless nuclear bombs—was designed for the purpose of demonstrating human efficiency in destroying life en masse. But the photographs (reproduced on this and a following page of *SR*) are proofs of man's ability and determination to study the mysteries of life while leaving life unharmed.

Daisies, petunias, nasturtiums, morning glories, and a rose have been X-rayed by sensitive techniques that enable discovery of flaws invisible to the eye. At the moment, no practical consequence of the work with flowers is foreseen; the immediate pay-off from this form of nondestructive testing comes in examination of nuclear furnace tubings and claddings made of titanium, beryllium, and graphite sheets only 1/100th of an inch thick. Yet the fact remains that the delicate petals of flowers can be X-rayed without killing the flowers and that researchers daily concerned with the physical sciences took the time to perform the feat and make it known.

Prints of the flowers first appeared in the *Oak Ridge National Laboratory News* while thirteen members of the National Academy of Sciences were debating which of the 806 academicians ought to be nominated to succeed physicist Frederick Seitz as NAS president next July 1. Daniel S. Greenberg, news editor of *Science*, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, reported at the time that the NAS nominating committee "decided that it would not limit itself to selecting a candidate but would—as a person close to the committee put it—'re-think the missions and objectives of the Academy and look for someone who would take the initiative in that direction.'"

In an informal poll of academicians, Greenberg found two conflicting views on this point:

The first holds that the Academy should be closely linked to government and that, as a congressionally chartered scientific adviser to government, it should accept any assignment that comes its way. Under Seitz and his predecessor, Detlev W. Bronk, that is pretty much the way it has operated, with the result that NAS, and its operating arm, the National Research Council, now encompass about 400 committees and 750 full-time employees. In addition, Seitz and Bronk were both deep in the federal advisory apparatus, both holding posts on the President's Science Advisory Committee and on various other high-level bodies of the executive branch.

The alternative view of the Academy's role in Washington is often associated with NAS Vice President George B. Kistiakowsky (who, at age sixty-eight, is too close to the mandatory retirement age of seventy to be considered for the presidency, even if he wanted it). This view is that the Academy is both too close to government and too concerned with trivial odd jobs that might be handled elsewhere to focus its attention on what



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should be its central role—the development and fruitful employment of the nation's scientific resources. Further, members of this camp hold, public confidence in the Academy's objectivity is eroded when the Academy is financially intimate with politically embattled federal agencies that seek its advice on controversial matters. In their view, the Academy should scale down its activities, call its shots, and develop independent . . . [financing].

*Science* offered the NAS nominating committee, headed by Dr. Harry Eagle of Yeshiva University, no editorial advice on which way to turn. In England, however, *Nature*'s outspoken editor John Maddox, thinking of the example the American academy election might provide "for academies elsewhere," declared plainly:

> It should . . . be the duty of the president of the academy to insist on confronting Congress and the administration with the views of the scientific community on the imbalance between public expenditure on the long distance transport of human bodies beyond the atmosphere and the resources devoted to sober and comparatively cheap activities such as ground based astronomy. By the same test, the academy could have done a great deal to head off the administration from some of its recent extravagance on oceanography. But the real problems, still fully to crystallize, concern the financing of university research and higher education. Just what does the future hold and how should the real needs of science be defined and then forced on Congress and the administration? This is the role the next president of the academy could fill most usefully. What the nomination committee should be looking for is a kind of politician—somebody who can first make sure that the academy defines common views on policies which concern it which are more than just lowest common denominators of people's prejudices and somebody who can then give these views a fair wind in public life. In the next few years, a talent for dispassionate advice is probably less important than an ability to cajole, shame, and even frighten the government into sensible policies on the allocation of resources.

In a letter to *Science* that did not mention the NAS election but had clear implications for it, Gordon Allott, U.S. Senator from Colorado, a scientifically sophisticated state, gave a legislator's view that differed fundamentally from *Nature*'s only on the question of "forcing" ideas on the Congress:

> It is generally accepted, I believe, that the scientific community feels members of Congress are, on the whole, poorly informed on the complex questions of scientific research and technology. Letters to the editor of your periodical, as well as some articles, have given every indication that the scientific community is basically antagonistic to the Legislative Branch, except in those rare instances where a member has been adopted by the scientific community as sort of a mascot, for one reason or another. In any event, I believe it is about time to open up a dialogue (to use that tired wish-fulfillment phrase) between your community and ours, a dialogue which is at once honest, perhaps even bluntly so, but nevertheless constructive. There is now, in this country, too much fractionalization. . . .
>
> As the ranking minority member of the Appropriations Subcommittee charged with funding the National Science Foundation and National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and as a member of the Senate Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, [I ask leave] . . . to observe that the admitted lack of expertise on the part of a majority of members of Congress in areas relating to scientific achievements is, regrettably, matched only by the lack of appreciation on the part of many research scientists, engineers, and technical managers of congressional processes and problems. On occasions so rare that I can scarcely recall them have I ever received comments from . . . the scientific community relative to how [its] . . . operations might possibly be improved, where the waste is, where the duplication is, where the inefficiency lies, what the real difficulties and problems are. . . . Quite frequently, however, I receive mail from individuals asking for more and more funds from the federal treasury, and one theme is fairly dominant—cut some place else in the budget, but do not cut my research projects. Gentlemen, we have only so much money to expend. We are limited, to a great degree, by revenue taken in by the Treasury if we are to make the financing of our national debt manageable. Within our admitted lack of expertise, coupled with an appalling lack of national goals or a system of priorities, I think we do a fair job of spreading out the federal dollar. We could do better, though, with some constructive help from the scientific community from an objective and realistic appraisal of the circumstances and of existing realities, and we could benefit from the establishment of some system, either a joint committee or something similar, which would view research on an overall basis, which would review national goals and aspirations and which might have an opportunity to make a stab at setting up some type of priority list, insofar as funding needs are concerned. I would think, also, that the country might well benefit if . . . the scientific community would become "involved," would drop the cloak of mystery, and take the time to explain, not just to us in the Congress, but to

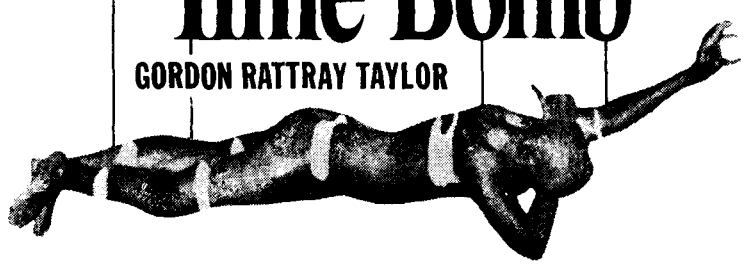

If you're around just ten years from now, you may

● marry a semi-artificial man ● choose your children's sex

● tune out pain ● change your memories ● and live to be 150 years old.

IF the miraculous scientific revolution doesn't destroy us all first. The Biological Time Bomb

GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR



"Fascinating yet frightening." — JOHN BARKHAM
"Urgent." — *The Sunday Times* (London)
"Important." — *Nobel Prize-Winner* ALBERT SZENT GYÖRGYI, *M.D.*

Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

An NAL Book. $5.50
WORLD PUBLISHING
TIMES MIRROR
New York and Cleveland




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Taxpayer as well, just what it's all about.

Last month, the NAS nominating committee finished its labors in a way that left no doubt about one essential point: the immediate future of science in the United States will be focussed on a concern for life. The NAS presidential nominee is Duke University biochemistry Professor Philip Handler.

Handler is famous for his research in biochemistry, ranging from amino acid metabolism in muscle to the mysteries of ammonia synthesis in the body, from the relationships between kidney function and high blood pressure to problems of skeletal growth and the role of vitamins in deficiency diseases.

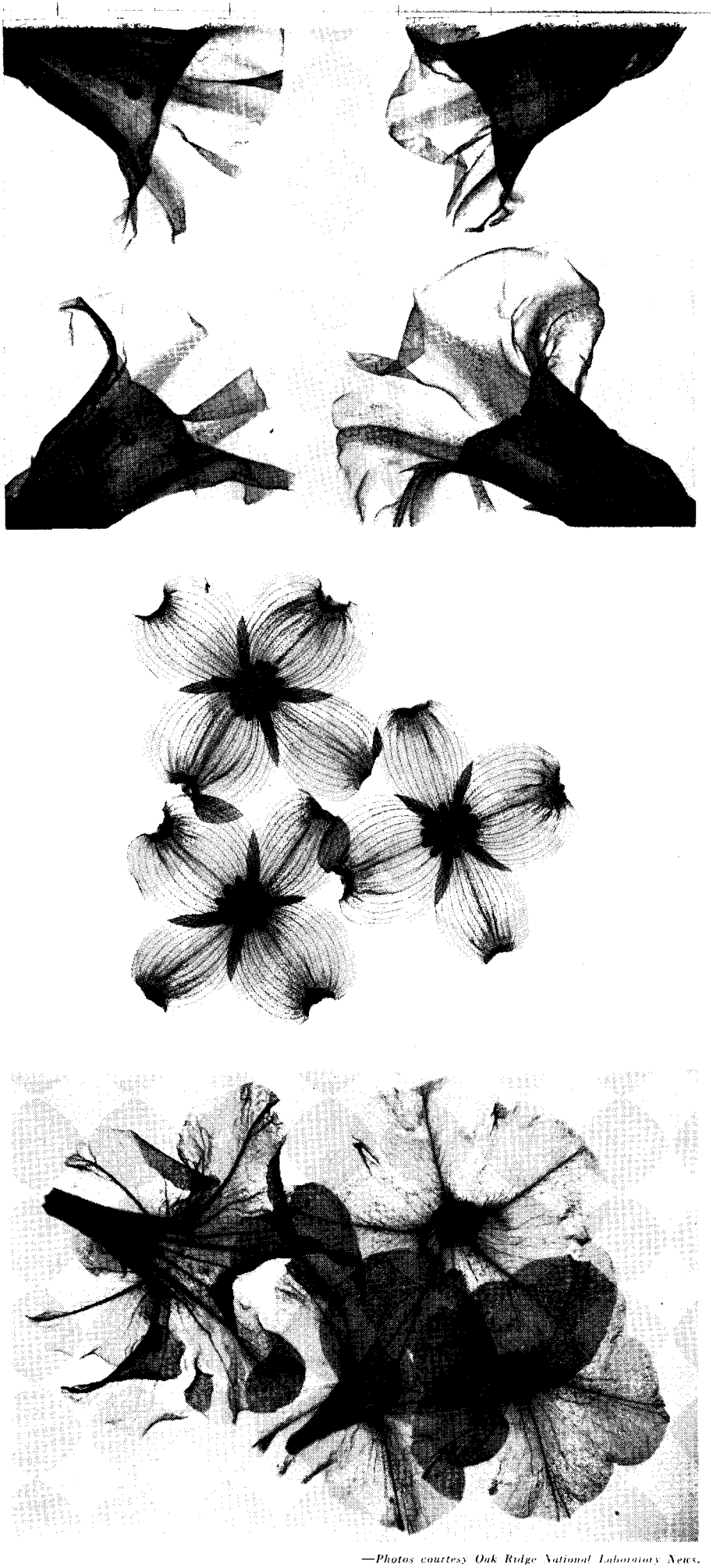
Within NAS, Handler already ranks high as a member of the governing council, the seventeen-man body that determines NAS policy. He is also chairman of an *ad hoc* committee that has been surveying the needs of research in all the life sciences.

His political finesse has been demonstrated by a rapid rise through the scientific hierarchy in Washington. He was a member of the President's Science Advisory Committee and is now chairman of the National Science Board, the twenty-four-man policymaking group of the National Science Foundation, America's bank for basic science.

Nomination as president of NAS does not guarantee election for Handler. One of the most creative presidents in NAS history, Rockefeller University Professor Detlev Bronk, was elected following nomination from the floor of an NAS convention—in opposition to the slated choice of the nominating committee. Since that happened, however, the old floor-voting procedure has been supplanted by a mail ballot. Nominations rivaling that of the nominating committee of 1968 can be entered only by petitions signed by fifty persons each.

Polling of the 806 NAS members is now underway. Those who wish to name challengers to Handler must do so by December 1. On December 15, NAS Home Secretary Merle Tuve will send out the final list, which must be returned by January 15. Election is for a maximum term of six years, beginning next July 1. A shorter term is negotiable between the nominating committee and the nominee. Re-election to a second term is allowed. The salary is not a public statistic, but Dr. Frederick Seitz, who is now in process of moving from NAS in Washington to the presidency of Rockefeller University in New York, once told a reporter the figure was $45,000 a year plus residence in a quarter-million-dollar mansion.

Medium-tall, balding, with grey patches bordering the ears, Handler is dynamic, articulate, and able to talk the layman's tongue. —JOHN LEAR.



*—Photos courtesy Oak Ridge National Laboratory News.*

**X-ray photographs of three flowers: morning glories (top), dogwood (middle), petunias (bottom).**



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CAUTION ON THE PILL

By LOUIS LASAGNA, M.D.

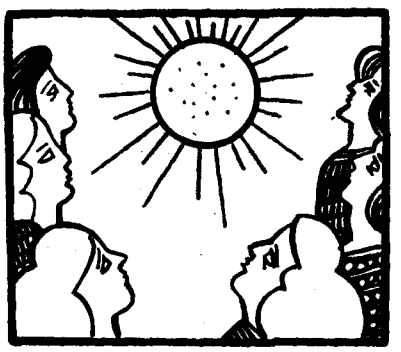
THE most controversial population-control development of the century has been the oral contraceptive—the pill. From its impeccably scientific beginnings, the pill has become all things to all people, spelling riches and fame for some, sexual security to many, and death for a few. Among scientists, it has inspired both ardent religious zeal and deep suspicion.

The original observations were made in the 1930s, when it was found that natural sex hormones inhibit ovulation in animals. In 1954, Carl Djerassi applied a new chemical technique to the synthesis of different steroid drugs . . . that produce secretory changes in the endometrium [lining of the uterus] similar to those produced by . . . [female hormones]. Gregory Pincus tested 200 of these drugs in animals and found three to be very powerful inhibitors of ovulation. A few years earlier, Professor John Rock of Harvard had treated infertility in women with daily doses of [the female hormones] estrogen and progesterone to simulate the hormonal environment of pregnancy. . . . The continuous . . . therapy eliminated menstrual periods, a phenomenon the patients found disturbing. As a result, it was decided to give the hormones only from the fifth day of the cycle to the twenty-fifth day and thus allow menstrual flow. Rock, Garcia, and Pincus proceeded to use this same regimen with the three active compounds mentioned above—but now to *prevent* conception.

In most cases, ovulation was inhibited. . . . Large-scale field trials were begun in Puerto Rico, and the pills were a great success in terms of both contraception and patient acceptability. A few years later, after additional experience in the United States, the Food and Drug Administration approved the sale of the first contraceptive combination of estrogen and progestogen, Enovid.

The mechanism of action of these preparations is still debatable. Inhibition of ovulation is probably the most important effect, but the lining of the uterus is also rendered unsuitable for implantation of the egg, and the consistency of the cervical mucus is maintained in its non-ovulatory, relatively impermeable state.

How effective is the pill? The medical



and lay literature contains a good many quotations from different scientists to the effect that the pill never fails "if taken according to instructions." Critics of this euphoric assessment point out that failures with the pill tend to be attributed to inability to follow directions even when the women swear that they never forgot a single daily dose. The critics also emphasize that if a technique fails because of human error, it is a failure nevertheless and must be considered part of the risk. It is also disturbing that many women in studied populations drop out of the study; there is no way of evaluating the pill's performance in these possibly disenchanted women.

It is unreasonable to expect perfect performance from the pill. With all drugs, there is variability in response to a given dosage, due to vagaries of absorption, metabolism, excretion, or organ response. What works well for one patient may not work well for another, or even for the same patient at different times. One method of diminishing such variability is to give everyone a dose that is known to be an overdose for some. This is done with penicillin in the treatment of pneumococcal pneumonia. The reason for not adopting this approach routinely with all drugs is that it also generally increases the chance of producing side effects from the drug. This is not a serious problem with penicillin, but it is with oral contraceptives, and has led to a good deal of manipulation of dosage. As the dosage has been reduced, some side effects have apparently diminished—and, incidentally, the cost of this still-expensive form of birth control has been reduced. It seems predictable that some patients will get pregnant while taking the pills even if they are compulsively careful with their dosage, and this number will probably be higher as the dose per day is reduced to diminish unwanted effects. (There is at present no evidence that such pregnancies will produce a greater percentage of malformed babies than will other pregnancies.)

Nevertheless, even those who are least enthusiastic about the pill grant its excellent performance as a birth-control technique. If the risk of pregnancy is not zero when taking daily oral contraceptives, it is very low indeed. Nor is this the only advantage. It is easy to use—just a pill a day. It does not have to be timed to intercourse. Its use does not delay, interrupt, or mechanically impede the sexual act. It is attractive to many men and women who object esthetically to condoms, diaphragms, jellies, and foams. Finally, some Roman Catholics who reject other devices against which church officials and parish priests have been less equivocal in their denunciation are willing to take the pills.

From the start it was obvious that the pill had drawbacks. Some women gain too much weight. Others develop acne, nausea, vomiting, or breast tenderness. More distressing are such things as sporadic breakthrough bleeding, depression, excruciating headache, tension, decreased libido, loss or excessive growth of body hair, skin pigmentation, and belly or pelvic pains. Some lactating mothers stop producing milk and have to resort to artificial feeding for their babies. Newer oral contraceptives have claimed a decreased incidence of these various side effects, but none of them is free of nuisance potential.

MOST frightening of all, thus far, has been the occurrence of clotting within the blood vessels. In 1961, fatal pulmonary embolism occurred in two young Los Angeles women who had been on oral contraceptives. Next, women on the pill were observed to develop thrombophlebitis [blockage of blood vessels in the extremities] as well as clots that traveled to the lungs. Since then, all sorts of clotting troubles have been reported in women taking the pills. Thrombosis of the blood supply to the gut, with gangrene of the intestine, has been seen. Thrombosis of the major arteries in the arm and leg has been reported, requiring amputation. A London physician observed strokes in a twenty-three-year-old airline stewardess and a twenty-six-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

year-old housewife. His report prompted a Sussex physician to describe two similar cases and to state that he knew of at least three others. A Newcastle physician announced that the autopsy on one of his young women on the pill showed clots in the arteries on both sides of the brain.

In April 1965, the Johns Hopkins neurophthalmologist, Frank Walsh, asked his fellow specialists (via the *Archives of Ophthalmology*) to report to him any cases they had seen with visual troubles similar to those he had observed in women on oral contraceptives. By November he had assembled some sixty cases in this way—seventeen with strokes, twenty-one with eye troubles, and twenty-three with other symptoms, including migraine. Without claiming a cause-and-effect relationship, he nevertheless wished to put the experience on the record and to ask for further study.

Meanwhile other physicians continued to report deaths as a result of compromise of the blood supply to the nervous system. One twenty-six-year-old Englishwoman died of a clot in her vertebral artery after a seven-week illness during which she had paralysis of all four extremities. In Ireland, a twenty-five-year-old patient expired with a large dead area in her brain caused by a clot in the carotid artery.

Dr. Sherif Shafey in Miami was at the same time accumulating his own series of thirty-four women, ranging in age from twenty to thirty-nine years and all receiving some form of oral contraceptive, who developed various sorts of neurologic complications, including migraine headache and clots in the arteries and veins of the brain.

NEXT, effects on the heart were reported. In January of 1965 a Norwegian pathologist described the sudden death of a thirty-two-year-old woman who had been taking oral contraceptives for five months. Postmortem examination revealed that the smaller branches of the coronary arteries were plugged with clots of various ages, with resulting death of the heart tissue. This was followed by a fatal case from England with clots in all of the major arteries of the heart; others have since been noted.

Why have these cases been put on record by physicians from various parts of the world? All the complications described are known to occur in people who do not use oral contraceptives. No new diseases have been seen. Why, then, the concern over the possibility of a cause-and-effect relationship?

It must be remembered that the suspicion of alert physicians is almost always the first indicator of pharmacotherapeutic mischief. Rarely can the doctor do more than suspect a cause-and-effect relation between drug and toxic effect, since hardly any drug's side effects are unique to that drug. Further, massive pulmonary embolism, strokes, and heart attacks are relatively rare in young women. This is a recurrent theme in the statements of concerned physicians, such as the British doctor who wrote:

> This cause of death [pulmonary embolism in a twenty-two-year-old woman on oral contraceptives for a few months] . . . in young people is extremely rare. In the few cases I have seen in young women there has always been some underlying explanation. . . . It is this feature which has been worrying me in my examination of an otherwise perfectly healthy woman. My own feeling is that [it] is just too much to be a coincidence. I have never seen a similar case . . . and I have seen many unexpected deaths in young people. This does not amount to proof.

Supporting this sentiment was a letter from a Cambridge scientist who disclosed the following information:

> From 9,280 consecutive autopsy reports . . . covering 1946-63, we have collected 27 cases [of massive pulmonary embolism] under the age of 70. Of 21 . . . females, only 3 women were under the age of 45, and they were either pregnant or had recently been pregnant. Thus we have no examples of non-pregnant women . . .

Other studies are in agreement. The coroner's records of Cuyahoga County in Ohio were reviewed in 1964 to see how often pulmonary embolism and unexpected sudden death occurred in supposedly normal persons between fifteen and forty-five years of age. Sixteen females had died in this manner during an eleven-year period. Five of these were pregnant at the time of fatal embolism, and eight of the eleven non-pregnant females were ove. forty. Thus, while such unexplained deaths are not unheard of in young women, they are decidedly rare.

In Hamburg, Germany, a study was made of fatal pulmonary embolism in a series of 5,200 autopsied cases. Of 500 consecutive cases of pulmonary embolism, half were in women, but their average age was seventy, and 95 per cent were over fifty.

A few cases have shown such unusual autopsy findings as to alert doctors to a generalized clotting tendency. In one case autopsied at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, for example, there were numerous clots in arteries and veins all over the body, without any actual disease of vessel walls.

But there are other compelling reasons for suspecting the oral contraceptives as a causative factor in these vascular catastrophes. Many of the scientists who have worked with the pill have compared the endocrinologic state induced by these synthetic steroids with pregnancy. While this view is not universally held, there are at least certain parallelisms between normal pregnancy and drug-induced pseudo-pregnancy. As stated above, pregnancy carries with it a definite risk of clotting difficulties, related in part at least to the hypercoagulable state associated with the hormonal alterations undergone by the expectant mother. Both during pregnancy and the taking of oral contraceptives, there is also a reduction in blood-flow velocity in the extremities, which favors the formation of sludge in the vessels of the limbs.

Although the pill buffs tend to ignore them, a substantial number of studies have now been performed to determine whether oral contraceptives affect the clotting capacity of the blood. They have been conducted in such diverse places as Oslo, Norway, and Manchester, England, and in the United States in Washington, D.C., Minneapolis, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New York, and Seattle. The majority agree on the fact that there are changes from the normal, even in asymptomatic women taking oral contraceptives. These scientists have not all used the same tests, but in general there have been increases in four blood fractions including fibrinogen (the precursor of fibrin, which eventually forms the clot). Blood platelets, in the two studies focusing on this blood constituent (which helps clots to start), were also increased in number. Only one index of blood clotting—the so-called fibrinolytic system—possibly changes in a direction that might impede normal clotting. *All the other changes are such as to encourage the clotting of blood.*

There are other reasons for worry. In several studies in men and women who have been given female sex hormones as treatment for atherosclerosis of the brain or heart, or for cancer of the prostate, there have been significantly more deaths in the treated patients than in

***" 'That kills my faith in the pill. I think I'll picket the company.' —Victor Millar, father of quadruplets born yesterday in Ottawa [Canada, after Mrs. Millar, 30, had taken birth control pills for about a year]."***

*—The New York Times*
QUOTATION OF THE DAY,
SEPT. 21, 1968.


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the control (untreated) patients, with more strokes, heart attacks, or both.

Studies of blood fats have shown changes in women on the pill that resemble those seen in post-menopausal women, who have a higher risk of heart attacks than younger women. One extremely provocative report involved a Mead Johnson oral contraceptive that was under trial in 7,000 American women. Trials were suddenly halted when British workers giving "massive doses . . . daily and continuously for several months" to dogs reported thromboemboli in the animals.

A number of researchers have been intrigued by the relationship between hard-water areas and the decreased occurrence of hypertension and other cardiovascular diseases. It has even been suggested that a diet deficient in magnesium may be partially responsible for the high incidence of arteriosclerosis in Western nations. In 1966, Doctors John and Naomi Goldsmith reported serum magnesium concentrations to be lower in non-ovulating women and women on Enovid than in ovulating women. The finding calls only for speculation at present, but it supplies another bit of evidence to remind us of the multiple effects of hormonal agents.

WITH such highly suggestive data, how can one explain the unwillingness of many physicians even to consider the possibility of clotting troubles in some women taking oral contraceptives? One major reason for this apathy is the now famous report of the 1963 Advisory Committee asked by the FDA for guidance in evaluating thromboembolic morbidity and mortality.

The committee decided to focus only on fatal complications, because of the difficulty in tracking down nonfatal cases. (A patient whose lungs were riddled with clots and who survived only because of heroic cardiopulmonary surgery, or who suffered a disabling but nonfatal stroke, thus did not enter into the committee deliberations.)

It was necessary to know how many women had died while on Enovid, the drug under investigation. For this purpose, they relied completely on the files of G. D. Searle, the manufacturer. This was the first and most appalling mistake. No drug manufacturer can possibly have complete records of the deaths occurring among patients taking his drug. To have such complete records would require that every such death be associated in the attending doctor's mind with the possibility of its being caused by Enovid, that he always know whether patients have been on Enovid, and that he report every such case to the manufacturer. All experience is contrary to these assumptions. Even in hospitals where drug reactions theoretically must be reported by the medical staff, and simple cards are provided for such purpose, the true incidence of drug toxicity varies from ten to fifty times the incidence calculated from voluntary reports.

The committee also relied on photostats of death certificates for knowledge of what was occurring in the population at large. Regrettably, death certificates are notorious for their inaccuracies, especially when autopsies are not performed. As Professor L. M. Schuman, a member of the committee, said on a later occasion: "In view of the fact that one of the greatest sources of error in hospital statistics is the glib assignment of a clinical diagnosis to pulmonary embolism . . . , epidemiological studies utilizing mortality sources should confine themselves to autopsy . . . [findings]."

THERE was also no clear information on how many women were taking the pills. It was known roughly how many prescriptions had been filled and renewed for Enovid, and after some crystal-ball gazing, it was decided to subtract 300,000 (primarily to exclude duplicate prescriptions) from the maximum estimated numbers of users to give a tidy—but possibly inaccurate (guesses on the total number of women using the pill range from 3,800,000 to 6,000,000)—figure of 1,000,000 women. No one on the committee seemed to worry, however, about the fact that it was important to know not only how many women took Enovid during a given year, but also how long they were on Enovid. (A lady on for only one month is obviously not at risk from the drug for the whole year; to assume so is to make the drug look safer than it is.)

Next, the committee decided to throw out some of the Enovid deaths, for a variety of reasons. Unfortunately, such selective discarding of cases could be done easily for the Enovid cases, but not for the control group. The latter were studied only by analyzing death certificates, whereas the Enovid files contained autopsy reports, clinical information, charts, etc., solicited by the manufacturer or voluntarily supplied by interested doctors.

There were many other assumptions as well, but these are perhaps the most disturbing. What, then, could anyone conclude from such an analysis? Nothing, of course, which is exactly what the report says:

> There is a need for comprehensive and critical studies regarding the possible effects of Enovid on the coagulation balance and related production of thromboembolic conditions. Pending the development of such conclusive data and on the basis of present experience this latter relationship should be regarded as neither established nor excluded.

Unfortunately, the report also included the statement that "no significant increase in the risk of thromboembolic death from the use of Enovid in this population group has been demonstrated." The FDA, the pill enthusiasts, and most physicians have since then acted as if the report, which is based on incomplete data of dubious quality inappropriately analyzed, actually proved for all time that there was no risk.

This attitude has been encouraged by several other factors. The manufacturers of Enovid, for example, have periodically informed the world that the cases reported are not in excess of those "anticipated." In 1965, their medical director published a paper with the astonishing news that the thromboembolic morbidity was actually less than a quarter of what might have been expected. He conceded that the discrepancy "is very likely a reflection of inadequate reporting" but concluded with the unequivocal assertion "that massive use of Enovid has not increased the incidence of thromboembolic disease in women."

A second source of misconception is the group of experts who for one reason or another have decided that the pill's advantages must not be sullied by any doubts. One argument is that pregnancy is risky, too, and that the troubles women get into on the pill must be balanced against the medical risks of pregnancy. Such an argument is reasonable, of course, only for those women who cannot possibly use any other effective contraceptive technique.

Dr. Erik Ask-Upmark, head of the Department of Medicine at the University of Uppsala in Sweden, reviewing his own and others' experiences with thromboembolism in women on oral contraceptives, pointed out the highly suggestive recurrence of trouble in several women as they took repeated courses of pills. His report ends: "If any female member of my own family applied to me to get oral contraceptives I would most certainly not dare to give it to her."

In 1965, a World Health Organization (WHO) Scientific Group came in with their own report. There was a cer-

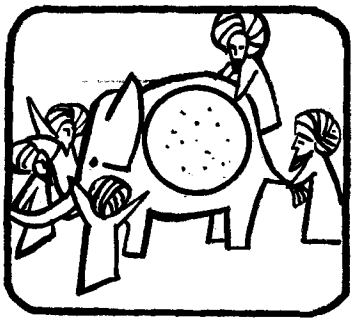

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tain friction in the committee, especially from an American expert who bridled at the need—spelled out in WHO rules—for unanimous recommendations. The report pointed out that incidence of thrombophlebitis is highest not in pregnant women, but right after delivery, when hormonal levels are lowest. This was meant, presumably, to exonerate the pill, which is said to produce a "pseudo-pregnancy." It might be argued, however, that women on the pill have a "pseudo-delivery" once a month, as they suddenly stop the pill in order to menstruate. (Such an argument presumes that the pill produces a menstrual cycle more like pseudo-pregnancy than normal menstruation.) Recent studies also suggest that much of the clotting troubles seen after delivery are not "spontaneous" but due to estrogens given to suppress lactation in non-nursing mothers.

The report also made an interesting and subtle point: Many doctors will not prescribe oral contraceptives in women with a history of thromboembolic disease. Thus in a sense the pill is being given to healthier women than the average population, possibly biasing present risk estimates in favor of the pill. The committee concluded that oral contraceptives were extremely effective and that no cause-and-effect relationships had been established for serious adverse effects. Nevertheless, it listed twenty unmet research needs, including the effects of the pill on the pituitary, "higher nerve centers," thyroid, adrenals, carbohydrate metabolism, ovaries, cancer development, genetics, uterus, vagina, lactation, infants, liver, blood, weight, emotions, congenital anomalies, and a variety of diseases!

In 1966, the Food and Drug Administration came up with still another report on oral contraceptives. Unfortunately, the expert committee was no more able than its predecessor to make factual statements about serious risks from the pill. It acknowledged that deaths from thromboembolism were of concern, and that "the present system of reporting deaths and adverse reactions relies on either the cooperation of physicians or the haphazard filtering of rumors to detail men. The latter route is patently unreliable, and the former not much better. Physicians are becoming increasingly fearful of reporting deaths or adverse drug reactions because of possible legal reprisal." (I know of two deaths in Baltimore—from strokes in twenty-one- and twenty-six-year-old girls – unpublicized for this very reason.) The report reiterated that available data could neither confirm nor refute the role of the pill in thromboembolic disease. No progress, in other words, since the 1963 FDA report.

The committee expressed worry about



the carcinogenic effects of estrogen taken for long periods, admitted that long-term studies to tell whether the pill might cause cancer were unavailable, but concluded that no maximum limits should be set for how many years the pill might be taken.

Other risks were also discussed, but the important conclusions reached were as follows:

> The committee finds no adequate scientific data, at this time, proving these compounds unsafe for human use. It has nevertheless taken full cognizance of certain very infrequent but serious side effects and of possible theoretic risks suggested by animal experimental data and by some of the metabolic changes in human beings.
>
> In the final analysis, each physician must evaluate the advantages and the risks of this method of contraception in comparison with other available methods or with no contraception at all. He can do this wisely only when there is presented to him dispassionate scientific knowledge of the available data.

DR. ROY HERTZ, a National Institutes of Health endocrinologist and cancer specialist, filed a minority report for the committee that took a much graver view of the pill-cancer problem. He reminded people that all known human carcinogens show a long latent period—most of them about ten years, but ranging up to forty years—and that in most instances there is no way of detecting this fact during the period when the cancer is "cooking," as it were. Hertz also pointed out that all known human carcinogens are also carcinogens in animals and that therefore animal data are not irrelevant, as some have claimed. (It is ridiculously easy to produce tumors of all kinds in rats, mice, rabbits, hamsters, and dogs given estrogen, and early in 1966 an investigational drug of this class under study by Merck Sharp and Dohme was hastily removed from clinical trial when dogs developed breast cancers after a year of treatment.)

He then reviewed the accepted evidence that a young woman's own estrogen or estrogen in pill form can make breast cancer worse, and observed that most breast cancers are probably in existence for years before they become clinically apparent. Hertz derided the claims that use of estrogens in women over the last twenty-five years had not changed the incidence of breast cancer, because most of the women so treated have not been young women, but were post-menopausal, and there is clear evidence of a difference between these ages in response to female hormones—estrogens are even used successfully to treat breast cancer in older women. He further revealed that the entire world literature on the risk of prolonged estrogen therapy causing breast and genital-tract malignancy is based on a pitifully small sample of less than 1,000 women, of whom only eighty-five were under forty years of age. He then performed a similar analysis of the worrisome situation with regard to uterine and cervical cancer, and the possible effects on ova and children ultimately born from the eggs of women who have taken the pill. In none of these situations could Dr. Hertz find reason for complacency. He ended with this unequivocal recommendation: "In view of the serious limitations in our knowledge of the potential long-term effects of estrogen-progestogen combinations, it is mandatory that further clinical experience be gained under properly controlled conditions of observation and follow-up."

The FDA report elicited predictable reactions in the interested parties. Physicians suspicious of the pill saw cause for alarm, and found no reassurance. The drug manufacturers saw the report as an exoneration of the drug. Dr. Louis M. Hellman, chairman of the FDA Committee, said the report was a "yellow" caution light. Dr. Alan Guttmacher of Planned Parenthood read it as "a complete green light." One could only recall the story of the blind men describing the elephant.

The British at first did no better than the Americans. In a country with a highly organized National Health Service with allegedly good record-keeping on drug usage, they relied on voluntary reporting by doctors instead of careful detective work on women in the child-bearing years who died of strokes, heart attacks, pulmonary emboli, etc. The results were as inconclusive and unsatisfying as might be expected: "At present the number of deaths [voluntarily] reported is small and does not differ remarkably from expectation . . . [however] the deaths reported . . . may represent an underestimate . . . no firm conclusion can be drawn . . ."

A week earlier, in the *British Medical Journal*, which carried the above report, a distinguished Oxford professor wrote on "Adverse Reactions to Drugs," pointing out that the actual incidence of toxicity with a new drug with which he had worked was twenty-five times higher



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than one would guess from voluntary reporting by practitioners, and that one could, temporarily at least, quadruple the reported incidence by sending official requests for information to all British doctors. Obviously the hazards of under-reporting are universal, as is the likelihood that official government committees and drug manufacturers will neglect these hazards.

In the spring and summer of 1967, however, three independent British studies were reported that finally began to clarify the thromboembolic danger. All delivered an affirmative answer to the question, "Can oral contraceptives cause thromboembolism?" In the words of a Medical Research Council Subcommittee: "The sum of evidence . . . is so strong that there can be no reasonable doubt." It remains to be seen what impact, if any, these findings have on the prescribing habits of physicians.

ALTHOUGH the blood-vessel abnormalities have received the greatest publicity, other potentially serious complications of the pill have been reported. In 1964, some Finnish scientists reported abnormal liver function in seven postmenopausal women who consented to take oral contraceptives for a month. Despite dissents from some experts and manufacturers, there has now been convincing confirmation of this phenomenon in different parts of the world, including the United States, and involving women in their twenties as well as older females. Particularly at risk of developing jaundice are those rare women who develop the unexplained "jaundice of pregnancy," which is probably also attributable to hormonal changes. It is not reassuring to learn that mestranol, present in most oral contraceptives, can cause severe liver damage and even liver cancers in rats taking the drug in high doses for prolonged periods.

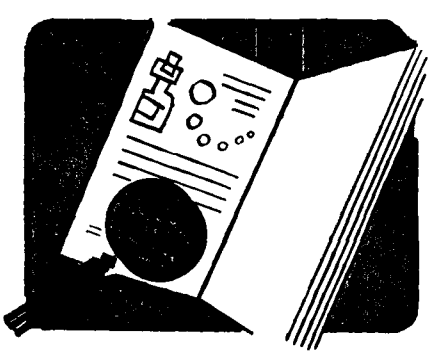
Others have observed decreased tolerance for glucose in some women taking oral contraceptives, with "chemical diabetes," a phenomenon again reminiscent of what occurs during pregnancy. Whether this is related to the changes in blood concentration of adrenal or thyroid hormones that occur in women on the pill is not clear.

A few letters have appeared in the British journals describing strange muscle pains or symptoms of neuritis associated with the taking of oral contraceptives, and diarrhea related to structural changes in the lining of the small intestine. American doctors have seen dilatation of the ureters in women taking oral contraceptives.

Gynecologists have occasionally observed severe uterine bleeding in women who have stopped the pill after prolonged cyclic therapy for contraceptive purposes. The bleeding is thought to be due to overgrowth of the lining of the uterus secondary to disturbance of normal feedback mechanisms among the ovary, the hypothalamus, and the pituitary. Other gynecologists have been troubled by the development of an "obstinate" form of vaginitis due to the yeast Monilia in women taking oral contraceptives, curable in many cases only after the pills are discontinued.

Psychiatrists have been upset by the unpredictable mental effects of the pills. Some women on them claim an increase in sexual desire and pleasure, but others become frigid, a situation reversible by stopping the pills and using mechanical devices. Dr. William Masters, co-author of *Human Sexual Response,* said that when referring physicians or marriage counselors ask him to see a woman for secondary frigidity, his first question is: "Has she been taking the pill?" There has been an increasing awareness of depressive reactions, with crying spells or suicidal ideas, in women taking these hormones. Some believe that the pills can make a latent depressive state overt or aggravate an existing melancholia. Remission may not follow promptly on withdrawal of the drug. (However, it must also be stressed that some women, such as those who suffer from severe premenstrual tension, may be helped remarkably by oral contraceptives.)

FEARS about the long-range effects of oral contraceptives on fertility have ranged from apprehension about ultimate infertility when the pills are stopped after years of use to the possibility that oral contraceptives, by preventing ovulation, may prolong the period of potential childbearing so that pregnant fifty- and sixty-year-old grandmas will be possible. One Canadian physician has even suggested the possibility of a new specialty of "geriatric obstetrics" to care for such aged parents. There are no convincing data at present to support either notion, although both American and Australian physicians have suggested that some women may suffer long-term interruption of their ovulatory cycling as a result of the pill, with prolonged failure of menstruation (and infertility) after stopping the medication. Proponents of the pill promptly labeled the reports "misleading" and the conclusions "unwarranted."



In view of all the side effects reported with the pill, and the clear evidence that some 10 to 25 per cent of women refuse to go on with oral contraceptives because of dissatisfaction of one sort or another, it is confusing to have their enthusiasts deny such defects. In April 1966, *The New York Times* ran a "gee-whiz" type of article about the pill entitled "Three Men Who Made a Revolution." In it, Dr. Gregory Pincus commented on the medical advertising for some newer-type sequential and low-dosage pills: "These ads are creating a false emphasis. There may be a minute lessening in side effects, but since all present side effects are insignificant, I see absolutely no advantage in sequentials."

Such a remark stands in strange juxtaposition to the drug ads. One for Ovulen, for example, reads: "A significant advance over older progestins . . . a new measure of freedom from undesirable effects . . . extremely low incidence of breakthrough bleeding . . . low average weight change . . . extremely low incidence of nausea . . . extremely low incidence of amenorrhea . . ." If these statements do not imply a better performance than with older drugs, what are they saying? And if Ovulen is so remarkable, one wonders why the ad explains, in tiny print to be sure, "the following adverse reactions have been reported with Ovulen: headache, dizziness, depression, breast complaints, amenorrhea, chloasma, vomiting, allergy, edema, migraine, pulmonary embolism, thrombophlebitis, visual difficulties, nervousness, rash, itching, decrease in libido, tiredness and malaise. A small incidence of nausea, spotting and breakthrough bleeding has been reported."

What is a sensible, conservative, scientific attitude toward the use of the pills? On occasions when I have taken a public position emphasizing the possible dangers of their use, it has been obvious that the emotions of both patients and doctors are highly charged when it comes to a discussion of oral contraceptives. Doctors have accused me of everything from a Catholic-tainted bias against contraception (I left the Church at the age of twelve) to having canine ancestry on my maternal side. These



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doctors are understandably annoyed because such discussions upset their patients. But is it really defensible to assure women—as many doctors do—that the pill has been proved as safe and harmless as water? How can a doctor say that he "can think of no condition in which these pills would not be safe to take"? (The FDA labeling warns against their use in certain situations.) How can Dr. Rock, in an article entitled "Let's Be Honest About the Pill!," dismiss those who worry about its dangers as "irresponsible, and uninformed . . .zealots"? Does he really believe that all women who find themselves unable to tolerate any brand of oral contraceptive on the market are, in his words, "guilt-aroused neurotics"? Is it really desirable to produce diabetes temporarily with the pill because this merely unmasks a condition that would have become manifest years later and is therefore "a prophylactic blessing"? Surely such questions

***"Brassiere designers are having to accommodate an ever-expanding American bust. . . . Undergarment makers attribute the increase in bust sizes to improved diet and the hormonal effects of birth control pills."***

—NEWS ITEM,
*The Wall Street Journal.*

deserve serious discussion, not supercilious dismissal.

THESE pills should certainly not be taken off the market. On the other hand, they cannot possibly be considered the contraceptive technique of first choice for all women desiring birth control. They are not necessarily the best or the only way. The pills are indicated for many women, including those who will not or cannot use mechanical devices because of anatomic, psychological, or religious reasons. Since it is my firm conviction that these pills can kill—rarely, to be sure—and that other techniques, properly used, which do not kill, are almost as effective in preventing conception, I believe it bad medical practice not to recommend mechanical contraception to those who can use it. I recognize the tremendous importance of the pills for certain women who apparently find condoms and diaphragms impractical despite the great need some of them have for means to avoid pregnancy, and I appreciate the Planned Parenthood Association's interest in avoiding hysterical condemnation of the pill. But it is ethically and morally wrong to take the decision out of a patient's hands by assuring her that these powerful chemicals are completely free of risk.

It has been argued that even if one recognizes some small risk from the pill, its advantages far outweigh the dangers. One Baltimore obstetrician argued that a million women not using any contraceptives would experience 360 maternal deaths per year, since most would become pregnant (not pregnant every year, however, a fact ignored in the calculations, which also do not jibe with the more recent British data), and some women die in pregnancy. His guess about oral contraceptives was that a million women taking them would show only one or two maternal deaths, and that a few additional deaths from thrombophlebitis and related vascular troubles would still be acceptable. A main point of his argument is the assumption that use of the condom or diaghragm would result in fifty maternal deaths per year because of a high failure rate with these devices.

How valid is such an argument? Another Baltimore obstetrician, equally well known and experienced, pointed out that the failure rate of the condom or diaphragm—properly used—is very low. The higher figure obtains in couples with low motivation—for example, those who have one child and are not quite sure when they want a second. An excellent batting average is seen in highly motivated women—those who have completed their families, for example, and are sure that they don't want another child. In his opinion, most failures "are simply an expression of 'I don't care.' " And one thing is reasonably certain—condoms and diaphragms are not going to produce breast cancer, or diabetes, or any of the other ills that are at least a theoretical hazard of oral contraceptives, which can affect the whole body, not just the uterus.

It would be wonderful if doctors could predict which women would get into trouble from the pill, but at the moment it is possible only to avoid its use in certain women, such as those with obvious vein disease, past or present, and a history of migraine or of jaundice during pregnancy.

Louis Lasagna, born in New York City forty-five years ago, received his M.D. degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. He is an associate professor of medicine and associate professor of pharmacology and experimental therapeutics at Johns Hopkins University Medical School, and a consultant to the National Institutes of Health. His cautionary statement on birth control pills is taken from *Life, Death, and the Doctor*, a Borzoi book published by Alfred A. Knopf and copyright 1968 by Louis Lasagna.

## LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

### On Social Science

IN HIS ARTICLE, "Public Policy and the Study of Man" [*SR*, Sept. 7], John Lear clearly summarizes the debate over the questions of how, and to what extent, the federal government ought to support social scientific research, and over the means by which social scientists can increase their influence on the determination of public policy.

Mr. Lear devotes most of his piece to a report prepared by a committee chaired by Dr. Donald R. Young for the National Academy of Sciences. The Young report suggests the establishment of a National Institute for Advanced Research and Public Policy, an independently endowed institution which would conduct policy-oriented behavioral research. The objectives of this institution, if not its operating procedures, evidently would be similar to those of the National Social Science Foundation, which I have proposed, and the Presidential Council of Social Advisors proposed by Senator Walter F. Mondale and co-sponsored by me.

The Young report also endorses several other means of increasing the prestige and elevating the role of the social sciences within the federal establishment, but, as Lear points out, these recommendations "were quietly but firmly against creation either of a separate National Science Foundation for the Social Sciences or of a separate White House Council of Social Advisors." This is unfortunate, in my opinion.

Unquestionably, greater involvement of social scientists in the federal government, as suggested by the Young report, is a step in the right direction. But the incremental improvements contemplated by Young's panel seem to me unlikely to alter substantially the established institutional arrangements between the scientific community and the federal government, which presently ensure that the natural and physical sciences command all but a small share of federal research money, and which make it difficult for social scientists to play a greater advisory role in policymaking. What is needed is a distinctive and separate institution within the government for the social sciences, one which possesses a clear political mandate to support imaginative and innovative research and to encourage the development of each discipline in the field, and with sufficient status to represent effectively the needs of the social sciences and to increase their ability to assist the government in dealing with the difficult social problems which confront us.

The twin crises of Vietnam and of our cities lend a special urgency to this argument. Moreover, recent reductions in appropriations for scientific research in general—necessitated by overall cuts in federal spending—lessen the prospect that the government will soon reorder its priorities to provide the social sciences with a more equitable share of federal research funds.

In short, the need for a National Social Science Foundation appears even more es-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sential today than when I first proposed the institution two years ago.

The [U.S. Senate] Subcommittee on Government Research, which I chair, has identified the following issues that would begin to be resolved by such an independent governmental agency concerned exclusively with the support of social science research.

1) The social sciences need federal support for research and development far in excess of what they now receive. This implies not only sufficient funds, which are essential, but a recognition of their potential contribution to society and a strong legislative base. In 1966 basic research of all types funded by the Federal government amounted to $1.84 billion, of which the social sciences received $44,000,000 or 2.4 per cent. The estimated obligations for 1967 and 1968 were about the same, 2.5 per cent for both years. The portion of federal support for applied social science research out of total applied research funds is not much different—3.5 per cent in 1966, 3.6 per cent in 1967, 3.7 per cent in 1968. Further evidence of inadequate support is pointed up by the fact that while the social sciences received 24 per cent of total government expenditures for research in 1938, by the early 1950s the percentage had diminished to about 8 per cent and for the last ten years it has varied between only 3.5 per cent and 5 per cent.

2) The National Science Foundation has given very little or no support at all to certain disciplines and methodologies within the social sciences. For example, the NSF did not start a political science program until eleven years after beginning formal support of social science. In fiscal year 1966, NSF funded only seventeen proposals for political science research totaling only $335,650. Law is an even more extreme case. No funds are earmarked for legal research and education in universities in any federal program, and yet there is substantial opinion within the legal professions and the social science community which recognizes law as a social science.

3) The social sciences have suffered from insufficient attention to their development, visibility, and prestige, partly because of the low level of federal funding, the tenuous statutory authority for their encouragement, inadequate support by the NSF and the operating agencies, and the failure to recognize fully the potential importance and significant contribution they can make to the achievement of national goals. A new foundation with specific authority would encourage a quantum leap in funding for the social sciences and revitalize social science research conducted by other federal agencies.

4) Innovative and perhaps controversial thinking and research must be encouraged in the social sciences if the nation expects to meet the challenges of the pressing and growing social problems which face it. With its natural science orientation, NSF will, I believe, continue to find it difficult to promote such research in the social sciences, which now accounts for less than 10 per cent of its basic science research support, so as not to jeopardize the other 90 per cent devoted to the support of the natural and biological sciences which tends to be noncontroversial, at least in the short run. A strong legislative mandate to encourage the support of innovative research will provide the social sciences with the confidence they need and deserve and the authority they must have.

5) Interdisciplinary and multidisciplinary research must be conducted on a much greater scale in universities and other research organizations. Many modern problems do not fall neatly within the boundaries of a single discipline. One of the barriers to collaboration and cooperation between the natural and social sciences has, in the past, been the inferior status of the latter. A new foundation will, by enhancing the status of the social sciences, serve to foster interdisciplinary research and, in the long run, to unify the sciences. Administrative "unity" is not necessary to achieve this goal, and evidence clearly indicates that it has served the social sciences poorly.

At such time in the future as the social sciences achieve status and acceptance as co-equals, a "one agency for all sciences" concept might be reconsidered by Congress to the mutual advantage of all science. Multiple-agency support for the physical sciences has been of obvious benefit to the nation. No reason is perceived why we should not expect a similar outcome from diverse agency support for social science as well. The Subcommittee does not conceive of NSF becoming the exclusive federal supporter of social science research. It is intended that all agencies of the federal government now supporting social science reseach, including NSF and the National Foundation for the Arts and Humanities, will continue to support and, indeed, increase their level of support for the social sciences.

6) The nation cannot adequately confront its myriad social problems without a significant increase in social science knowledge. Social conditions are constantly being altered, by rapidly developing science and technology, population growth, the hastening deterioration of urban America further exacerbated by continued outward migration of people from rural America seeking opportunity in already overburdened cities. The need is great for a critical assessment of our social goals, our priorities, and the existing national programs and approaches for implementing them. This assessment will not come easily but it will come more quickly if support for social science research is sharply increased and if the social sciences are encouraged to probe to the root causes of social problems.

On the international scene, shifts in the balance of power, changes in regional coalitions, erosion of the foundations of postwar treaties, and the ever-widening gap between the developed and the developing countries force to the surface new issues that must be identified, understood, and resolved and, therefore, subjected to increased scrutiny by the social sciences on a much larger scale than is presently the case.

I believe that attempts thus far to define a proper role for the social sciences within the federal government have made clear just how vulnerable they are to budget cuts and to unpredictable changes in politics and policy. This is especially true when social science research is housed in agencies whose research funds are committed almost entirely to the physical, natural and life sciences— or to carrying out specific government missions. The National Social Science Foundation would provide the social sciences with an institutional base that would permit them to develop more rapidly, and to be represented more effectively before the Congress and within the executive branch.

I do not anticipate Congressional action this session on my bill to establish a National Science Foundation, but I will introduce the measure again at the beginning of the next session, with considerable hope of favorable action.

I congratulate *SR* for publishing John Lear's incisive review of the debate in this field, and I appreciate his consideration in making public my response.

FRED R. HARRIS,
U.S. Senator for Oklahoma,
Washington, D.C.

## Earthquake Disaster

FOR SOME YEARS, I have attempted to bridge the gap between C. P. Snow's two cultures by teaching physical science ("poet's physics") to college students who are oriented toward the literary-historical-social science culture. More recently, it was my privilege to help develop Harvard Project Physics, a new high school course designed to appeal to students with both non-technical and technical orientations. In both efforts we refer students to *SR*'s well-subtitled Science & Humanity Supplement, which is so imaginatively edited by John Lear.

But the text of "How to Predict Earthquakes" [*SR*, Oct. 5] is a disaster. The earth's axis does indeed precess in a 26,000-year conical motion, but the precession is due to the combined steady (average) pull of the sun, the moon, and the other planets —not to alternating gravitational pulls of the sun and the moon. Precession has nothing whatever to do with the 365-day calendar. Nor is precession in any way related to the Chandler wobble, which is not a punctuation or perturbation of the motion of the earth's axis.

According to Newton's law of inertia, only an external force can change the direction of the earth's axis (the sun and moon exert such external forces in causing precession). To understand the postulations of Mansinha and Smylie, we must consider the earth's axis to be fixed, absolutely rock-steady in space (as it is, except for the well-understood and predictable precession and



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a superimposed nineteen-year nutation). The Chandler wobble is a shifting of the earth's mass relative to this fixed axis. It is as if a knitting needle is stuck through an orange which can shift slightly back and forth relative to the needle.

Chandler deduced in 1891 that the actual physical location of the point where the earth's axis of rotation intersects the planet's surface is not fixed; but it is the mass of the earth, not the axis, which is shifting irregularly. The motion is confined to an area smaller than a baseball infield. Chandler found a fourteen-month "natural" period for the earth's wobble, on the average; it is the irregularities in this motion that are correlated with earthquake-producing stress inside the earth.

Forecasting earthquakes is an exciting possibility, brought closer to reality by the careful analysis of Mansinha and Smylie. If this breakthrough ever comes to fruition, it will be one more example of a technologically important development arising from pure research—in this case an international cooperative program to measure thousands of geographic latitudes with the greatest possible precision.

FRANKLIN MILLER, JR.
Kenyon College,
Gambier, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Canadian University Professors L. Mansinha and D. E. Smylie were in Paris when the United States journal "Science" published their report on the shifting at the earth's poles that accompanies earthquakes. In interpreting the Mansinha-Smylie work, SR's science editor relied on the advice of other geophysicists. He apologizes to his readers for an exercise in bad judgment.*

*Since the SR report criticized in the letter above was published, SR's science editor has talked at length by long distance telephone to Professor Mansinha at the University of Western Ontario and to Professor Smylie at the University of British Columbia. They agree on the correctness of Professor Miller's explanation of their work and add the following further clarification.*

*About two-thirds of the polar shifts which Professors Mansinha and Smylie found were related to earthquakes of magnitude greater than 7.5 on the Richter scale. The two Canadian scientists believe that the remaining one-third may be accounted for by earthquakes of lesser intensity which occur in equatorial regions of the earth. A relatively small disturbance in the equatorial area might have as great an effect on the pole position as a severe earthquake in northern latitudes.*

*The largest earthquakes recorded in recent years have been shown to displace mass over distances as great as 10,000 miles. Recent research by R. C. Bostrom of the University of Washington and V. Vali of the Boeing aircraft laboratories shows that distant effects of earthquakes are much more consequential than has been supposed in the past. The Bostrom-Vali work has been done with strain gauges in faults in the earth's crust in the Cascade Mountain range. Because of the importance of this type of work to earthquake prediction, the NATO Advanced Study Institute will conduct a symposium on the subject next June at the University of Western Ontario.*

# A Transatlantic Canyon

—PORT-OF-SPAIN, TRINIDAD.

THE U.S.N.S. *Kane* steamed into the harbor here off the Guayana coast of South America on October 3 after crossing the Atlantic Ocean along one of the same tracks that the two American continents traveled in breaking off and drifting away from Africa during the past 200,000,000 years.

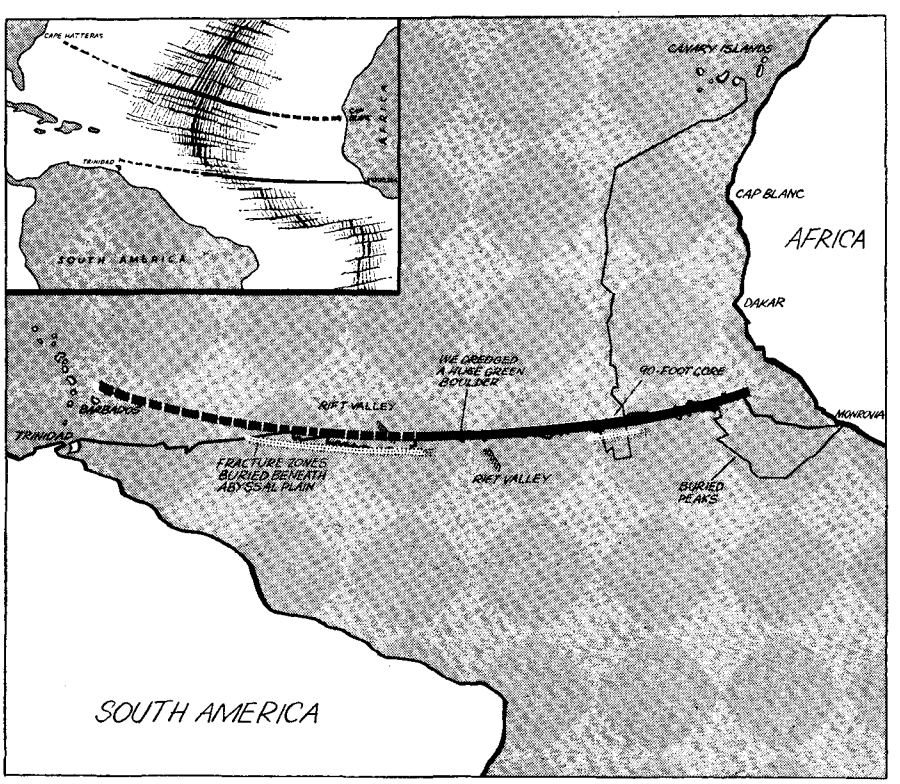
For 1,800 miles westward from the Guinea coast of Africa we followed a phenomenon marked on no existing oceanographic chart: a seafloor canyon with a flat bottom ten miles wide. And when the outline of it—which had been unmistakably defined throughout that incredible distance by the *Kane*'s echo sounding gun—began to fade, we swung twenty-five miles due south and came upon a sister canyon equally flat-bottomed, which we followed 600 miles farther west before heading for the naval base at Trinidad.

Why these two parallel depressions are grooved like highways through the undersea mountains flanking the Mid-Atlantic Ridge when all other known fractures in the sub-aquatic crust of the planet are of rugged topography is a question we must leave for later research expeditions to answer.

Our assignment was to map precisely one or more of the tracks over which the Atlantic Ocean opened. We have mapped two in our summer-long voyage on the *Kane*: one of them across two-thirds of the distance from Cape Hatteras to Cap Blanc, the other almost all the way from the Liberian port of Monrovia to the abyssal plain lying northeast of the Orinoco's mouth.

On this fourth leg of the voyage (see map below) we cut 90-foot-long cores from the ocean bottom and dredged up a 200-pound boulder of green peridotite, a type of rock found only in regions repeatedly heated and compressed by upheavals of earth's interior. The boulder is the biggest known specimen of its kind. Is it possibly a sample of the uppermost layer of the mantle underlying the planet's crust?

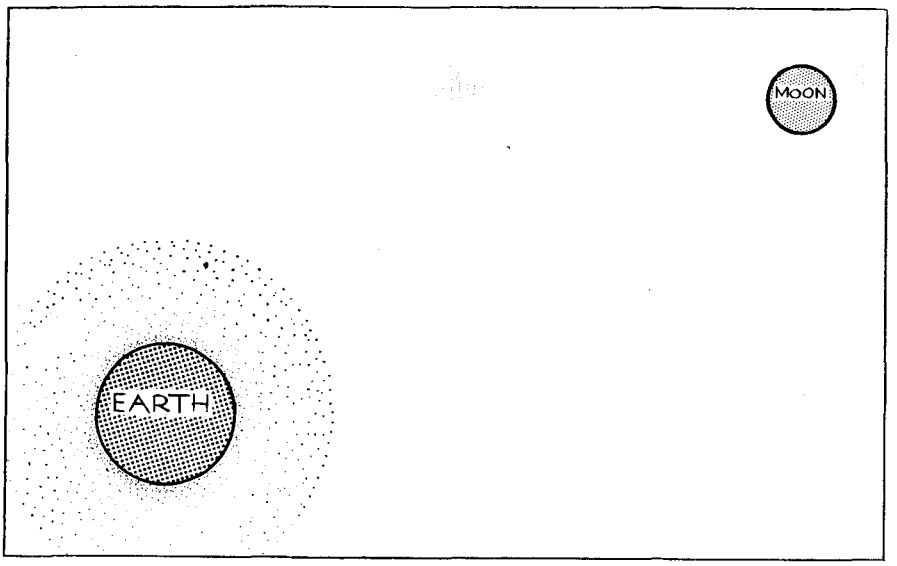
—BRUCE HEEZEN,
Chief Scientist,
GOFAR Expedition,
U.S. Navy Oceanographic Office.



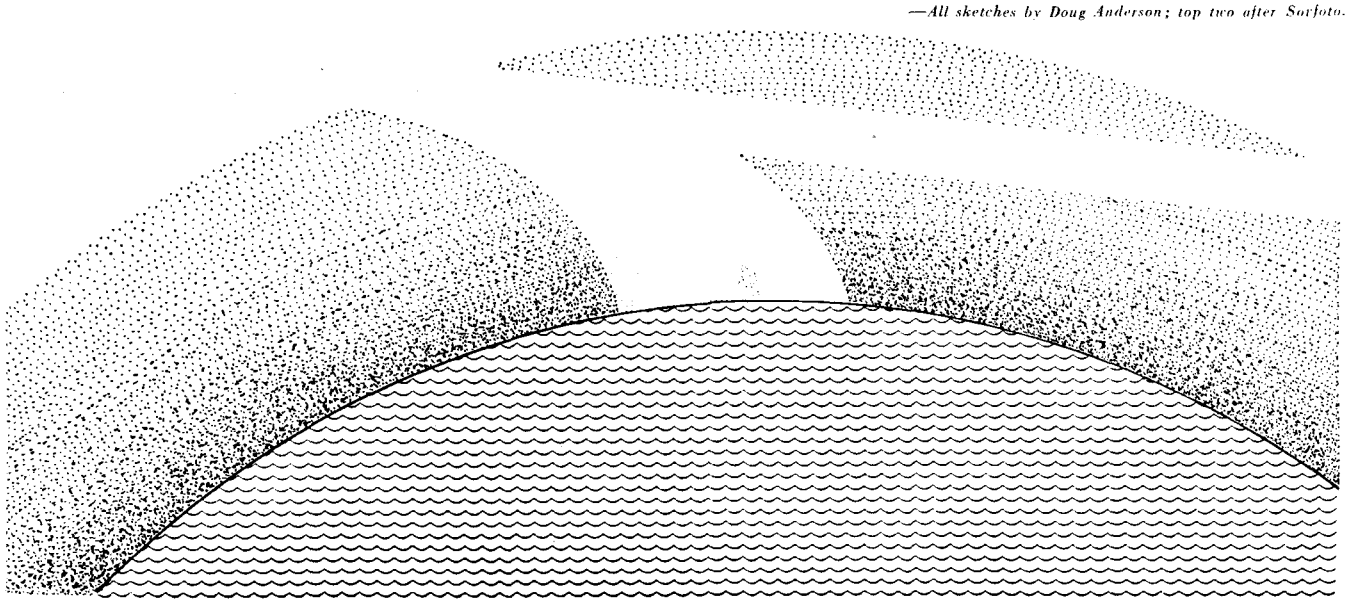

**Solid color line in large map shows course of 1,800-mile-long canyon followed on Leg 4 of *Kane* voyage. Broken color line indicates supposed westward continuance of canyon beneath mile-deep sediments. Dotted color line marks sister canyon. Thin black line from Canaries to Monrovia is route of Leg 3. Heavier black line is Leg 4 route. Inset map shows two continental drift tracks traced by *Kane*. For maps of Legs 1 and 2 of the voyage, see *SR*, Sept. 7, and Oct. 4.**


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

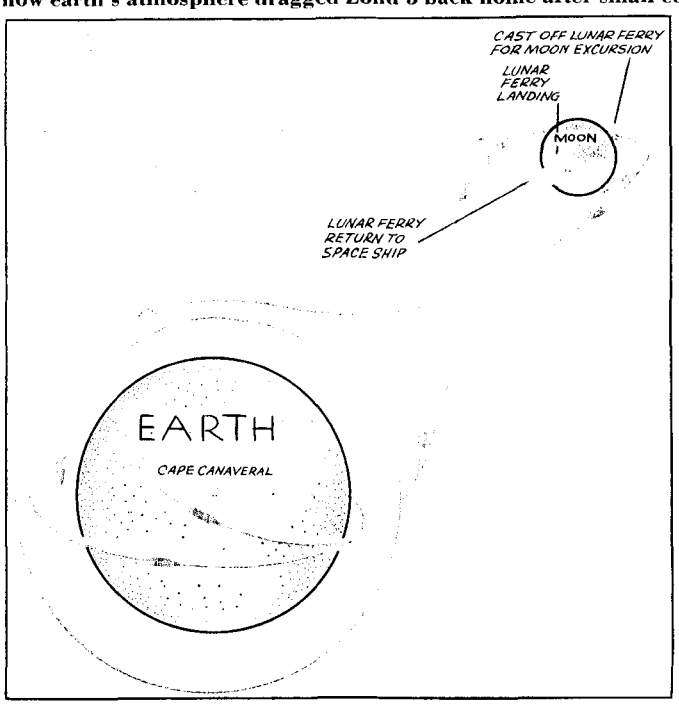
# JOURNEYS TO THE MOON




—*All sketches by Doug Anderson; top two after Sovfoto.*



**To follow Zond 5 route, top sketch, trace solid line clockwise from launch point near earth's northern pole. Middle sketch shows how earth's atmosphere dragged Zond 5 back home after small course change. Bottom sketch: course for Apollo moon landing.**




THE eleven-day earth-circling voyage of three American astronauts in the spaceship Apollo 7 lasted half again as long as the Russian Zond 5's unmanned trip to the moon and back in September. So it can safely be said that the time required for a lunar visit is not in itself a limitation on man's ability to survive such an experience. Already a Christmas holiday jaunt around the moon—without landing on the moon—is being talked of for a different Apollo crew. Laymen might weigh some remarks made at a joint meeting of the International Academy of Astronautics and the International Astronautical Federation in New York last month. One symposium, chaired by Deputy Assistant U.S. Interior Secretary Fred Singer, concerned itself with the need for an orbiting laboratory that would circle the earth for at least a year to determine, among other things, how long men can remain in a gravity-free state without suffering deleterious effects. Knowledge available now is restricted to a two-week period. The next stop beyond the moon calls for a year's travel. Without an earth-orbiting space station in which crews can acquire experience before venturing onward to Venus and Mars, landing a man on the moon will be a dead-end street stunt.

—WILL JONATHAN.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Student Power

*Continued from page 25*

academic freedom. Their presence is usually a condition for it.

Still, it can be asked whether this form of government is the best form for a college or university. Trustees (or regents) do make educational decisions, even if most of these are only indirect. They allocate resources, do more for one field of learning than for another, and make arrangements affecting the relation of the university to the larger society which affect the daily lives of teachers and students. Would it not be better if trustees continued to do their work of finding the money, but surrendered the other powers they exercise to the people who really constitute the university—namely, its students and teachers? Obviously, it is doubtful that many trustees would accept this proposal that they should supply the money but keep quiet about the way it is used. Just to see where the argument goes, however, let us imagine that trustees have a capacity for self-immolation not conspicuous in most human beings. Would it be a good thing for them to retire from the scene?

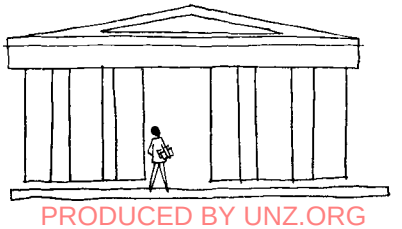
NOT entirely. They are the buffers of the university against external pressures. As we have seen, an educational institution requires such protection. Most organizations, furthermore, benefit from having a lay group of critics with deep commitments to them, who are nevertheless not part of their daily operations. In addition, since universities must maintain relations with the surrounding society, they require people on their board of governors who have interests and experience in that society. And it is always well to remember that though education, like the law, is in part a professional business, it is also everybody's business. If students have a stake in what happens to them, by the same token, so do their parents and so do lay members of the community. In courts of law, juries are not composed of professional lawyers. On the university scene, the outsider, though he should not have as decisive a place as a juror has, also deserves to be represented.

Yet these same considerations call for change in the composition of most boards of trustees. They call, equally clearly, for changes in the manner in which they communicate with the communities they govern. Boards of trustees ought to have more younger people on them, and poorer people. They ought to have recent graduates, not only older ones. They ought to have people who have not yet arrived, not only those swollen with success. The surrounding neighborhood should, if possible, be represented. That is not always easy to arrange because there are so often disagreements about who is "representative" of whom. But if it can be done without creating quarrels that did not exist before, then it should be done. And students and faculty members either should be represented on the board or assured of regular consultation with it.

The participation of students in the supreme governing bodies of a university undoubtedly raises equally subtle issues. Students are inexperienced. They are present on a campus for only a short period, and could serve on committees and boards for only a shorter period. It takes time, on most boards and committees, before new members learn enough to become genuinely useful. Furthermore, student generations change in their styles and opinions and sometimes very quickly. Students, therefore, bring an element of discontinuity, a shortened perspective, and sometimes a short fuse, into the consideration of matters of policy. In educational institutions particularly, continuity of perspective and some sense of the time-dimension are essential.

Nevertheless, the idea is worth experimentation, even though the number of students who belong to a board, or who sit with it when certain issues are discussed, should probably be small. There is little question, apart from the formalities of representation on a board of trustees, that machinery for regular face-to-face meetings between students and trustees is desirable. Discontinuity in policy is dangerous, but so is automatic, thoughtless continuity. The long view is estimable, but impatience is useful too. And if inexperience is a handicap, so is experience: it dulls one to novelty. Trustees could learn things from students that they will never learn from administrators or other trustees.

In the end, we are discussing not matters of right and justice, but matters of political wisdom. Trustees will not know what they should know unless they mix with the people who can tell them. The community they govern will not understand why the trustees have made the decisions they have, and will not have confidence in these decisions, unless it has its own trusted emissaries to keep it in touch with the board. Faulty communication is the heart of the political problem in the American universities that are having trouble today. Demands for "student power" and "faculty power," so interpreted, are more than justifiable.



# Music to My Ears

*Continued from page 49*

known Ryan Edwards as accompanist. He showed himself a collaborator of high capacity.

On the previous evening, the likeness of the accompanist's lot to that of Gilbert's policeman was suggested when Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau performed Schubert's *Die Schöne Müllerin* in Carnegie Hall. For the first time, perhaps, since his debut in Town Hall more than a dozen years ago, Fischer-Dieskau faced a New York audience on an important occasion without Gerald Moore at the piano. But the latter's retirement from public performance and his replacement by Norman Shetler left nothing lacking in audience attendance that filled the hall and as many stage seats as could be accommodated. Shetler's effort was of a refinement and sensitivity to match Fischer-Dieskau's, though, understandably enough, lacking a little in the ultimate amount of assertiveness and participation. If there was any evidence of audience discontent—or even of silent regret for the absent member of so many memorable hyphenations—it was masked by a quantity of applause that brought on not merely one but two encores.

Arthur Grumiaux, the Berg Violin Concerto, Erich Leinsdorf, and the Boston Symphony are all known qualities, but they were nevertheless productive of unknown results when combined in Philharmonic Hall at the orchestra's first visit of the season. This is merely to say that any knowns can result in unknowns when newly combined.

It was particularly provocative to hear Grumiaux, who has made his reputation as an ideally equipped interpreter of the Mozart-Bach literature, in a new confrontation with a demanding work of the most recent Viennese vocabulary. What Berg has expounded is something more than a newly shaped network of tonal values. It embodies psychological overtones and neurotic undertones which must be touched with the gentlest kind of magic for final fulfillment. Much of what was required Grumiaux provided in abundant measure; but the totality—taking in the orchestral participation under Leinsdorf—was lacking in the kind of interpenetration that makes one of two. It remained, persistently, Grumiaux plus Leinsdorf rather than becoming Grumiaux-Leinsdorf. The well made program began with a welcome hearing of the Haydn Symphony No. 90 in C and concluded with Stravinsky's *Le sacre du printemps*.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## CLASSIFIED

*CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 90¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 78¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 81¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 84¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 87¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.*

## LITERARY SERVICES

**MANUSCRIPT TYPING.** Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

**MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED.** Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue, NYC 10021, TRafalgar 9-9177.

**RESEARCH.** writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box J-821.

**RESEARCH. REWRITING. SPEECHES.** All subjects. Three published authors. Box J-830.

**SPANISH INSTRUCTOR. M.A.,** translating. 10975 Andersonville, Davisburg, Michigan 48019.

**TRANSLATIONS** of literary and scientific French and German by retired professionals. Box K-204.

## BOOKS

**OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED.** Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

**CLEARING OUT ENTIRE SECTION** 50,000 Used Books, 25¢-75¢ until December 15th. History, Theater, Music, Fiction, etc. Westchester-Fairfield Bookhouse, 125 Main Street, Stamford, Connecticut 06901. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday 10-4:30.

**SAVE TO 84%** on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

**FOREIGN PAPERBACKS.** Free lists. Books, P.O. Box 767-S, San Leandro, California 94577.

**BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS**—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan, New Jersey 07747.

**FIRST EDITIONS.** rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, 28 Wildwood Drive, Great Neck, N.Y. 11024.

**FINDING BIRDS IN MEXICO.** Ernest Edwards, Cornell Ph.D. Detailed bird-finding guide, also identification. 212 species illustrated, 74 in color. $4.95 paperback, $6.95 cloth. Ernest Edwards, Sweet Briar, Virginia 24595.

## FRENCH BOOKS

**THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP.** 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 90¢.

## BOOKPLATES

**FREE CATALOGUE**—Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

**UNIQUE GIFT** for all occasions. Handsome antique or contemporary bookplates. Personal imprints. Free Catalogue. Berliner-McGinnis, Box 58, Nevada City, California 95959.

**PERSONALIZE YOUR BOOKS** inexpensively, permanently. Free brochure. BOOKSTAMP, 313 Solon, Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007.

## OUT-OF-PRINT

**YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT.** Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

**NAME THE BOOK.** We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

**TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS.** Wants actively sought in England and America. Matawan, New Jersey 07747.

## ART

**SCULPTURE CATALOGUE.** Send for our new illustrated, informative catalogue, with a special section devoted to *museum jewelry in replica.* Mail 25¢ *in coin* to Brentano's, Dept. SR, 586 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.

**ARTISTIC ORIGINAL DRAWING** of your home. Free illustrated brochure. Pen Portraits, Walpole, N.H. 03608.

**COLLECT ORIGINAL, SIGNED ETCHINGS** and lithographs by America's foremost artists including Altman, Gross, Kleinholz, Doris Lee. From $10. Free catalogue with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022. Our 35th year.

## RECORD MART

**RADIO YESTERYEAR.** Complete broadcasts of all the old favorites. One hour sample tape $5, catalogue $1 (refundable). H. Charmer, Box H, Croton-On-Hudson, New York 10520.

**THE HISTORY OF JAZZ.** Blues and Country Music on LP for the first time (1920/'35). Any album (41) $3.95 each. Foreign add 35¢. Free catalogue. Record Specialties, SR, 1601 East 21st Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11210.

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

**NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS.** Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

**JOHN MORLEY** English Classical Harpsichords. Clavichords. Quick delivery. Safe shipment. Free catalogue. Write 4 Belmont Hill, London, S.E. 13, England.

**HARPSICHORDS** with the most fascinating sound by North America's leading builders, Sabathil & Son, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

**BECHSTEIN**—builds a dear piano but Debussy would play on no other. Piano Imports, John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101.

**NEUPERT AND SABATHIL HARPSICHORDS.** John W. Allen, 500 Glenway Avenue, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

**PLAYER PIANO ROLLS.** books, electric pumps! Big catalogue free! Golden Rule, Box 28-SR, Prospect Heights, Illinois 60070.

**HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS**—Fantastic tone, modest prices. de Angeli, Box 190, RD 1, Pennsburg, Pennsylvania 18073.

## PIANO INSTRUCTION

**LEARN POPULAR PIANO** — Short, interesting course. Bernard Spencer, M.A., Steinway Hall, COlumbus 5-1418 NYC.

## COLOR SLIDES

**35mm COLOR SLIDES,** 10,671 individually sold, described encyclopedia-catalogue, 10¢. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 8-104, Los Angeles, California 90025.

## SCHOOLS

**GREENTREE SCHOOL.** RFD 1, Waverly, Ohio 45690. New, small, democratic community for children 5-12.

## ADULT EDUCATION

**INDEPENDENT STUDY PROGRAM.** Syracuse University's Bachelor's Degree for ADULTS unable to attend classes. Fully accredited. Write for 1969 brochure. Room #402, 610 East Fayette, Syracuse, New York 13202.

## COLLEGES

**GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE** — see "STUDIES ABROAD."

**COLLEGE DROP-OUTS:** We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017. Dept. SR.

**ROYALTON COLLEGE**—School of International Affairs. Four year program, International Relations. Emphasizing World Literature, Economics and Politics. Interest, ability and willingness to work stressed more than past performance. Bachelor of Arts degree. For further information, Director of Admissions, Royalton College, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

**AMERICAN COLLEGE SELECTOR** computer recommends best 4 year accredited liberal arts colleges for you. Your needs, desires and capabilities compared with courses, quality and "personality" of more than 1,000 colleges. Total cost only $10. Send for free copy of ACS computer form. ACS, 3875 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90005.

## HOBBIES

**MAKE COLORFUL** scented candles. Great gifts. For details, write Box J-877.

## FOR THE GOURMET

**AMBROSIAL VIRGINIA BACON, HAM.** Slow-smoked, long-cured. "Todd's" established 1779! Ask gourmet shops! Norton Delicacies, New Milford, Connecticut 06776.

**TEA DEVOTEES** naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. 11-8, 79 Wall Street, NYC.

**WILD RICE.** Fancy $4.25 pound prepaid. 5 pound minimum. Eugene Floura, Blackduck, Minnesota 56630.

**SUPERB HOMEBREW**—complete 20 qt. kit—just add water. $19.95. The Crock, P.O. Box 253, Seattle, Washington 98105.

## PERSONALS

**IN FRANCE** be a paying guest in a French family, on 50 acre estate, 18th century mansion, 10 minutes' drive from Limoges. Absolutely inclusive price, $545 monthly. Write Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

**OVERSEAS POSITIONS** offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas" and special reports on summer jobs, government careers, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial, newspaper and social work overseas. Only $2.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

**BAYEUX TAPESTRY PRINT,** jute burlap, for wall hanging, 49" wide, 36 inch repeat, $6.25 per yard pp. Bedspreads: AVOCA handwoven wool (like stained glass), Pakistani cotton (not prints) much yardage to make yourself. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346.

**MEXICO SELF-DISCOVERY SEMINARS.** Winter sessions in Cuernavaca. Flagg, NYSGS, 144 East 36th, NYC 10016. 212-LE 2-8042.

**MEDITATION?** Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year, bimonthly training course free. Write: MEDITATIONS, Box 566, Ojai, California 93023.

**REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE.** China, Glass, Silver. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## PERSONALS

**CHRISTMAS CARDS** from the Philadelphia Museum of Art. A handsome selection of 57 cards designed from original works by artists including Brueghel, Chagall, Picasso, Rouault, Tiepolo and Vasarely. For illustrated, 32 page color catalogue, send 25¢ to Cards, Philadelphia Museum of Art, P.O. Box 7643, Philadelphia, 19101.

**AFRICAN CARVINGS,** Tribal Masks. Wholesale, retail. Brochure, Haas Imports, Box 206, Bowmansville, Pennsylvania 17507.

**POSITIONS 1969 SUMMER CAMP.** Dance teachers, folk, modern, ballet, also athletic coach, tennis; excellent players orchestral and band instruments. Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey 08318.

**WHAT WAS THE WORLD DOING** the day you were born? Send for a full-size, front page copy of the New York Herald Tribune published on that day. Or any date, April 24th, 1966 back to 1900. One page for a dollar. Three for $2.89. Just send us the day, month and year for each. Write: Xerox Systems Center, 162 North Franklin Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

**POSTERS**—London theatre, film, mod. Send for list. Box K-239.

**RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES.** Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

**OLD LETTERS WANTED.** Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

**GENUINE BUCKSKIN JACKETS,** gloves, moccasins. Send 50¢ for genuine buckskin money poke and big catalogue. Berman Buckskin Company, Dept. 37, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

**JOGGING CAN BE FUN.** Send for Kit. Includes stopwatch, Jograph, instructions, etc. Unique gift. Only $14.95 to Jolly Joggers, Dept. 0100, P.O. Box 10353, St. Petersburg, Florida 33733.

**WANTED: 19th CENTURY AMERICAN PAINTINGS.** Reputable gallery seeks fine landscape and subject paintings for discriminating collectors. Hudson River, Western, Southern, etc. Schools; single works or collections of suitable material purchased. Bernard Black Gallery, 1062 Madison Avenue, New York City 10028.

**INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS**—Testing, evaluation, recommendation of an Independent School for your son or daughter. John H. Emerson, 12 Summer Street, Hanover, N.H. 03755.

**HARPSICHORD**—Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA VICTOR. In kit form for home workshop assembly, $150. Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Write Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. S, 115 Christopher Street, NYC 10014.

**LONDON**—Secretaries, typists urgently needed; applicants pay own fare. Miss Liberty, Inc., 614 Murdock Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212 (send stamped, self-addressed envelope).

**MEERSCHAUM PIPES,** half usual price, block, handcrafted, first quality, $11. Brochure. Aaru House, Box 294, Bronx Central P.O., Bronx, N.Y. 10451.

**BLOCK NOISE!** Sleep better, study, work, etc. Truly comfortable! Mack's Pillow Soft Earplugs, $1.00, no postage. Guaranteed! Sleep Shade $2.98. McKeon Products Company, Dept. R, 23220 Ithaca Street, Oak Park, Michigan 48237.

**RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS** import. Coolsma, Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free catalogue, 11-8-A, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC 10019.

## PERSONALS

**"WHY JOHNNY FAILS IN MUSIC"**—Demonstration-Lecture by Boris Lang, pianist. Analysis and solution of the problem. The Rainbow Way. Critique of the traditional musical notation. World first: Unveiling of the NEW NOTATION. Town Hall, NYC, November 16th, '68, Saturday, 2:30 p.m. Tickets: $2.00 and $1.00.

**SILK-SCREENED CHRISTMAS CARDS.** 12 assorted full-color cards with envelopes. Christmas Sampler only $2.25. Yankee Screen Printers, Newbury, Vermont 05051.

**RARE, OLD-FASHIONED** heart-pine kindlin'. A few sticks start a roaring blaze. Bundle: $2.00. Hearthside Basket: $4.50. Postpaid. LIGHTWOOD, 830 Town Mountain Road, Asheville, N.C. 28804.

**YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE.** Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $2.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $6.00. Manual, "Teaching Opportunities in Japan," $1.00 or FREE with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211.

**WORLD WIDE GAMES,** Box 450, Delaware, Ohio 43015, Pommawonga, Skittles, Gomoku, Adi, Diabolo, 40 other hardwood games, ages 10-100. Free Catalogue.

**CITRUS SEASON** begins in November. Send for free brochure. Shipping Florida's Finest Grapefruit and Oranges to 47 states, Canada, and Europe. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

**LAST VESTIGE** of personalized journalism. No pig-in-poke. Try at $1 for ten weeks. West Virginia Hillbilly, Richwood, West Virginia 26261.

**YOGA AND MEDITATION CLASSES** for young and old. Write: Sivananda Ashram, Divine Life Society, Rishikesh, India.

**TOP CASH PAID** for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

**COPING WITH PERSONAL DEPRESSION**—A manual designed to help people understand and deal with depression. $2.50. Personal Growth Press, 653 Longfellow Drive, Dept. SR, Berea, Ohio 44017.

**RESEARCH,** writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

**LAW AND ORDER ADVOCATES** write McCall, Box 2557, AMF, Miami, Florida 33159.

**HANDCRAFTED MEDALLIONS**—Peace, cross, 6 others. Stoneware disc on thong. Free brochure. Leach, 2295 Dodd Road, St. Paul, Minnesota 55118.

**AWARD-WINNING** vacation home designs. Complete illustrations, specifications, floor plans. $1.25 postpaid. Cedar Homes, 118 East Babbit, Lawton, Oklahoma 73501.

**SOCK IT TO ME**—over 225 underground buttons. 1/25¢, 5/$1, 50/$5, 125/$10 and 1,000/$75. Bumper stickers, beads and jewelry, too. Free catalogue to all! Stores: free sample. Big-Little Store, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, 94103.

**UP FROM CROSSWORDS** to palindromes: "LLet's pLLay LLama," $1. Meadowlark Editions, P.O. Box 401, Portland, Oregon 97207.

**35,000 PROFESSIONAL** Comedy Lines! Forty speakers' Jokebooks and Current Comedy, a topical humor service. Catalogue free. Samples, $5.00. John Rain Associates, Inc., Dept. C, 232 Madison Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10016.

**MANUSCRIPTS WANTED**: Avant-garde in nature. Send information on mss. to Box K-245.

## PERSONALS

**READING AND WRITING ADVANCEMENT:** Professional. Executive. Academic. Individual programs. By appointment or correspondence. Professional Communication Center, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022. 212-PLaza 3-6020.

**INVEST INTEGRATED HOUSING.** Prospectus tells all. Free copy: write Morris Milgram, Dept. SR, Mutual Real Estate Investment Trust, 30 East 42nd Street, NYC 10017.

**GLOVE CLEANING BY MAIL.** $1.00 pair. Free glove mailing envelope. Roblin Leather, 190 Glencove Avenue, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

**FOREIGN LANGUAGE CHRISTMAS CARDS.** Free folder. Blake's Travel, 2029 Woodbridge Road, Toledo, Ohio 43615.

**WHOSE PERFUME?** Yours should say the things you want to say about yourself. Request chart. Perfumes, 102 Cricket Avenue, Ardmore, Pennsylvania 19003.

**DESIRABLE BRONXVILLE, N.Y.,** pied-a-terre for responsible, refined woman scholar or professional. Box K-238.

**INTERNATIONAL NEW AGE** prestige organization invites your membership. 60 nations. 21 years serving mankind. Study, research, fellowship, travel. Free details. World University Roundtable, Box 4800-K, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

**THE 1969 WRETCHED MESS CALENDAR** pictures National Shotgun Wedding Day, Be Kind To Worms Week, National Cold Chicken Noodle Soup Day, more yet. Lists Loathing Day, Fathead Day—hundreds of swell occasions ordinary shoddy calendars ignore. Incorporates long-needed calendar reforms: a Real Hole for hanging up by, nicer paper and complete renaming of months (June is now SHIRLEY). Gift Certificates enclosed free. $1.50 ppd in U.S., Canada from Wretched Mess News, Box 68W, West Yellowstone, Montana 59758.

**TWO AMERICAN EDITORS,** 10 years Scandinavian experience, will produce articles/PR for publication stateside. Write Scan Edit, Kompagnistraede 34, Copenhagen K.

**MIAMI RESTAURANT REVIEW**—$10 yearly. Box 2557, AMF, Miami, Florida 33159.

**COVERED WAGON MOVERS.** Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

**GIANT HYBRID ORCHID CACTUS,** about 8", instructions, catalogue, $1.00 ppd. 1,500 Succulents catalogue, 10¢. Johnson, Box 458-FU, Paramount, California 90723.

**PHOENIX NEST** poet—new volume satirical verse. $1.00. Pierian Press, 1121 South Bryan, Ft. Collins, Colorado 80521.

**YOUR FAVORITE QUOTATION** or sentiment, beautifully hand lettered and illuminated, up to 10 lines, $10 postpaid. An exquisite gift. Nancy McHugh, 167 Sinclair, S.E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52403.

**HOARDING SILVER COINS?** Authoritative report analyzes profits, risks, recommendations. $1.00. Financial, Box 1962, Philadelphia, 19105.

**GOVERNMENT SURPLUS**—Latest information on opportunities, where, how to buy surplus in your regional area. $1.00 (over 200 places listed). Surplus, Box 1032PB, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

**BEER,** like bread, is better homemade. New Homebrew Kit makes it for 2¢ a bottle. Easy step-by-step instructions and hydrometer for perfect carbonation—no guesswork. $3.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Evinco-R, Box 1432, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

**NOUS SOMMES TOUS INDESIRABLES.** Remember Paris last May? Six superb reproductions of the student posters, 23" x 29". $11 to: MUR GRAPHIQUE, 275 Bleecker, NYC 10014.

*(Continued on page 76)*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 75)

## SITUATIONS WANTED

**EXECUTIVE SECRETARY**—Experienced, knowledgeable Gibbs graduate, excellent skills, seeks top position with scope for abilities, NYC. SR Box K-54.

**A RARE FEMALE** of the creative species . . . filmstrip writer-producer/English instructor, M.A. Columbia. Communications skills par excellence, 33, seeks career requiring commitment. NYC. $10,000. Box K-219.

**MATURE INTELLIGENT WOMAN** seeks management position quality large apartment or club. Apartment experience and business background. References. Box K-209.

**RELIGIOUS EDITORSHIP** desired by published, Lutheran clergyman author. Box K-251.

**RETIRED, EDUCATED,** cultured woman aide-amanuensis. Gourmet cook. Situation not salary important. Box K-243.

**FULBRIGHT SCHOLAR,** fluent in Italian, expert art buying and research, seeks interesting position. Box K-236.

**FAMILY MAN, 30,** B.A. history, M.A. education, business experience, seeks interesting permanent position. Box K-240.

**POVERTY PROGRAM:** My secret weapon is the successful teaching of English to anyone. Box K-233.

**LIBRARIAN, MALE,** 37, reference, branch, adult experience, seeks challenge where creative assiduity is rewarded. Box K-250.

## CAREER SERVICES

**ECS**—Members of our nonprofit organization are INDIVIDUALS and INSTITUTIONS (Universities, Colleges, Schools, etc.). Requirements of the latter for academic and administrative staffing are met by the former. Confidential procedures assure release of no member's name without individual authorization after each opportunity has been examined. Write: Educational Career Service, Inc., Palmer Square, Princeton, N.J. 08540. Nominal membership dues—No placement fees.

## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

**JOBS ABROAD.** Year-round and summer for young people. Send $1.00 for publication, JOBS ABROAD, containing applications, to I.S.T.C., 866 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

**BOOMING AUSTRALIA** wants You! Good jobs, adventure. Latest factual Handbook describing Australian assisted passage, entry requirements, passport-visa, advantages, opportunities $1.00 Buckeye, Box 1032CX, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

**OVERSEAS JOBS**—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $400 to $2,500 month. Expenses paid. Free information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

**WANTED:** Small public school system needs developmental reading teacher, full time or part time, for immediate or mid-year employment. Address inquiries to Dr. Dwight E. Knox, 419 West Broad Street, Falls Church, Virginia 22046.

**COMPLETE GUIDE** United States Civil Service Jobs—tells how-where-what. 112 pages. Rush $2.98, refundable. Staydrysr, Whitestone, N.Y.

**EXPERIENCED STENOS, TYPISTS** work temporarily for Manpower Inc. High hourly rates. See telephone directory for address in your city.

## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

**WANTED:** Resident secretary aide to gentleman in late fifties. Must have gentleman's rearing and enjoy formal living. Winters in Florida, remaining time New York and abroad. Please send resume giving business and personal background, also telephone number. Box K-205.

**EXECUTIVE SECRETARY** for publisher of large and growing National Magazine. Interesting and diversified work, although heavy on dictaphone and typing, with one of America's most reputable publications that's part of expanding conglomerate. Skilled, personable, enthusiastic, youngish yet experienced "girl Friday" who wants to develop in key spot. Some college education desirable but not mandatory. Background in publishing, advertising, editorial or related fields helpful. Starting salary range $120-$135 week, depending on qualifications, with scheduled raise and opportunity for increasing responsibility. Manhattan, East 50s. Box K-242.

**AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!** Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest government information and forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

**NURSES** (2) needed to staff infirmary of boys' boarding school beginning September, 1969. Send resume, references. Northwest N.J. SR Box K-208.

**"HOW TO GET OVERSEAS JOBS"**—Well paying—Europe, Asia, worldwide; lists hiring organizations. 143 pages, $3.98, Rush. Refundable. Stadrysr, Whitestone, New York 11357.

**TEACHER, FIRST GRADE,** experienced, starts January, lower Westchester, New York. Send resume, Box K-229.

**WANTED:** Full time male teacher. Any subject, any grade. Small, progressive private school western New Jersey. Immediate. School of the Arts, Stillwater, New Jersey 07875.

**SOCIAL WORKER, MSW,** for small family service agency, North Carolina. Experience in marriage counseling and work with children preferred. Write Box K-226.

**ONE YEAR APPOINTMENT** as Visiting Associate with midwest metropolitan foundation. College faculty member in social or behavioral sciences preferred. Salary dependent on qualifications. Begin spring or fall term, 1969. Box K-249.

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### For Sale

**ROCKVILLE CENTRE, L.I.** Deluxe executive's home. Custom designed for gracious living. 2 bedrooms, 3 baths, living room, dining room, library, maid's quarters. $90,000. Ralph P. Schley, 220 Merrick Road, Rockville Centre.

### For Sale—Furnished

**MODERN POCONO LAKEFRONT.** Skiing, boating, hunting. Heated pool. Tastefully furnished. No maintenance. Wooded acre. Easily accessible but private. Many desirable extras. Call 717-646-2046 or 215-884-2761.

### For Rent—Furnished

**COUNTRY ESTATE**—easy commute NYC. Tennis court, swimming pool, gardens. 8 bedrooms, 2 living rooms, pool table, dining room, 5 bathrooms, bar, kitchen, laundry, modern equipment. $1,000 monthly. 212-BU 8-0756.

**CALA D'OR, MAJORCA, SPAIN**—2 bedroom house. Quiet, view, option to buy. Reasonable. Vanenige, 4 Budhollow, Willingboro, N.J.

**JAMAICA, NEAR OCHO RIOS.** Seaside guest cottage. Living room, kitchen, twin beds, maid service, pool. Box K-244.

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### For Winter Rental

**BELMONT, VERMONT,** near Okemo, Killington, Pico, etc. Large old farmhouse, all modern conveniences, new electric heat, piano, library. Now to May 15th. 212-OR 7-1265 or SR Box K-215.

## HOUSE WANTED

**WANTED:** rent or buy small house, 2 bedrooms, small garden, 1 hour commute NYC, by two women college teachers; also studio apartment possibility nearby for relative. Box K-222.

## HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

**MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES** for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

**HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU** will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

**WILL SWAP** 2 acre, 9 room Westchester home, maid, 32 minutes NYC, for similar in West Indies during Christmas. Box 384-H, 15 East 40th Street, NYC 10016.

## APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

### For Rent

### Furnished/Unfurnished

**ITHACA, N.Y.** Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

## PROPERTY FOR SALE

**POCONO MOUNTAINS, PENNSYLVANIA**—10 family summer colony. Ideal for group or going business. Filtered pool. Beautiful parklike grounds. Box J-667.

**SOUTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE**—All types. Aneta B. Petersen, Broker, Townshend, Vermont 05353. 802-365-7332.

**PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR SALE**—Unusual opportunity to secure profitable Boarding/Day school complete with historic residence on 12 acres exclusive northern Bergen County, New Jersey, convenient NYC. Terms. River Dell Realty Associates, 924 Kinderkamack Road, River Edge, New Jersey 07661. 201-262-3100.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**LITTLE-KNOWN** business opportunities. Get FREE report. Business Digest (SR), Farmington, N.M.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY WANTED

**WANTED: BOOKSTORE** in greater Boston area. Box J-893.

## RETIREMENT LIVING

**ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS** in one place at the Crestview Center . . . including the most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care . . . near shopping . . . public transportation. Attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, gardens. Come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Crestview Center, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## VACATIONS

**PATAGONIA, ARIZONA,** Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

**NEW 3 BEDROOM HOMES,** furnished. Beautiful beaches, large swimming pool, tennis courts. Low winter rates. Blue Gulf, Santa Rosa Beach, Florida 32459.

**WHALER'S INNE,** Mystic, Connecticut—Authentic Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport marine restoration. Double $10-$14. E. P. Write or phone.

**THE SEASIDE,** unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

**OLD SAN JUAN,** Puerto Rico. El Leocar Apartments in restored Spanish Colonial Mansion. Completely furnished. Elegant. Spacious. P.O. Box 2227, San Juan 00903. Telephone NYC, 212-244-8262.

**NASSAU, BAHAMAS.** Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming 1-2-3 room apartments, each with kitchen, air-conditioning, maid service. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

**TIKI—YOUR TROPIC ISLAND HOME,** Sanibel Island, Florida. Private cottage, Gulf beach. Ideal swimming, fishing, shelling. Rent week, month, season. Brochure. L.I., MAyfair 1-3252. SR Box A-90.

**FOR A UNIQUE VACATION** from November through May, try Saddleback Ranch, a small, informal, ideally located guest ranch. For brochures and information write: Saddleback Ranch, Route 2, Box 716, Tucson, Arizona.

**CARIBBEAN BEACH ISLAND**—Reserve now. Rooms or efficiency units, private baths. Moderate rates. Brochure. TAMARINDE Guest House, St. Maarten, Netherlands Antilles.

**VIRGIN GORDA, B.V.I.** Cartee's Housekeeping Apartment Hotel, Apartments. Beautiful beaches, all water sports. SR Box J-634.

**TIRED?** Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

**HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN.** Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

**WINTERING IN FLORENCE,** at Pensione Annalena. Quiet gracious living in 15th century palace, excellent cuisine. $50 weekly October through April; 3 meals daily, central heating and taxes included. Write: Via Romana 34, Florence, Italy.

**SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET?** Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

**FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA.** Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

**VIRGIN ISLANDS SHANGRI-LA** aboard Mystic Whaler! Sails seven, sunny Trade Winds days from St. Thomas. Magnificent new (1967) schooner is only 100-ton U.S. Coast Guard certified windjammer in Caribbean! 40 persons—showers, good food, all facilities. From $239. Brochure: Mystic Whaler, Mystic, Connecticut 06355.

**PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA**—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811.

**SUN-KISSED SEA ISLAND RESORT** where golf and tennis are enjoyed all winter! Average mean air temperature is 60 degrees November through February and ocean water temperature is the same. Guests of the luxurious, oceanfront Inn have golf privileges at three 18-hole championship courses and the Inn's Par-3 Executive Course. The Inn offers gracious service and superb dining, including delicious, local seafood specialties made from famed plantation recipes. Request new color brochures. Sheraton-Adventure Inn & Villas, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina 29928. Reservations through any Sheraton Hotel or Motor Inn.

**JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE,** Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

## VACATIONS

**HORSEBACK RIDING** on network of trails. 250 acres. Golf. Rooms, suites, good New England food. Open All Year. AAA. Enjoy an interesting vacation in November or early December at scenic Northfield Inn, East Northfield, Massachusetts 01360. An elegant New England inn.

**DID YOU KNOW** the Florida Keys are 15° warmer than any other point continental U.S.A. in winter? Fish, swim, sail, shell, birdwatch or just dream by the sea at Rainbow Bend Fishing Club, Grassy Key. Folder. For reservations, write Box 2447, Marathon Shores, Florida.

**BARBADOS**—Attractive 4 bedroom house, near scenic Sam Lord's Castle. Beautiful safe beach. Maid service, all utilities included—$175 per week. Also available, apartments $150 per week. December-April. 40% reduction out of season. Mrs. Trevor Davis, Colleton, St. Johns, Barbados, West Indies.

**FABULOUS ACAPULCO!!** $8 daily buys luxurious seclusion, tropical beach, superb food, SR atmosphere. Silverman, HOTEL MAYAB, Apartado 328, Acapulco, Mexico.

**GURNEY'S INN** . . . for the fortunate few who can afford the very best. Pour les quelques privilegies qui peuvent se permettre le meilleur. Gurney's Inn—Oceanfront Cottages & Hostelry—"On the Brink o' the Beach," Montauk, Long Island 11954. 516-668-2345. Brochure on request. Open all year.

## STUDIES ABROAD

**GERMANY—SCHILLER COLLEGE** for American college students; stimulating academic year program; American credit system; in castles near Stuttgart; also 5 and 10 week summer courses. Quarterly European Seminar program in Berlin. Write Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany, or U. R. Laves, Director, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. Phone 405-842-5979.

**CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO**—Daily field trips studying Art, History, Sociology. Live with Mexican families. Centro Internacional Universitario, Apartado Postal 21-811, Mexico 21, D.F.

**GHANA, INDIA, JAPAN, YUGOSLAVIA** and nine other countries. Fifteen-week academic term for college undergraduates featuring personal involvement in host country culture and flexible academic program. College credit for program which includes intensive language training, homestay, area studies and individual study project. Fall or spring term. Write: ISP, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

## VACATION WORKSHOPS

**SCHOLARS' WORKSHOP**—Cuernavaca. Year-round instruction. Kindergarten through high school. Apartado 134, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

## TRAVEL

**TEHUACAN, MEXICO,** Hacienda Spa Penafiel. A former president of Mexico built this magnificent Spanish Colonial resort on the site of the famous Penafiel Mineral Springs. 200 large, beautifully decorated rooms. Swimming, golf, bowling, tennis, horseback riding, billiards, ping pong, gymnasiums, Turkish baths, Swedish massages, beauty salons, convention and meeting facilities. One month $164 per person in double room with private bath, 3 weeks $141, 2 weeks $105, 1 week $65. Breakfast and evening dinner included. Located only 149 miles from Mexico City. Write: Hoteles Mexicanos Dubin, Genova 30, Mexico City, D.F., Mexico.

**JOURNEY THROUGH TIME.** 25 days through Baja California. Tag-A-Long Tours, Dept. H, 156 North First West, Moab, Utah 84532.

**NEW YORK CITY. HOTEL BEDFORD.** 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

## TRAVEL

**WHEN A MAN CHOOSES A VACATION RESORT** it must offer a complete change of scene; take him back to nature; be a place where dress is informal but service meticulous; offer plentiful but not compulsory activity; permit him to be his own man, yet keep his family so well occupied with diversions that he does not feel guilty; send him back to work with a sense of exuberant well-being. RANCHO LA PUERTA, the Baja California vacation spa, the biggest health resort (and the biggest vacation bargain) in North America is one of the few playgrounds that will fulfill all these masculine requirements. All resort facilities plus optional health program. All-inclusive winter rate low as $15 per day, American Plan. For color brochure, write RANCHO, Tecate, California (U.S.). Or phone Tecate, Mexico, 903-354-1005. **RESERVATIONS CAN BE MADE** by calling the following numbers: Los Angeles—386-3700, San Francisco—392-2411; or call toll free to Los Angeles Office from: San Diego—ZEnith 2-7950, Phoenix—ENterprise 7950; and the San Francisco Office from: Seattle—ZEnith 7950, Portland—Commerce 7950, Sacramento—ENterprise 1-7950, Vancouver, British Columbia—ZEnith 7950, Salt Lake City—ZEnith 7950, Denver—ENterprise 7950.

**WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE** — $1.25. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZCP Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

**GOING ABROAD?** Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

**PARTY TIME TOURS—LONDON**—A must. Includes round trip jet, most meals, first class hotel, theatres, sightseeing, New Year's Gala, Discotheque, many extras. Call Bob Hefler, 212-279-6580, 55 West 42nd, NYC 10036.

**SOUTH AMERICA, 21 DAYS, $1,298.** More for your money on a new, really superior escorted holiday. Includes the Great Cities plus Cuzco, Machu Picchu, Vina del Mar, Iguassu Falls, Brasilia and Ecuador. Famous hotels, fine dining, traditional Maupintour quality. Jet from Miami. 30 DAY TOURS also include Chilean/Argentine Lakes or Bolivia's Lake Titicaca. From $1,598. For colorful brochure, write Mr. Joseph Ilan, Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

**STUDENT EXPEDITIONS—SUMMER 1969.** Safari in Africa, Hunt-Ride in Ireland, Canoe the Danube, Explore Europe or Roam the Orient. Exotic trips for sophisticated, curious and energetic young adults. Robinson Crusoe Abroad, 338 West 84th Street, NYC 10024.

**EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR!** Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

**CASTLES, FLEA MARKETS.** Delightful European guidebooks. "Castles of the Old World"—300 castles, monasteries, palaces offering hotel accommodations; 13 countries, 144 illustrations, maps, $2.50; "Europe's Flea Markets, Budget Antique Shops"—80 flea markets, 10 countries, street maps, price comparisons, $2.95 postpaid. Both: $5.00. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

**THIS AD** + $8.00 daily entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatre and everything; 650 rooms, all with bath, radio, TV, air-conditioning. Double, add $3.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

**BASKETVILLE**—World's Largest Basket Stores. In Vermont—PUTNEY (Rts. 5 & 91); MANCHESTER (Rt. 7); VENICE, Florida (Rt. 41). Browse among our incredible selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware, gifts. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. Write: Folder.

**SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP** to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

**CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK.** 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1804

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. One thing common to Winston Churchill, Lawrence Olivier, and Malcolm Campbell | 207 210 222 62 65 97 139 156 160 121 |
| B. A constituent element of wine and distilled liquor (2 wds.) | 3 9 10 204 111 122 173 192 199 213 220 20 |
| C. "———a fool according to his folly." (Proverbs, 26:5) | 22 56 69 87 89 126 |
| D. Roughly, the era of the speakeasy (wd, and no.) | 136 164 186 206 19 73 153 44 55 75 |
| E. One of the ports of Hampton Roads | 104 11 203 219 1 26 37 116 140 64 94 |
| F. Welsh festival | 99 107 135 138 149 208 51 82 95 74 |
| G. Paraguay tea (2 wds.) | 109 120 141 14 80 88 103 127 169 |
| H. Judge favorably (2 wds.) | 196 13 34 59 86 114 172 177 40 |
| I. Agile | 133 146 166 29 81 83 |
| J. Stupor, anesthesia | 145 223 18 91 147 175 27 38 |
| K. After *the:* where the Weddell Sea and Enderby Land are | 144 162 108 209 221 4 16 189 67 |
| L. Make crisp | 71 90 113 119 128 151 167 188 198 |
| M. Rodents known for recurrent mass migrations | 215 92 224 102 130 201 191 17 |
| N. The Tarquin rulers of Rome were | 217 53 79 112 150 211 214 6 46 |
| O. Fishing port on the Gulf of Salerno | 5 170 125 193 163 187 |
| P. Tom Jones was, to Squire Allworthy | 178 184 124 143 181 100 |
| Q. Ocular | 28 49 58 117 168 132 12 195 66 106 |
| R. *Recurrent* | 157 25 131 30 57 161 179 194 77 202 |
| S. "And it's———bonnets of Bonny Dundee!" (3 wds., Scott, *Bonny Dundee*) | 183 8 35 218 96 101 165 134 63 76 |
| T. After *The* and followed by WORD U: play by Voltaire | 45 31 182 24 154 2 |
| U. See WORD T (2 wds.) | 60 200 129 68 54 7 72 |
| V. Of ostriches and other ratite birds | 123 23 32 118 197 70 152 39 15 225 |
| W. Immoderate indulgence | 21 48 110 33 105 158 78 176 |
| X. 1934 *film starring* Wallace Beery (2 wds.) | 148 52 185 41 174 42 85 216 137 |
| Y. Sea eagle | 47 93 190 212 |
| Z. Play by John Osborne | 84 61 155 98 50 36 |
| Z¹. After *dressed:* smartly, elegantly (2 wds. and no.) | 142 205 159 180 115 43 171 |

### DIRECTIONS

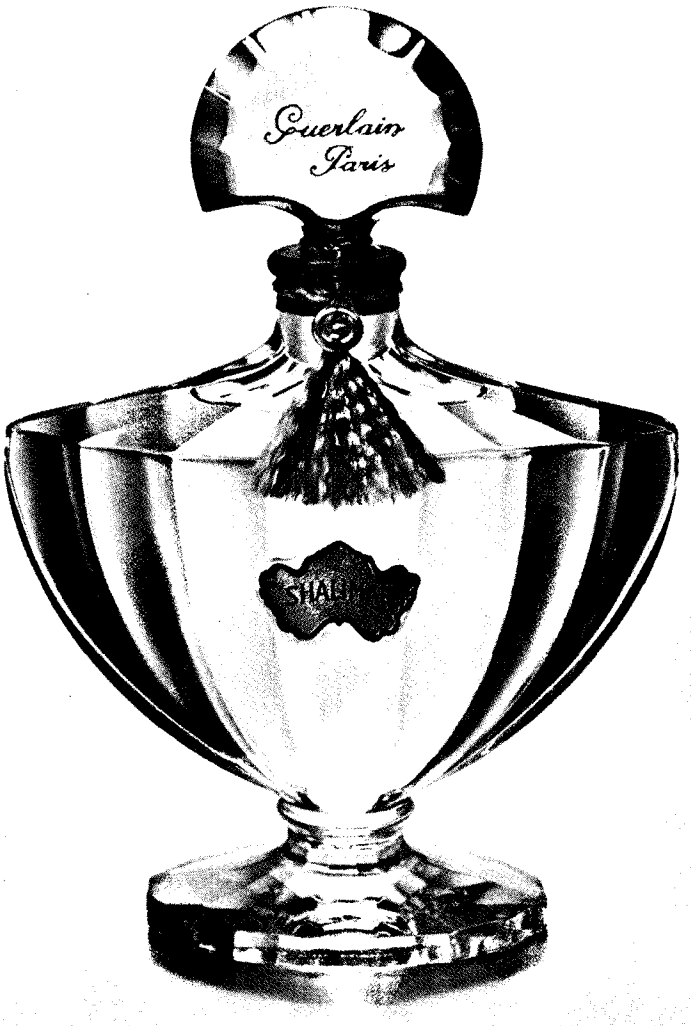
*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1 E | 2 T | 3 B | | 4 K | 5 O | 6 N | 7 U | 8 S | 9 B | | 10 B | 11 E | 12 Q | 13 H | | 14 G |
| 15 V | 16 K | | 17 M | 18 J | 19 D | 20 B | 21 W | | 22 C | 23 V | | 24 T | 25 R | 26 E | | 27 J | 28 Q |
| 29 I | 30 R | 31 T | | 32 V | 33 W | 34 H | 35 S | 36 Z | 37 E | 38 J | | 39 V | 40 H | | 41 X | | 42 X |
| 43 Z¹ | 44 D | 45 T | 46 N | | 47 Y | 48 W | 49 Q | 50 Z | 51 F | 52 X | 53 N | 54 U | 55 D | 56 C | | 57 R | 58 Q |
| 59 H | 60 U | 61 Z | 62 A | 63 S | | 64 E | 65 A | 66 Q | 67 K | 68 U | | 69 C | 70 V | 71 L | | 72 U | 73 D |
| 74 F | | 75 D | 76 S | 77 R | 78 W | 79 N | 80 G | 81 I | | 82 F | 83 I | 84 Z | 85 X | 86 H | 87 C | | 88 G |
| 89 C | 90 L | 91 J | 92 M | 93 Y | 94 E | | 95 F | 96 S | | 97 A | 98 Z | 99 F | | 100 P | 101 S | 102 M | 103 G |
| 104 E | 105 W | | 106 Q | 107 F | 108 K | 109 G | | 110 W | 111 B | 112 N | 113 L | | 114 H | 115 Z¹ | 116 E | 117 Q | 118 V |
| 119 L | 120 G | 121 A | | 122 B | 123 V | | 124 P | 125 O | 126 C | 127 G | 128 L | 129 U | 130 M | 131 R | 132 Q | 133 I | 134 S |
| 135 F | | 136 D | 137 X | 138 F | 139 A | 140 E | 141 G | | 142 Z¹ | 143 P | 144 K | 145 J | | 146 I | 147 J | 148 X | 149 F |
| 150 N | 151 L | 152 V | 153 D | 154 T | 155 Z | 156 A | 157 R | 158 W | | 159 Z¹ | 160 A | | 161 R | 162 K | 163 O | 164 D | 165 S |
| 166 I | | 167 L | 168 Q | 169 G | 170 O | 171 Z¹ | 172 H | 173 B | 174 X | 175 J | 176 W | | 177 H | 178 P | | 179 R | 180 Z¹ |
| 181 P | | 182 T | 183 S | 184 P | 185 X | 186 D | 187 O | 188 L | 189 K | 190 Y | 191 M | | 192 B | 193 O | 194 R | 195 Q | 196 H |
| 197 V | 198 L | | 199 B | 200 U | | 201 M | 202 R | 203 E | | 204 B | 205 Z¹ | 206 D | 207 A | | 208 F | 209 K | 210 A |
| 211 N | 212 Y | | 213 B | 214 N | 215 M | 216 X | | 217 N | 218 S | 219 E | 220 B | 221 K | 222 A | 223 J | 224 M | 225 V | |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




**Shalimar Perfume,**
conceived in a garden of India,
born Paris, 1926

**Shalimar Cologne,**
made a splash in
Jazz Age society

**Shalimar Cologne Spray,**
airborne member of the family

**Shalimar Perfume Spray,**
famous for its scented
love-letters

**Shalimar Lotion Vegetale,**
family traditionalist

**Shalimar Toilet Water,**
direct descendant
of the perfume

**Shalimar Dusting Powder,**
warm-scented, cool-mannered

**Shalimar Capillaque Hair Spray,**
youngest member of the jet set

**Shalimar Talc,**
a dashing relation

**Shalimar Film Spray Body Lotion,**
as silky as a sari on the skin

**Shalimar Bath Oil,**
an unabashed
sensualist

**Shalimar Toilet Water Spray,**
chic enameled beauty
making its debut

**From the House of Guerlain**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Scotch for people who know the difference.

In 122 regions around the world, people who know Scotch favor "Black & White." And frequently drink it without ice or water. How would the Scotch you're now drinking fare on such a test?

"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY

## "Black & White" Scotch.

AGED, BLENDED, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND 86.8 PROOF SCOTCH WHISKY THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP. NYC SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED